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Saturday Review

December 14, 1968 35¢

IN PRAISE OF YOUNG REVOLUTIONARIES

By John D. Rockefeller 3rd

MAN AND THE SPACE AROUND HIM

By C.A. Doxiadis

TWENTY YEARS OF TRANSISTORS

By John Tebbel

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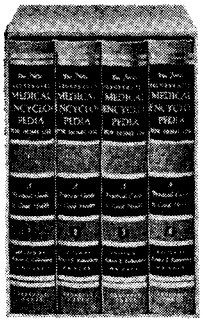

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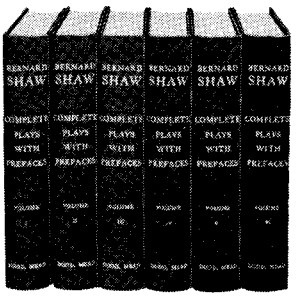

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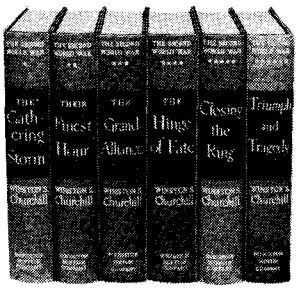

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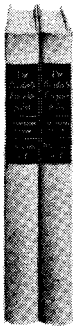

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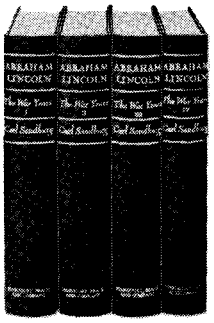

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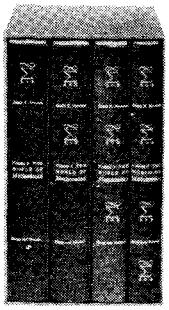

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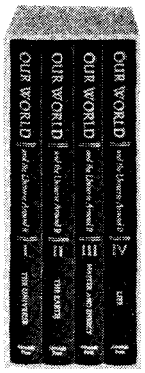

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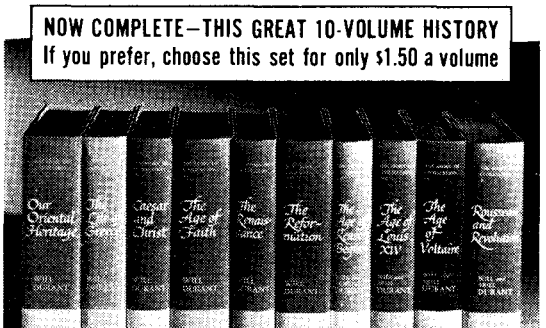

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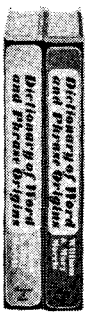

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December 14, 1968

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"'The Lion In Winter' is a major triumph! Katharine Hepburn gives perhaps the finest characterization of her entire career!"
—Arthur Knight, Saturday Review

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—Judith Crist, New York Magazine

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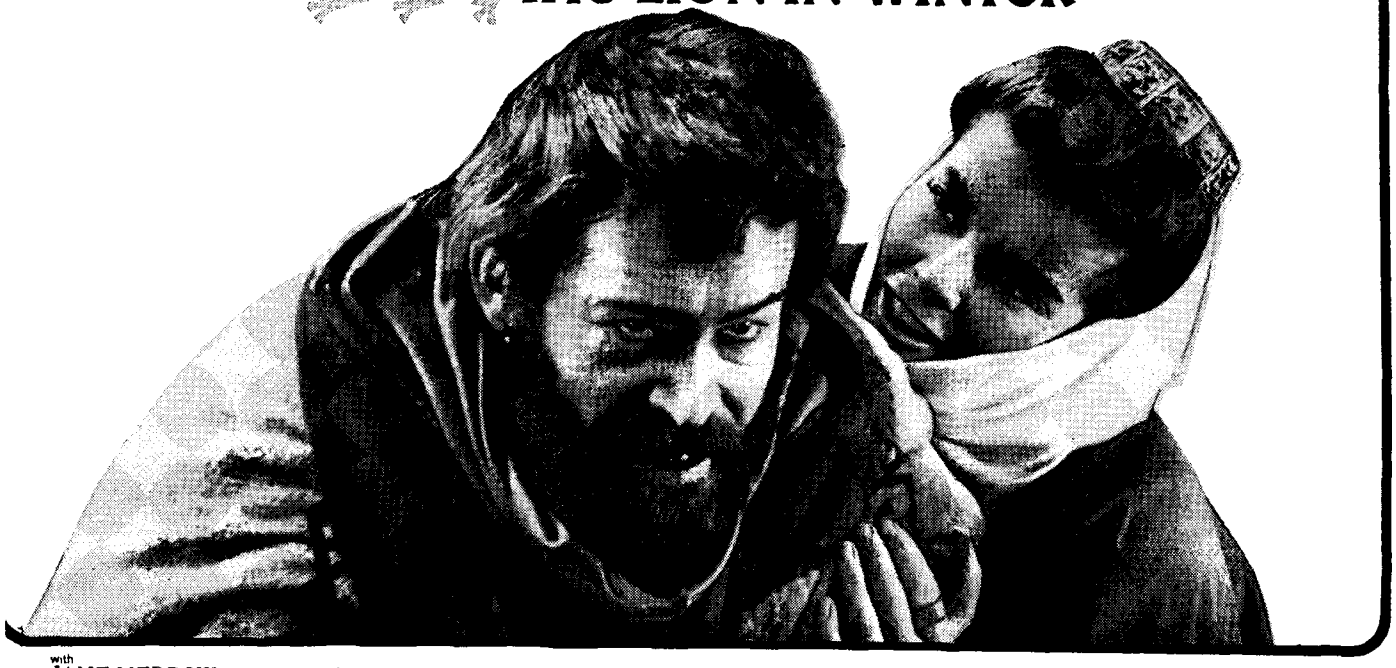

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Voice from the Grandstand

Georgie Plimpton, gangling guy,
Wrote a book that caught my eye.
Played at football with the pros,
Let them smack his noble nose.

Georgie Plimpton couldn't stop,
Forgot that sequels often flop,
Golfed, percussioned—and, I think,
Is making plans to tiddleywink.

Georgie Plimpton, be discreet.
Although we authors have to eat,
Walter Mitty wells grow dry.
(And so, alas, do you, me bye.)

—Arnold M. Auerbach.

1968—And the Hell with It

1968 was a rotten year—a succession of jolts, shocks, fingers in the eye, and knees in the groin for all of us. You could sit for the next five hours trying to think of something cheerful that happened during 1968, and every time you came up with something someone would point out that the good thing you recalled actually took place during 1967 or 1945 or 1066.

To make matters worse, this dismal parade of events too often reached our ears or eyes couched in phrases that would make the Second Coming sound ominous. The new year might seem just a tiny bit better if we all agreed to abandon some of these.

Take *confrontation*. We heard of confrontations between Daleys and Yippies, blacks and whites, even children and Santa Claus. Instead of "provoke a confrontation" let us vow to write "pick a fight." And may the first newscaster to utter "confrontation" be confronted with instant unemployment.

There are others. I'll admit that the first ten or twenty times I heard "where it's at," usually from a mini-skirted activist who clearly wouldn't trust anybody over twenty, the phrase had a certain fetching illiteracy about it. Soon, though, it was taken over by middle-aged politicians, clergymen, comedians, hucksters, and the like, who, to a man, pronounced "where it's at" with all the aplomb of Shirley Temple Black recording the better passages from *Candy*. I know an admirable clergyman who felt driven to work in "where it's at" whenever two or three were gathered together, even though it unnerved him so much that ten seconds before the phrase reached his lips he would develop a violent tic in his right eye. Sometimes he added "Baby" and his ears wiggled. The world will be a better place in 1969 if everyone old enough to vote purges his vocabulary of "where it's at." We all know where it's at, anyway. It's all over the place.

But I don't know. Fully grown men and women who speak of "the Now Generation" or announce that they are going to "tell it like it is" can't be expected to quit cold. Perhaps we must level the language to the ground and then rebuild. If this is the case, I have a suggestion.

One almost pleasant event that occurred in 1968 took place in June when the Belgian Government fell, according to *The New York Times*, over a language dispute. This dispute was between the Flemings and the Walloons. The Flemings wanted their language to be the only one spoken at Louvain University and the Walloons insisted that *their* language be adopted, a stalemate that forced the Belgian Premier to resign. I am sorry that I cannot report the outcome of this confrontation as I missed the *Times* for a while after that. But my suggestion is this: Let the Americans initiate a dialogue with the Walloons with a view to an outright trade of language; they take our language, lock, stock, and where-it's-at, and we take theirs. 1969 may turn out to be even worse than 1968, but a lot of us could stand almost anything, secure in the knowledge that we belonged to the largest Walloonish-speaking country in the world. —Patrick Butler.

Hello

A question has been nagging me ever since I learned that the vice president and general manager of launch operations for North American Rockwell Corporation at Cape Kennedy is named Bastian Hello.

How does he answer his phone?

If Mr. Hello's friends and business acquaintances are at all like mine, he's got a problem every time it rings.

Does he say, "Hello"?

Then the other end says, "Hello . . . Mr. Hello?" The sound of this inspires the other end to go right into a buck-and-wing routine, named "Hello, Mister Hel-lo!"

Or does Mr. Hello say, "Hello here"?

That asks for "Hello *there*, Hello." And another routine.

Does he say, "Bastian Hello"? That invites the response, "Hello, Bastian,"

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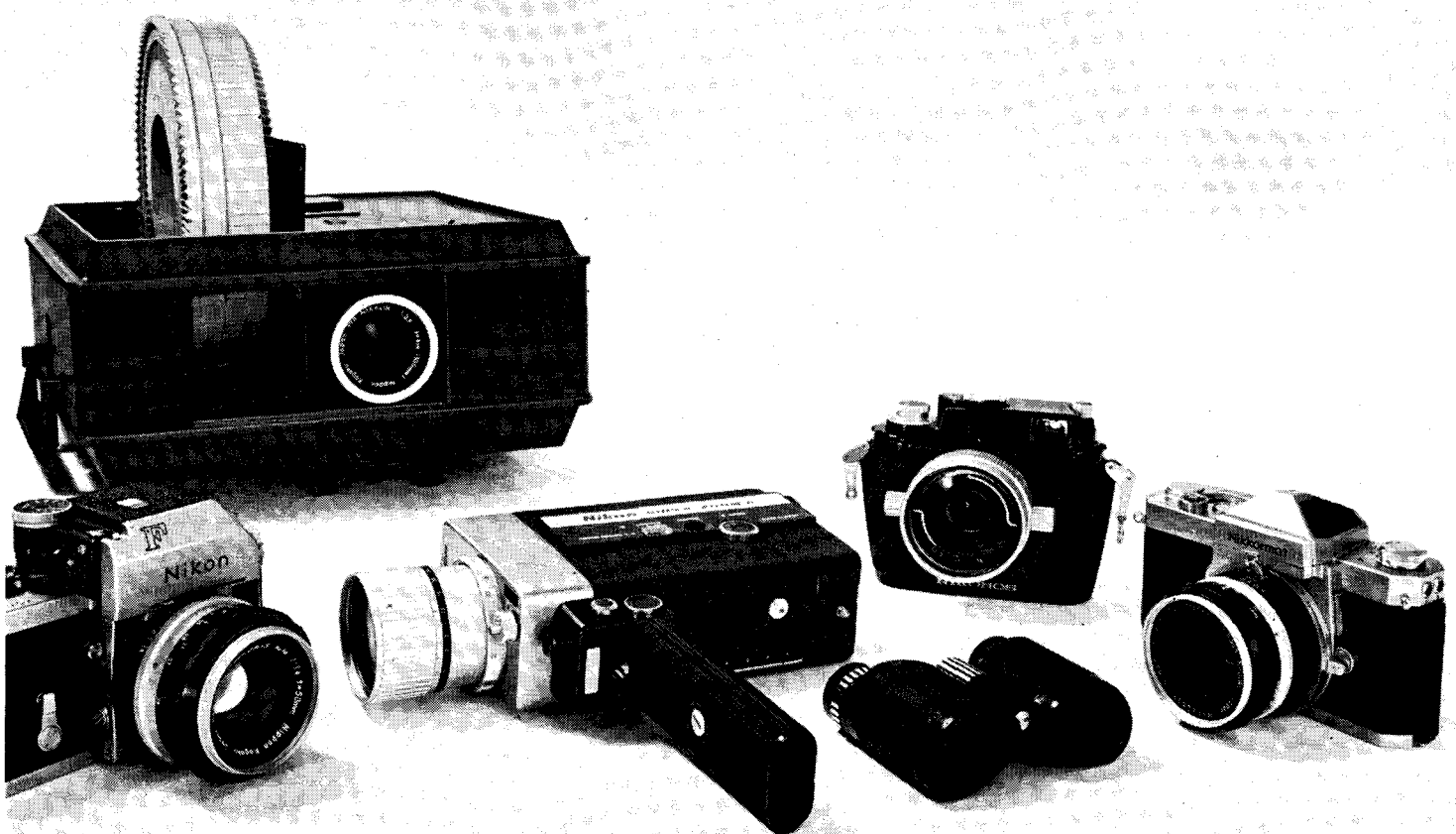
o good to give? Maybe. Unless it's someone you think
e world of; someone who's known the taste of picture
ting and loves it; wants to do more of it, only better.

o one? How about yourself?



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putting him on a first-name basis with anybody and everybody.

"Hello speaking" would bring "Hello. Listening." Followed by a wait.

If he just says, "Yes?" then the other party, to be sure he's connected with the right person, says "Hello?" Then Mr. Hello can't tell whether the other party has heard him, so he says, "Hello. Yes, Hello." And the other one gets the beat: "Yeah, yeah, hello. Hello . . ."

But then, perhaps Mr. Hello's friends are not like mine. For the sake of our space program, I hope they aren't.

—WILLIAM S. WALLACE.

Short Story

By David Wagoner

DESCRIPTION of young man
standing outside the house
At night with insects and light effects,
his nerves
Implied like the weather report by leaves
and branches.
She lets him in with a flinch. Flat
dialogue.
A dash of hands, a pinch of her face.
He thinks
A quick montage of engagement. She
leads the way
Upstairs through unnamed portions of
his head.
A squeaking door-hinge. Father in
bedroom corner
Covered with lint and mildew, Mother
supine,
Her gray hair long as a nightgown.
Extended pause.
Young woman bawling, Father
scratching at cobwebs,
And Mother sinking in bed as if in a
bath.

Description of young man catching his
own eye
In mirror. Reflection. Self-hating
metaphors,
Interior and exterior monologue,
Diction from high to slangy. Father and
Mother
Begin harangue assisted by violins
With colored slides of doctors, lawyers,
merchants,
And selected views of the Holy Land.
Young woman
Falling down on the carpet, having a
baby
Complete with sailor suit and pledge of
allegiance
To the Stars and Stripes on bunting
around the room.
Young man runs down and out, style
going cold
As his breath. Description of patchy
night. No comment.

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Goodman Ace

Book Is Thrown at TV

A CURIOUS and often humorous book came to this desk from Simon & Schuster. Written by Charles J. Sopkin, once feature editor of *SR*, the book is titled *Seven Glorious Days, Seven Fun-Filled Nights.* It is, the jacket says, "one man's struggle to survive a week watching commercial television in America."

What motivated the book was a statement by Fred W. Friendly, a former CBS news executive, in which he said: "If the chairmen of the board and the presidents of the three networks were to sit before three television monitors showing each company's scheduled programming from 7 a.m. until midnight for just one day . . . I think that their pride and sense of judgment would soon establish a sense of what is good and what is bad."

Our Mr. Sopkin decided to try it for one full week. He rented three television sets, borrowed two, and, counting his own, had six sets to look at. He made notes of all programs from the dawn of Saturday, April 22, 1967, to the dawn of Saturday, April 29. Well, most all. He admits he did nod off for a few hours between the Late, Late, Late Show and the first sermonette at dawn. His book is in seven chapters, headed Saturday through Friday.

A self-confessed astigmatic, Sopkin's most hilarious note-taking comes with his description of the daytime serials he watched. "Audrey looks terrible today," he writes. "She's rereading the letter she received on Monday from the lady doctor in San Francisco who had been treating her with (or is it for?) artificial insemination. Either Audrey is a lip reader or she always reads aloud."

By Chapter Wednesday, as he cocks an eye at Cronkite, Huntley and Brinkley, and a brace of reruns on non-network channels – *McHale's Navy* and *Hawaiian Eye*—Sopkin begins to feel some minor discomfitures. "The food is tasteless. My mind is soggy. My right eye is twitching. A bad cigarette cough has set in," he records.

For all this valor beyond the call of dialing, Sopkin surely deserves your reading his entertainingly documented book. Although practically a basket case, the author fortunately managed to survive the week. Despite all that rigor, mortis did not set in, and he was able to sum up:

"Television," he states, "taking Milton Berle as Year One, is only twenty years old. Maybe all that television needs is time—and maybe quite a bit of time, to judge from its progress to date. In 200 years, give or take a decade, the question of 'Whither Television?' may be worth taking up."

However, and without deprecating Sopkin's austere adventure, his ordeal was as nothing compared to the pains of withdrawal I experienced when I recently vowed not to watch any TV at all during the summer. I gave up TV for the Lenten season. Which in this instance ran through the month of August.

The days weren't so bad. I seldom watch daytime TV. The nights found me visibly shaken. Getting my news at dinner without Walter only intensified my *krankheit*. I got to staying at the office till 7:30 p.m. when the newscasts were finished. We ate out a lot on those nights. I tried reading, but you can't read with a blank screen staring at you. I turned both sets face to the wall. The next day I canceled our subscription to *TV Guide*.

Night after night, I wandered into neighborhood movies. When the lines were too long, I dropped in at friendly neighborhood taverns where I found TV sets aglow for customers at the bar. The ball games were on. I left, resolved to preserve my abstinence.

In one bar however, there was an incident that scared the resolve out of me. I realized that you can't suddenly tell TV to get lost without losing something yourself—like your marbles. What it was was this:

I had arrived at the bar at exactly 8 o'clock. The TV set behind the bar showed Yankee Stadium. There was no sound. Nine Yankee ballplayers stood motionless at their positions, their backs toward the viewers. Obviously the national anthem was being played, but the bartender had forgotten to turn up the sound.

I was about to leave, when a befuddled gentleman next to me at the bar looked up from his cups, stared glassily at the set, and called out: "Hey, bartender. What's the matter with your TV?"

The bartender stared at the set in amazement. Then he whacked the side of the set with his fist several times. Just at that moment the anthem must have finished and the Yankees began scampering around.

"Well, I'll be a sonofagun," the bartender did not say. Then he continued, "That's the first time *that* ever happened."

I was back home at my set in minutes.

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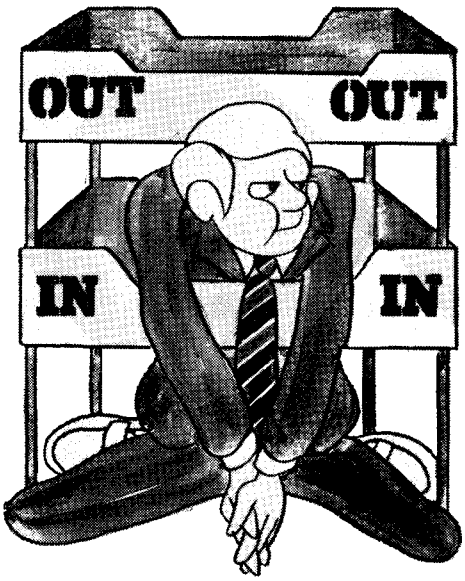

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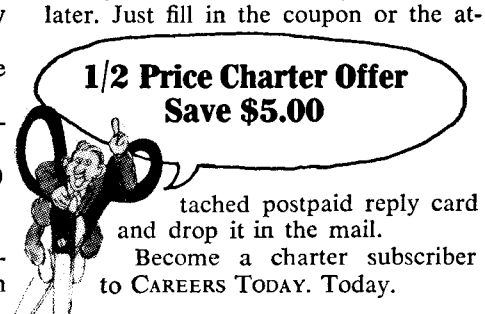

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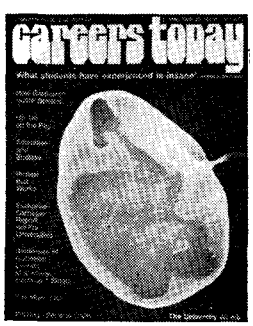

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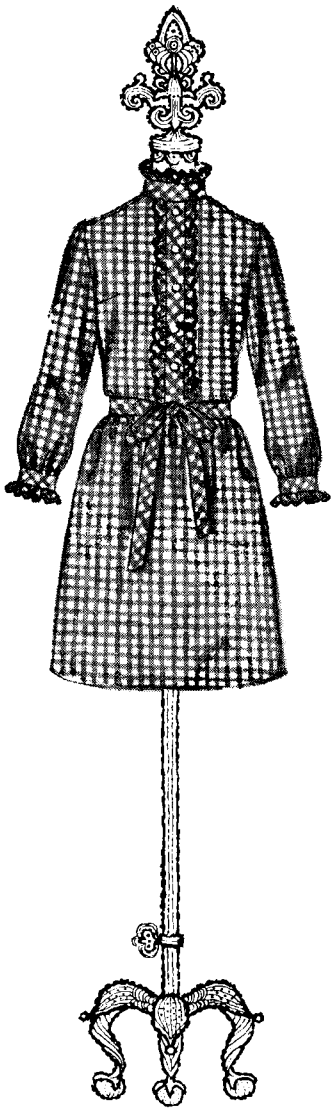

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ART CENTERS OF THE WORLD: Rome. By Ronald Bottrall. ART CENTERS OF THE WORLD: New York. By Randolph E. Osman. World. $7.95 each.

RUFUS PORTER: Yankee Pioneer. By Jean Lipman. Clarkson Potter. $12.50.

Business, Economics

FIRED AGAIN: A Guide to Survival in the Corporate Foothills. By Dwight Skelton. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY AND INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT. By Eric Rhenman. Barnes & Noble. $5.75.

Crime, Suspense

THE ALIAS MAN. By David Craig. Stein & Day. $4.95.

NICK THE CLICK. By G. K. Wilkinson. Putnam. $4.50.

TAKE A PAIR OF PRIVATE EYES. By J. T. McIntosh. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

OPEN LETTER TO MEN. By Françoise Parturier. OPEN LETTER TO MOSES AND MOHAMMED. By Joel Carmichael. OPEN LETTER TO NEWSPAPER READERS. By John Tebbel. OPEN LETTER FROM A TELEVISION VIEWER. By Robert Montgomery. Heineman original paperbacks. $2.25 each.

Fiction

A. By Andy Warhol. Grove. $10.

HONEY. By Elizabeth Jenkins. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

MOOD INDIGO. By Boris Vian. Grove. $4.95.

A USELESS DAY. By Janine Brégeon. Grove. $3.50.

History

BYZANTINE PHILANTHROPY AND SOCIAL WELFARE. By Demetrios J. Constantelos. Rutgers. $17.50.

THE FALL OF KHRUSHCHEV. By William Hyland and Richard Wallace Shryock. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

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PAN-AMERICANISM FROM MONROE TO THE PRESENT: A View from the Other Side. By Alonso Aguilar. Monthly Review Press. $6.95.

THE RESISTANCE VERSUS VICHY: The Purge of Collaborators in Liberated France. By Peter Novick. Columbia. $7.50.

UP FROM THE PEDESTAL: A Documentary History of the Rise of the American Woman. Edited by Aileen S. Kraditor. Quadrangle. $8.95.

Literary History, Criticism

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES: Vol. V. By Frank Luther Mott. Harvard. $15.

SHAKESPEARE'S EARLY TRAGEDIES. By Nicholas Brooke. Barnes & Noble. $5.25.

THE WORLD OF POPE'S SATIRES. By Peter Dixon. Barnes & Noble. $6.75.

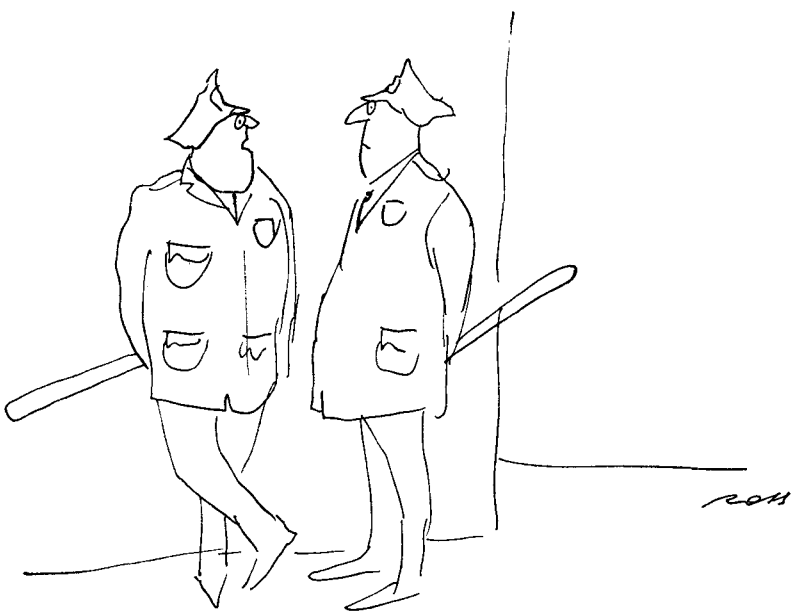
Miscellany

THE FACE OF FOLK MUSIC. By David Gahr and Robert Shelton. Citadel. $14.95.

IN THE WAKE OF TORREY CANYON. By Richard Petrow. McKay. $5.95.

MIRRORS OF THE JEWISH MIND. By Lothar Kahn. Yoseloff. $6.

A SALUTE TO CHOCOLATE. By Sylvia Bal-



"I must've called 'Stop, thief!' a thousand times, and never once has one stopped."

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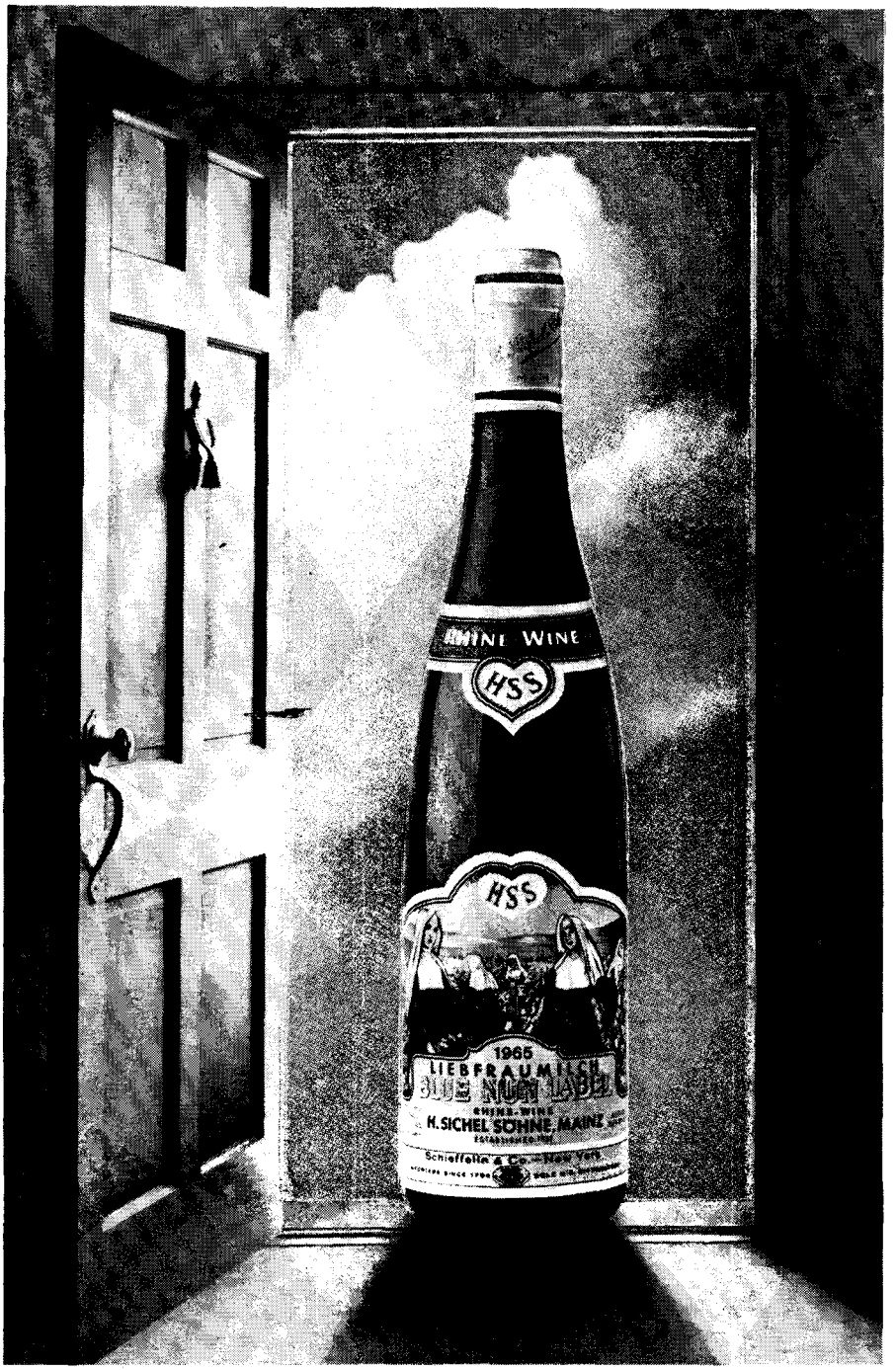

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THE BEGINNINGS OF DIALECTIC THEOLOGY. Edited by James M. Robinson. John Knox. $12.50.

THE FREEDOM OF MAN IN MYTH. By Kees W. Bolle. Vanderbilt. $5.

THE JEROME BIBLICAL COMMENTARY. Edited by Raymond E. Brown, *et al.* Prentice-Hall. $25.

Science Fiction

DR. ORPHEUS. By Ian Wallace. Putnam. $4.95.

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NEBULA STORIES: Three. Edited by Roger Zelazny. Doubleday. $4.95.

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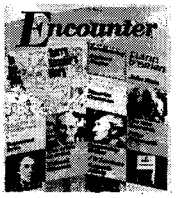
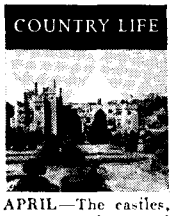


MARCH — World affairs, literature and the arts from the pens of internationally famous writers.



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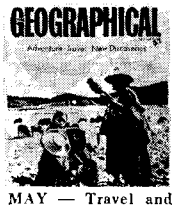

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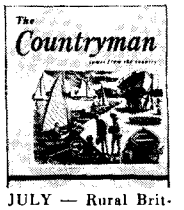

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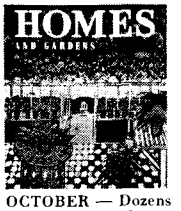

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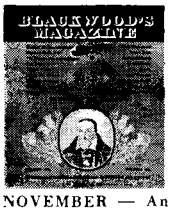

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

It had to happen sooner or later. In an age that too often seems dedicated to the proposition that if one person can do a thing nicely by himself, then it really deserves a whole committee, we might have expected that someone would eventually come up with a new wrinkle for writers. As the English trade magazine *Books and Bookmen* tells it, a group of British writers, troubled by various writing difficulties familiar to anyone who has ever set pen to paper, got together not long ago and formed a group they call Writers Anonymous. The idea, one of the members explains, is that "if one of us gets bored with his writing, or hits a particularly difficult part, the others try to encourage him to have another try."

Wouldn't it be a pity if such a promising idea weren't encouraged to flourish? After all, there's no need to stop with just Writers Anonymous and its predecessors, Alcoholics Anonymous and Gamblers Anonymous. How about Secretaries Anonymous, for those times when the boss gets to be just a bit too much; Teachers Anonymous, for the mornings when you wonder if you can possibly bring yourself to face that class; or Parents Anonymous, for those early Sunday mornings when you wonder how such a thing could ever have happened to you? The possibilities are limitless.

Come to think of it, maybe the whole thing could be neatly disposed of with just a single organization: People Anonymous.

Albert G. Graz, who teaches a senior English class at Patchogue High School in New York, was referring to a recent issue of *SR* the other day to make a point. Using an ad pointing out that four years in prison cost about $10,760, while four years of college cost only $8,000, Mr. Graz asked his students, "What are these figures trying to tell us?"

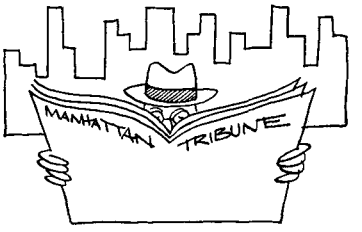
Replied a student: "They're trying to tell us that you get a better education in prison."

At one prominent New York publishing house, the secret of success is evidently not any excessive fastidiousness about spelling or grammar, at least where the publicity department is concerned. A news release, describing "one of the most torrid books ever written about Hollywood," reports that the author has actually worked in films. "Now," says the release, "he will be treated in Hollywood like [sic] Ralph Nadar [sic] is in Detroit."

In the aftermath of my November 16 reference to *Two Years Before the Mast,* I've discovered that there is a rather widespread Richard Henry Dana underground, consisting of people who love his writing but apparently never mention it because they assume that absolutely nobody else reads Dana. For example, Mrs. Paul R. Bartlett of New York City writes to tell me that she once read *TYBTM* while she and her husband were sailing their ketch *Skywave* up the Pacific coast from Panama. "Since then," she says, "I have tried unsuccessfully to persuade sailors of my acquaintance to read Dana's account of his battles with the winds around Point Conception and his descriptions of the California coast. As you point out, the scene from the sea is still the same from offshore Santa Barbara. The nauseating surge just beyond the surf hasn't moderated, either!"

Dana lovers, take heart. You are not alone.

When word arrived recently that a brand-new weekly newspaper, the *Manhattan Tribune,* had just been born in



New York City, it seemed noteworthy enough to deserve some looking into. After all, New York in the past few years hasn't been exactly a hospitable place for newspapers, either new or old, so it is something of an event whenever someone is either foolhardy enough or smart enough to think he can buck the trend.

The someone in the case of the *Manhattan Tribune,* it turned out, was in fact two people—Roy Innis, the national director of the Congress of Racial

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Equality, and William F. Haddad, a director of the Urban Coalition and a member of the New York City Board of Education. In their first issue, they say they hope to "provide a much-needed forum for commentary between the white and black/Puerto Rican communities of the city." In pursuit of that goal, Volume I, Number I, headlines an article on the New York school system with the words HARLEM WANTS OUT, includes articles by David Halberstam and Alfred Kazin, and even has a promising amount of advertising. But probably the most arresting feature is its system of dual editorials, one written by Mr. Haddad, the other by Mr. Innis. In these, the co-publishers plan to do some polite arguing and in this way, they hope, illuminate issues more clearly than a single opinion could.

I had a chance to chat with Innis the other day and to learn something of what he and Haddad have in mind. "Half the problem in this country," he told me, "is semantics. The press isn't objective; too many times what it's trying to do is not clarify things but cloud

them. For example, you would get the impression from reading the white press that segregation and integration are the only alternatives. They're not—not at all. There's also separatism. Or look at what the white press reports about blacks. You get nothing but a reflection of white ideals because the only reports you read are about that part of the black community that is trying to live by white ideals. Wherever we think a story isn't being done correctly, the *Manhattan Tribune* will try to do it the way it should be done."

Innis went on to say that the staff is working on "a couple of really big projects." But like any good journalist he wouldn't breathe a word of what they are.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1809)

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH:
HERAKLES

Break your fingers on the bucking oar!
Spend your proud, improvident, last, gasping
heartful of exhausted blood
beating the seas back! Reach your journey!
Claim the promise you were promised somewhere
far off in the morning long ago and
what's the answer? There is no answer.

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Saturday Review
December 14, 1968

John D. Rockefeller 3rd

In Praise of Young Revolutionaries

"There is a unique opportunity before us to bring together our age, experience, money, and organization with the energy, idealism, and social consciousness of the young. . . . We badly need their ability and fervor."

—Jim Cron (Monkmeyer).

"The ferment of youth is potentially of enormous benefit to society. . . ."

FOR some months, I have been engaged in the adventure of trying to understand a problem which, for want of a better term, has been called the "Youth Revolution." I found that young people will talk to an older person—even though they may regard him as a member of the Establishment—but only if they feel he is genuinely interested in them.

Every generation has had its gap. But it seems unmistakably clear to me that we are experiencing something much more than the age-old rebelliousness of youth. The ferment of today is deep and intense. Although the activists are a minority of young people, it is a larger and more vocal minority than ever before. The youth revolt is a world-wide phenomenon, occurring not only in the United States, but in a dozen other countries such as France, Mexico, Japan, and Czechoslovakia. There is a tenacity that was lacking in the past. Young people do not seem to be merely getting something out of their systems. Perhaps it is too early to tell, but I do not believe they will slip easily into the comforts of suburbia and the career, leaving behind their idealism and impulse for change.

HOW do we explain this phenomenon as it is occurring in the United States? There are many theories and no entirely satisfactory answers. The young people of today were born after the Depression and under a nuclear shadow. In an age of affluence and potential Armageddon, they are less concerned about material security and more concerned about basic human values. They feel that time is running out on the great problems—war, racial injustice, poverty. They dislike the impersonalism of large organizations and rapid technological change. Because of the influence of the mass media and the freedoms of our society, young people today learn faster and mature earlier. They become quickly aware—and deeply resentful—of the differences between what older people say and what they do. In short, the very accomplishments of our generation—in technology, communications, affluence—have served to focus the attention of the young on what we have failed to accomplish.

I want to confess frankly that when I started my inquiry I was biased. My instincts told me that very much of what young people are doing and saying today basically makes sense and is good. I found this to be even more true than I had thought.

At the same time, I do not ignore the disturbing elements of the youth revolution. There are the far-left extremists who say that present society must be

John D. Rockefeller 3rd is chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation. This article was adapted from his remarks at the Family of Man Awards Dinner, October 1968.

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destroyed. Their challenge must be met. There are the truly alienated, the loners, and dropouts. They must be helped. There is the use of dangerous drugs. This must be stopped. Too often, while fighting for their beliefs, young people disregard the basic human values and rights which they are espousing. They frequently lack compassion. They are often contemptuous of those who do not fully agree with them. While crying out to be heard, they will shout down a speaker.

There is much to irritate and disturb the older generation. But I submit that we have let ourselves be distracted by the colorful fringes to the point where we miss the central meaning of today's youthful protest. I am convinced that not only is there tremendous vitality here, but that there is also great potential for good if we can only understand and respond positively. I believe this becomes evident if we examine how the youth revolution is manifested in three of the basic institutions of our society.

THERE is, first of all, the legal framework of society and its attendant issues of violence, social protest, justice, and respect for the law. A major factor distinguishing the current revolt from the past is the skill of young people in the tactics of social protest. They act in ways that would have been hard to imagine for the rebels of my generation. They have learned well from the civil rights movement of the 1950s and the Vietnam protests of the 1960s.

Yet, for the most part, young people attempt to work within normal channels to present their grievances and establish a dialogue. They have tried to work through the political system, their support of Senator McCarthy being the best example. It is they who have made the Peace Corps, VISTA, and the Teacher's Corps more than slogans. Many young people are preparing for long-term efforts to change society. For example, the law students of today are concerned less about trusts and estates and corporate law and more about how just the laws are, how poor people and black people can get a better break before the law.

But even as the majority of young people work constructively for change, it remains a fact that severe provocation and even violence have increased as forms of social protest. The protesters are fired by their sense of moral righteousness. They feel that they have learned from experience that it is necessary to be loud and demonstrative to get results. It is this behavior that compels attention and strikes fear for the very stability of American society.

THE nature of our response is crucial, for it has everything to do with whether there will continue to be violence and whether violence will pay. We must understand that social protest has an honorable history and has a rightful place in any enlightened society. We must remember that it was social protest that brought this nation into being.

At the same time, we must recognize that respect for law and the maintenance of order are essential for the protection of everyone in our society. Young people —anyone—who break the law as a form of protest must be prepared to pay the penalty and hope for ultimate vindication. But if we stop here we will have failed. The concept of law and order is meaningless without justice. We must be ready to re-examine our assumptions—and our laws. To do so, we must open channels of communication. We must have dialogue. If we do not—if we think the only answer is to suppress dissent—then the responsibility for violence hangs as heavily on us as it does on those who protest.

Many persons feel today that another of our fundamental institutions—the family—is in trouble. Much has been written and said about the permissive nature of the American family, which allegedly is responsible for many of the ills of today's youth. Yet criticism of American parents' "overpermissiveness" has been part of our society since the seventeenth-century Puritans. In his penetrating study of our country early in the nineteenth century, de Tocqueville commented about the domination of youth and their lack of respect for their elders. Even the authoritarian Victorian age was beset with youthful rebellion.

—*James Foote (Bethel).*

"The temptation is to tune [young people] out; it takes . . . courage to listen."

THE family provides a framework and a set of guidelines for a child's growth and development toward adulthood. It is the parents' responsibility to give the child love, freely and warmly shared, and discipline, fairly but firmly administered, which in turn means time, attention, and interest devoted to the child. In this way, family life plays a major

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role in determining the stability of the child and the depth and solidarity of his values.

I cannot stress too strongly my belief that children learn much more from what their parents do than from what they say. Many young people state that while their parents talk about love, integrity, freedom, and fair play, their actions are heavily oriented toward materialistic security, comfort, and status. They repeatedly point out that they are not rejecting their parents themselves, but rather what they see as the hypocrisy of their parents' double-standard approach to important social values.

AGAIN, it seems to me that the nature of our response is crucial. If I am right that the ferment of youth is potentially of enormous benefit to society, then we might ask: Would we really rather have apathetic and obedient copies of ourselves? More importantly, we might take the criticisms of young people seriously and re-examine some of our basic assumptions. This, of course, is not easy. We are used to having our children listen to us, rather than our listening to them. Everyone likes to think that he has done reasonably well in life; it comes as a shock to find that our children believe differently. Change can be very difficult and threatening, especially when the pressure comes from the young. The temptation is to tune them out; it takes much more courage to listen.

When we turn to the third of our basic institutions—the church—we encounter a deep irony. Young people today are committed to values of love, human dignity, individual rights, and trust in one's fellowman. These are precisely the values of our Judeo-Christian heritage. The church has been the proponent of these values for centuries. Yet no institution in our society today suffers more from the sheer indifference of the young. By and large, they have dismissed the church as archaic, ineffective, and irrelevant. One young man told me: "There's a genuine religious revival going on, but the church is missing out on it." Another said: "The church could fill a great need in our society, if it would focus less on the divine and more on how to apply Christian teaching to today's world."

The problem again is that the young people perceive hypocrisy. They know the values that the church upholds, but they see too little in the way of action and results. Religion to many of them is Sunday-morning tedium instead of a guiding force and an inspiration. The older generation must examine its own behavior. The church is not an impersonal edifice, although all too often it seems that way. The church is what we have made it. Its dilemma is that while its mission should be the righting of wrongs and the active pursuit of the great Judeo-Christian values, we have instead made it for the most part a force for the status quo.

By and large, we are much more conservative as elders of the church than we are as parents. The minister who would remain a minister all too often must please a conservative laity, those who support the church financially. The result is that the church loses some of the finest members of the younger generation. If we have made this situation, we can also change it. Any dramatic reversal seems improbable. But the young people will come back gradually if the church becomes a place for searching inquiry, for social action; if more of the clergy become involved in today's problems and if the laity support them—and become involved, too.

THERE are common threads that run through all of these basic institutions of our society. The problem is not in our legal system, or the family, or the church. The problem lies in ourselves as people. The crucial issue is not the revolt of youth but the nature of our response to it. Broadly speaking, there are three possible responses. One is backlash and suppression. We caught frightening glimpses of what this would be like in Chicago and Mexico City. If we choose this route, the only victors will be the small fringe of extremists who want to see our society destroyed. They are playing one of the oldest of political games, that of provocateurs. They want a backlash because they know that repression starts a vicious circle that inevitably leads to greater and greater explosions. If we are foolish enough to fall into this trap, then we will deserve what happens to us.

A much more likely response is apathy or muted hostility. We are resentful over the ingratitude and brashness of the young. We think if we cover our eyes and stop our ears their noise and fervor will go away. They don't understand how really complex everything is, we say. Being older, we believe we are wiser. We know that idealism is tempered by time and that realism sets in. Soon the young activists will pass the magic age of thirty, and eventually they will be stepping into our vacant shoes. We secretly enjoy thinking about what a tough time they will have explaining to their children why they did not solve all the problems of the world.

This response, or lack of it, basically avoids the issue or yields grudgingly in a kind of tokenism. It is not working

"Remember—they don't want to be preached to!"

(*Continued on page* 78)

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MAN AND THE SPACE AROUND HIM

Modern technology has the power to bring men together—but it can also separate them with unforeseen barriers.

By C. A. DOXIADIS

IN the past, man lived in several scales: in part, he lived in his personal scale, that is, by himself; in part, with his family; in part, with his immediate neighbors, with his distant neighbors, or with his fellow citizens in the city and in the city-state. His participation in the life of people beyond his city was very small, and his meetings with other nationals were very often limited to the battlefield.

Today the radio or television set occupies a considerable part of what used to be time for intra-family contacts, chats, and discussions, and people receive news from the other end of the world much more easily than they do from the other end of their small city. Because the commentators for world news have been selected much more carefully than the young reporters covering the local news, not only the quantity but also the quality of news coming from the small old scales is now of a lower order. If we subdivide the whole earth into a scale of units of several classes—man, room, family, city, the whole earth—we see that it is becoming easier for us to get news from big distances and more and more difficult from small ones.

Meanwhile, man's physical contacts with his neighbors have become much more difficult. Who, in our days, can allow his child to run across the street and meet the neighbors and make friends? It is a well known fact that people living in blocks of apartments cannot be as friendly as next door neighbors. The head-to-feet contacts (of people at different floors) do not help people to become acquainted, as did the head-to-head, feet-to-feet relationship of the older days. The car has penetrated among people and broken their direct physical relationship, while the elevator does not help people to meet residents of other floors.

The number of potential human contacts has now increased enormously, and this means that man can have a much greater choice of contacts than before; but many of these contacts are of a different nature and depend on preselected choices—the ones made by the networks of telecommunications, for instance. The old balance between contacts at several scales has been replaced by new ones, and we do not know how these contacts are influencing man's nature.

The same forces that allowed man to gain new levels of community life at new scales have deprived him of his old scales and his old communities. The expression that the "earth is shrinking" is not accurate; the truth is that major dimensions of the earth are shrinking while minor ones are expanding. The expression "man is expanding" is not accurate; it is true that new dimensions at a large scale are being created, but his choices over small distances are being reduced because they are becoming more difficult. The human scale of relationships is not shrinking, it is becoming larger and more inhuman.

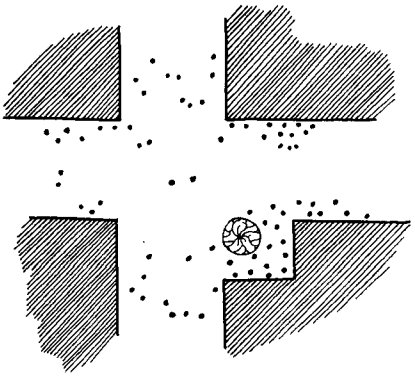
Whereas the gain of new scales is beneficial for man, provided always that he uses them properly, the loss of the old scales is very much against nature, and therefore dangerous. Man's body does not shrink, nor his steps, pace, or senses. His apparent physical dimensions do not shrink. If the earth is shrinking we cannot allow man to shrink with it; if man is expanding we cannot allow him to expand in the minor scales since this would threaten his very existence. In both cases we have a lack of balance between man and the space around him, and man is in danger. It is therefore natural for man to try to develop the contacts with his surroundings he had in the past—but we are depriving him of this opportunity by leading him toward a human settlement which is losing its minor scales. The "shrinking earth" is cramping the nonshrinking man in a very dangerous way.

The value of these arguments is easily understood when we apply them to children, who open their eyes and their hands in order to develop contacts with the world around them. As things stand we tell them that this is possible only as far as the apartment door—beyond that is the unknown, unfriendly, hostile land into which they may walk only when an adult is holding their hand. How can they discover their world? And how can the grown-ups find their balance in their own world? Modern man is turning into a lonely troglodyte right in the middle of a dense crowd. What will be his benefit from the great shrinking world when his ties with his fellowmen are breaking?

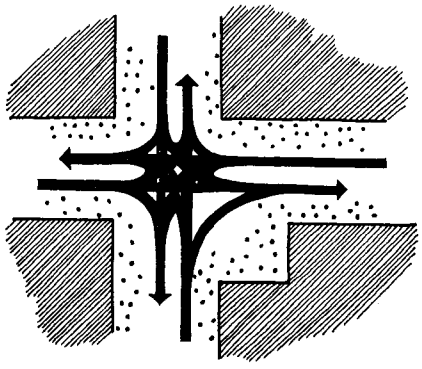
SINCE the beginning of his history man has been striving to live in more than one scale; he formed families, tribes, villages, cities, nations, and leagues of all these, and he always tried to create larger social and physical scales within which he could develop even better. In this process he never eliminated the scales and levels of a lower order—he always enriched his space and never impoverished it. Our era is the first during which the opposite is happening.

It is time for us to understand that we need to live in all scales, the old

Automobile traffic has changed the pattern of contacts in public space—



easy and pleasant in the past—



very difficult and dangerous at present.

—Drawings by C. A. Doxiadis.

Dr. C. A. Doxiadis is an internationally prominent city planner. He heads the Athens Technological Institute and Doxiadis Associates.

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ones which should not be destroyed, and the new ones to be added. Only in this way will our life gain from technological progress and not be endangered—and this should be our goal, until somebody can prove, if anyone can, that the elimination of minor levels of communities will be beneficial for man. Life in all scales and at all levels requires the definition of these scales and levels. There are fifteen levels on our earth today and one at least beyond it, a total of sixteen levels of community organizations for present-day man. These levels begin from the biological unit of the single man, proceed to the room, and then to the biological and social unit of the family, to the neighborhoods of several sizes, to the town of the past, to the large city, to the metropolis and beyond it, until they arrive at the whole earth and communities that may be beyond it.

MAN needs to be given the chance to isolate himself or come into contact with others, at all these levels. He needs the opportunity of isolation within his family house—therefore a single room for every member—but also of meeting with other family members, therefore a living room for the family. He must be given the chance of isolating himself from his neighbors within his house or his garden with high compound walls, but also of meeting with them in the small street, the square without cars but with works of art, the public hall, the pub, the corner store. He must also be given the chance to meet with larger and larger groups in corresponding places, from clubs to the theater and the opera.

To achieve this he must mold his way of living, as expressed in his city, by creating distinct communities of all sizes, at all levels, belonging to a total hierarchical system of communities. This is an organizational need. When I speak of hierarchical structure I do not mean an operation and function of society which would be exclusively hierarchical. The structure of the city should be hierarchical so that every community of a lower order belongs to the one of a higher order and through it to even higher ones. But the function of the city, the movement of people within it, was and is free, and everybody must be given the chance of moving in all directions. Unlike natural organisms, our cities tend to allow for the maximum of choices in movement. This alone justifies their existence.

We should not be afraid to organize our lives and our cities with communities at all levels; we do it for our rooms and our houses and we are not prisoners in them even when we lock the doors as long as we are the ones to keep the keys. We should do the same for our communities at all levels; we should construct them properly in a way which will allow us to belong to them and be free to move out of them on a temporary or permanent basis. Sometimes I am asked why I insist on constructing and separating the communities in such a way. My answer is that this is the only natural way, since only this type of solution leaves people free to choose what they like; the opposite—the elimination of community boundaries and consequent condemnation of people to lives deprived of all minor levels of community organization—would mean imposing life at one scale only, would mean imposing society on man, and this would threaten our own freedom. It could possibly destroy the individual.

If we manage to structure our city hierarchically, we will not be confused any longer by the arguments of whether we must live in the neighborhood or the city, in the city or the metropolis, the metropolis or the megalopolis—since we will learn that this is not the way to face our problems. Similarly, the issue is not one of "national" versus "international," but one of both blended in the proper way at every moment and for every case. We must learn to live in all sizes of communities—in a proper balance. We must all be able to live in all scales, and each one must do this in his own way by selecting his own balance of life in different scales.

IF we must all live in all scales, we must learn how to plan and build our cities in such a way as to give all of us the maximum choices. Since our cities restrict, because of their structure, the total number of our choices—we cannot for example walk through a highway or a wall—we must study the type of structure that eliminates the smallest possible number of alternatives. To achieve this we must conceive the best type of life and then build the structure that allows the best function in the sense of a maximum of choices. We must establish certain criteria leading to a system of alternatives, since there is an enormous number of them. Such criteria should be easily understood and judged by everybody concerned so that the expression of opinions can become an objective one, and consequently all opinions can be compared and assessed on the same basis.

One such criterion is the economic one, but to begin with it would be misleading since economics defines feasibility, and if we start with it we may restrict our choices in an unnecessary way. It is much better to start with criteria of desirability, build our system, and then eliminate alternatives on the basis of the economic criterion. With such considerations we can build our system—first expressed as function and then as structure on the basis of the criterion of time. Since we always speak of our *life*, or of type of *life*, we cannot measure it in any better way than by its length and by the way in which we spend each part of it.

TODAY the average person of all ages and both sexes spends 75 per cent or three-quarters of his lifetime at home. The figure is 76 per cent for the U.S. citizen, and almost the same for the citizens of many other countries—for Athens, Greece, for example, it is 73.3 per cent. Under these conditions we can consider how much attention and how many resources we spend for "home," which does not consist of the house only, but also of its surroundings, in which the child gradually grows and where the housewife has most of her daily contacts. We will discover that we spend too little for this "home."

In the same way we will consider whether it is reasonable for the average American male between the ages of twenty and fifty-nine to spend 6 per cent of his time or one-third of his total free time commuting, and whether it is reasonable to allow this percentage to increase dangerously. Is it not preferable to invest more in a better system of transportation which will free him for 5 per cent of his lifetime, adding 3.5 years to his life expectancy, or more than five years when we consider the addition on the basis of his non-sleeping hours?

But if we are to build the structure which will be best for everybody, we must ask two questions. First, who must make the decisions which will commit the community but give everybody a maximum of choices? Secondly, we must ask how can each one be given a maximum of choices for the use of the common structure of society and city. The answer to both questions is based on a belief in the very primary values of personal freedom. Nobody but the person or persons concerned can make the decision about whether they like family or community life more, and which kind of community, at which level. Everyone must be given the maximum number of choices in order to create his own way of living in all scales, at all community levels. This is society's greatest responsibility toward the individual—not to decrease his choices by arbitrary judgments and decisions on the "shrinking earth," but to increase all his chances to choose among all scales, at all levels, for all qualities and ages.

The answer to the first question requires an exact definition of the type of problem we are talking about and the size of community affected. If, for example, we want to know whether motor traffic should be allowed through a community, we must determine whether we are speaking of the smallest possible unit, that is the family and its home, or

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of a unit such as the large city. The question requires a different answer at each level, and this answer is related to conditions, such as numbers and speed of automobiles, and leads to different conclusions and solutions.

THE answer to the second question is in several ways easier if we want to behave wisely and not in an authoritarian way in the name of a sometimes questionable expertise. In principle, following the previous thoughts, we can say that decisions will be made by everybody, if they do not influence the community in any negative way. In cases where it is a matter of function, such as the movement of people, we should try to give everybody the greatest freedom. There is no reason, for example, to break the path of the pedestrian by automobile traffic. If somebody insists that he likes mixing with traffic, he can always walk across driveways.

The question is more complex when we are speaking not of function but of structure—if people have to build in addition to what the city builds for them, their houses, shops, etc. In such cases any doubts can be settled by the people concerned if we give them the right chance. I will mention one recent case to prove my point. In a housing development in a large American city, I was told "the American citizen does not like fences around his property." Since my experience in this city, in which I had walked for two weeks, had been different, I presented my case in favor of fences. The argument could not be solved, and finally my proposal of compromise was accepted—that fences should not be built, and the residents be free to build them themselves if they wanted. Two years after they moved in, more than half of them did erect fences and more are following their example.

We need to live in all scales—this is an imperative necessity for all of us if we are to preserve our human qualities and take advantage of the new possibilities offered by expanding technology. In order to achieve this we must create a way of life and build the city of man in such a way as will give to each one of us the maximum number of choices in every possible combination of life at all levels. Society has the obligation to create such a way of life and such a city. Each one of us can then find his own way of life. Until then we are not allowed to overlook any value created in the past, any value promised by the future. If we do not know how to face special situations, if we cannot learn from the great human laboratory around us—which we very often can—let us learn by allowing people to decide by themselves. Theirs is the life and the city.

"We must build the city of man in such a way as will give to each one of us the maximum number of choices. . . ."

—City of New York Department of Traffic.

"We should try to give everybody the greatest freedom. There is no reason, for example, to break the path of the pedestrian by automobile traffic. If somebody insists that he likes mixing with traffic, he can always walk across driveways"—New York's 42nd Street (above): The "Barnes Dance," with all automobiles stopped, permits pedestrians to cross a chaotic intersection. Fifth Avenue (below) shows typically crowded pattern of pedestrian traffic in midtown Manhattan.

—Wide World.

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Saturday Review

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ABM and National Priorities

THE development of an anti-ballistic missile in a world of flying atomic bombs seems logical enough. After all, there are anti-aircraft weapons to defend us against attack from planes. These weapons are inadequate against missiles, some of which may be equipped with thermonuclear warheads. Isn't it all the more important, therefore, to develop what is known as the ABM, that is, a system of defensive missiles designed to intercept and blow up incoming nuclear-tipped missiles?

The question seems reasonable enough—but it misses the main point about human life in an atomic age. The point is that there is no defense against nuclear warfare except peace. The corollary is that security depends not on the accumulation of force or the use of force, but on the control of force.

Nothing in the modern arsenal of nations is more illustrative of this basic point than the nuclear-tipped missile. Its predecessor in the Second World War was the long-range strategic air bomber, which attacked cities day after day. Both London and Berlin were subjected to numberless raids by clouds of such planes. The cities were shattered but not crushed. Today, it takes only one missile with a thermonuclear warhead to destroy a major city.

There is nothing complicated about this fact. It is now possible to produce a single bomb with more destructive power than all the bombs dropped in the Second World War put together. An even more dramatic comparison: Imagine the destructive force of the atomic bomb that leveled Hiroshima and took 230,000 lives. Now imagine the same atomic bomb being dropped every night on a different city for thirteen consecutive years. The sum total of all that pulverizing power is now contained in a single bomb that can be carried by a single missile.

It is a serious error to argue that the holocaust-making power of a nuclear-tipped missile makes it all the more important to develop a defense against it. Not even the most expert proponent of the ABM contends that the system can be counted upon to knock down every attacking missile. Even with the stoutest ABM defense, some missiles will get through. And it takes only one missile per city to do the job.

Meanwhile, there is a price to be paid even as the ABMs are installed. The most obvious price can be calculated in dollars. Some estimates have put the cost of a full and comprehensive ABM system for the entire United States in excess of $50 billion. This poses a different sort of security problem for the United States from the purely military one. No ABM system in the world can guard against internal explosions. For the combustibles of a terrifying upheaval are building up inside the United States. The cities, as Jeanne Lowe has said in the title of her book, are in a race against time. The deep underlying problems of the American people can no longer be deferred. We can best defend our cities, not by ringing them with anti-ballistic missile installations, but by making them responsive to the needs of the American people. If we fail to do this, all the nation's defenses are down.

The cost of an ABM system, however, cannot be reckoned solely in its own terms. For the logic of the process leads inevitably to whole new probes and developments beyond the ABM. One thing is certain: the moment the nation proceeds full-tilt on an ABM system, the cry will go up that we must devise a way of anticipating Russian moves to counteract it. It will be said that Russian scientists have conceived of a supermissile that can steer around its ABM attacker or that can render the defending missile harmless or that can impair the electronic functioning of the ground station that controls the missile, etc., etc.

In any case, the ABM proposal must be considered for what it is—an intermediate step in a virtually infinite series of infinitely costly measures that can push the world arms race past the point of no return.

It will be argued that the Russians already are installing ABM stations near Moscow. The only rational response to this statement is to explore to the fullest the professed willingness of the Soviet Government to talk to us seriously about effective agreements that would block off this whole new area of escalation in the arms race. No one can say that such explorations would lead to a substantive and workable pact. But a treaty against nuclear testing did come into effect—despite all predictions to the contrary.

Here we come to the core issue. Some proponents, in government and out, of the ABM system have candidly said it makes no difference whether the Soviet Union would be willing to forgo ABM development on a reciprocal basis. They want an ABM system regardless. It is not necessary to speculate on the reasons. It is necessary only to anticipate the consequences. These consequences cannot be confined to the dislocations and upheavals that could come about inside the United States. They extend to the increased danger of a world holocaust. Men who cannot be trusted to understand what they are making cannot be trusted to see the ultimate connection between cause and effect. The cause is an uncontrolled emphasis on the means of destruction. The effect is the use of those means. This is the way civilization dies.

Whether or not we can put the priorities where they have to be—on the control of force rather than the pursuit of force, and on the persistent and painstaking development of the orderly institutions to deal with world tensions and world lawlessness—depends primarily on our convictions. Convictions create a sense of direction. They impart energy. They give focus to life. A full-scale national debate on the true sources of American security may or may not result in these convictions. But it is a chance worth taking. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Delayed Debt

THE DISCUSSION, "The American Economy: Problems and Possibilities for the New Administration" [*SR*, Nov. 23] by Leo Cherne, Kenneth Boulding, and Michael Harrington, plus the Henry Brandon interview of Robert McNamara, of the World Bank, was an unusually fruitful presentation. In the main, their thoughts are enlightening, but there is one suggestion by Professor Boulding that falls short.

Having referred to "the perpetual war of the old against the young" with the inference that this "war" is injurious, Professor Boulding proposes "an educational bank for lending students the full cost of their education under conditions of lifetime repayment through, for example, a surcharge on the income tax." This would mean that the considerable majority of our college graduates would enter their careers with a debt of at least $12,000, at a time when marriage, home, and children are just ahead—leading to an escalation in the "perpetual war."

BENJAMIN H. KIZER,
Spokane, Wash.

Migration and Welfare

AS A SOUTHERNER who lives in a rural section from which many Negroes have "gone North" to become recipients of a more bountiful welfare (as described in Richard A. Cloward's and Frances Fox Piven's article, "Migration, Politics, and Welfare" [*SR*, Nov. 16]), I would like to place the blame for the *migration* upon the right shoulders: the federal farm program.

When the farm program was initiated, the South had thousands of farmers, both black and white, who were eking out a bare living. When controls came and allotments imposed, those who had been living in a marginal state could not remain on the farm and maintain their dignity as human beings. If the tenant lived on a plantation that "kept" five families, and the allotments were cut 20 per cent, the landowner solved his problem by "letting" one of the families go.

This surplus family, which the Government did not provide for in the farm program, along with the renters and owners whose allotments had been cut below subsistence, had to migrate. The more affluent Northern states and cities offered the best solution.

ZEB R. DENNY,
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

WHATEVER MAY BE the case in the rest of the country, illegitimacy and illegal abandonment are indeed the main causes for the rising Aid to Dependent Children rolls in New York City. In July 1968, for example, according to data published by the New York City Department of Social Services, 7,412 cases were added to the ADC rolls in New York, 2,212 (29.8 per cent of the total) because of illegitimacy, and 3,019 cases (40.7 per cent of the total) because of illegal abandonment.

If Professors Cloward and Piven were not determined to cover up the abysmal failure of the Welfare Establishment, they could readily reconcile Daniel Patrick Moynihan's family breakup thesis with their own migration theory. The two are not incompatible. Seventy per cent of New York City's ADC cases are caused by family breakup, and it may well be that the migrating families are the ones being disintegrated by the unbearable pressures of ghetto living.

NICHOLAS KISBURG,
Legislative and Research
Director, Teamsters
Joint Council 16,
New York, N.Y.

"I haven't spoken to my wife in seven years. She just thinks I'm the strong, silent type."

The NAEB Position

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S column, "In the Wrong Corner" [TV-RADIO, Nov. 16], provides a good opportunity to assess the misunderstanding that surrounds comments on discrimination in employment that were made by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters before the FCC.

We attempted to suggest that the absence of large numbers of minority-group employees in educational broadcasting is not per-force evidence of discrimination *against* such applicants; it is, rather, more likely that educational stations have not discriminated *in favor of* such persons by special recruitment efforts and suitable training programs. This effort has been slow in developing, not only for minority personnel but for all personnel. We have not undertaken the broad scale luring, recruitment, and training that is necessary for educational broadcasting to operate more effectively as a local and national force.

It is fooling with words to suggest that nondiscrimination is the objective now; it is clear that discrimination, positively and fairly managed, in favor of minority groups is desired and needed. It is, on the whole, a much more complex matter than the FCC acknowledges, and we resist the notion that reporting forms prevent much accomplishment.

For the record, Mr. Shayon should know that the *Educational Broadcasting Review* is not an NAEB mouthpiece, though it is an official publication of the Association. We think it should publish a spectrum of intelligent opinion on all important topics in educational broadcasting.

It is not possible for us to know whether we are more or less guilty than other institutions in our society; but we do know that active discrimination to redress the serious imbalance of minority-group individuals has not been given the attention that it deserves. In recent struggles to keep educational broadcasting viable as an employer, we have unquestionably postponed the important question of whom it employs. When the issue of who tells what and how often to the FCC subsides, it should be possible to deal effectively with this matter.

WILLIAM G. HARLEY,
President, National Association of
Educational Broadcasters,
Washington, D.C.

A Beautiful Argument

OCCASIONALLY, SOMEONE has such a clear-cut, logical idea that we can only wonder why no one thought of it sooner. For instance, there is a local case involving the refusal of Mrs. Evelyn Whitehorn to allow her son, Eric, to register for the draft—on the grounds he is a legal minor.

Mrs. Whitehorn points out that Eric can-

(*Continued on page* 84)

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The English and Scottish Ballad

By KENNETH REXROTH

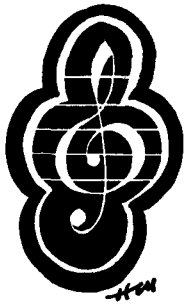
At the height of the Age of Enlightenment, of Rationalism, and the worship of classical order, men grew weary of the neat, domesticated universe they had constructed for themselves, and began to seek, in older times, and remote places, and in the lower classes—uncorrupted by the narrow discipline of their superiors—the values which were so conspicuously lacking in eighteenth-century culture. The most sensitive organisms discovered that the society was suffering from spiritual malnutrition. Once new elements of the diet were discovered, the hunger of the public made them immensely popular. We call this movement the beginnings of Romanticism.

In English it centers around the discovery of folklore, the return to nature, the idealization of the common people, the poetry of Burns and Blake, of the young Wordsworth and Coleridge. Crucial in this development was the popularization of folk song among a cultivated audience. The values of a preliterate or illiterate society became suddenly popular among the highly literate. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* and Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* were not only best sellers in their own day, but both are still in print, at least in Great Britain.

The ballad has been defined as a folk song which tells a story, concentrating on the dramatic situation of the climax, rather than a long narrative unfolding action and reaction. The tale is presented directly in act and speech with little or no comment by the narrator. Although the most violent passions may be shown by the characters, the maker of the ballad remains austerely unmoved. So does the performer. Emotional comment, where it occurs, comes through a special kind of rhetoric peculiar to the ballad, often, especially in some of the refrains, dependent upon the use of rather remote metaphors to intensify the psychological situation. Most ballads are in "ballad measure," four lines of alternating eight and six syllables—really fourteen syllables or seven stressed syllables with a strong pause after the eighth—rhyming usually at the end of each fourteen syllables. However this pattern varies constantly even within the same song. What varies it is the fluency of the music clustered around a simple melodic pattern, which a good ballad singer seldom, stanza for stanza, repeats exactly.

The English and Scottish ballads, so far as they can be dated from internal evidence, seem to have reached their highest development in the troubled times of the War of Roses and the consolidation of the Tudor monarchy, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They have been called collectively the folk epic of a minor Heroic Age or Time of Troubles. It is true that the long drawn-out struggle over the emerging wool economy of northern England and the Scottish border had many of the elements of a Heroic Age; but contrary to Arnold Toynbee's hypothesis, ballads of the same type were collected in stable, agricultural, untroubled parts of England. Ballads of the Scottish and English type are found from Mongolia to Spain, and they are still being made from the Appalachians to Yugoslavia. The greatest collection is that of S. Grundtvig and A. Olrik, made in Denmark in the middle of the nineteenth century. Many of the Danish ballads give the false impression of being direct translations from the classic English collection of F. J. Child, made at the end of the century. This is sometimes the case even when both the Danish and the British ballads concern known historical figures in their respective countries and are, within the limits of dramatic license, both approximately true. In other words many ballads are archetypal dramatic situations that wander through space and time seeking body in history.

WHAT are these situations? They are rigorously personal. Battles of the Scottish border, cattle and sheep raids, sieges of castles, family feuds, are shorn of complications and ramifications of history. They are reduced to the starkest relations between human beings, presented at their moments of greatest intensity. This is equally true of the few religious ballads with a Christian story and of the ballads of the supernatural, many of which contain elements of pre-Christian belief or ritual.



There is a remarkable similarity between the earlier ballads, especially those of the supernatural, and the Japanese Noh plays. In both, dramatic realization comes not as the culmination of a process, but as the precipitate of a situation. Most of the great British ballads could be turned into Noh plays and vice versa. Some have identical plots.

PERHAPS this comparison reveals the secret of the ballad's ever increasing popularity until today, when enormously popular folk singers have become determinants, not just of contemporary poetry and song, but of an ever growing new sensibility—a new culture. The classic ballads deal with human lives which have been taken out of the tangle of an exploitative social system by the sheer intensity of the ultimate meaning of human relationship. The ballads deal with people who have been opted out by circumstance. They are living, or dying, or have died, in realms where motives are as pure as they can be. They have the unearthly glamour of beings acting beyond the world, like the demigods of Sophocles. The Russian students sing "Stenka Razin" and American students sing "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" for the same reason. Their values are utterly incompatible with society as now organized, here or there. The world of the ballads may not be the ideal society of Marx or Plato, but it is a supernatural realm where nothing is important but the things that really matter. Of course this is Romanticism pushed to its ultimate, but it is also the morality of classical drama, a terrible intensity of life pushed to its limits, beyond all responsibilities of the getting and spending that lay waste our time.

The literature of balladry is enormous. Child's great collection is in paperback, five volumes. The melodies most commonly sung are in Cecil Sharp's *One Hundred English Folksongs* and *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Much of Grundtvig is available in translation. There are many state and regional collections. B. H. Bronson's *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*, when complete, will gather all variants of text and music. He gives, in Volume II, 198 versions of "Barbara Allen"! There are collections, in English, of ballads from Mongolia, Yugoslavia, and dozens of other countries. H. C. Sargent and G. L. Kittredge's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads, edited from the collections of Francis James Child*, Boston, 1904, is still the standard one volume edition. The Penguin book and *The Oxford Book of Ballads* are overedited.

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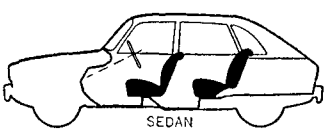
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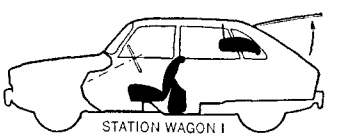
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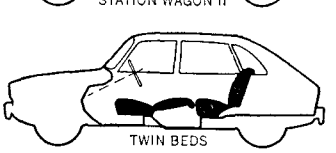
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To be continued.

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ROBERT HECTOR

Tyrants of Thespis

With a stranglehold on the country's playhouses the Shuberts nurtured the commercialism of the American theater.

THE SHUBERTS—Samuel S. (for euphony), Jacob J. (for nothing), and Lee (really Levi)—were the robber barons of the American theater. For most of this century they bought, pillaged, plundered and, one is tempted to say, raped the American theater. They ended by owning or controlling most of the country's legitimate playhouses. Not only were the Shuberts the producers of some 500 plays, but as landlords who shared in the gross (usually 35 per cent), they were in a sense partners in thousands of other productions. It was the Shuberts who determined ticket prices, box-office practices, booking contracts, who decided what people working in the theater were to be paid and how much productions were to cost. Their worth was once estimated at a half billion dollars.

Jerry Stagg, who in *The Brothers Shubert* (Random House, 431 pp., $10) tells, without pausing for moral judgments, the story of their growth to power, records the Shubert tactics with clarity and vigor. (Do I sometimes note a trace of enjoyment?) In following the career of the Shuberts, Mr. Stagg reconstructs a history of the commerce of the theater—the deals, the breached contracts and illegal agreements, the uneasy alliances in the struggle for control of the houses. And in the account he inevitably turns up such legendary figures as Belasco, Ziegfeld, Jolson, Cohan, Brady, Bernhardt, Hammerstein, and Harburg.

Mr. Stagg describes many of the plays that the Shuberts produced during a fifty-year period. Although they had occasional liaisons with the classics, with Gilbert and Sullivan and some of the better operettas, their productions reflected mediocre taste. For though the Shuberts had an appetite for the life of Broadway, they were after all brawling businessmen of limited formal education. Mr. Stagg recalls an episode during the rehearsal of an opulent "oriental" drama when an actor stalked to the center of the stage and declaimed, "I am Omar Khayyam." Jake Shubert jumped from his seat and stopped the rehearsal. "No, no, no," he said pityingly. "You got a nice voice, you want people should think you're a dope?" He paused for dramatic effect, and intoned what he considered the correct rendering: "I am Omar of Khayyam."

To the Shuberts a good play had a bed in it. Okay, hooray for sex and laughs, but their level of sophistication was none too high. In 1900, reviewing *Sold and Paid For*, Sam's first presentation, *The New York Times* stated: "Nothing nearly as awful has been seen in twenty years." Jake once ran a contest offering free tickets to the person who picked the best name for a new Chicago theater. Percy Hammond, in his column, suggested "The Onion" in memory of the redolence of past Shubert shows.

Periodically, Jake and Lee were involved in scandals over "ice": illegal charges added to "hot tickets." From time to time investigations were held

Robert Hector, chairman of Chelsea House Publishers, is a former theater press agent.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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in New York and other cities, and in some cases Shubert employees were found guilty. The discovery by a reporter for the *Philadelphia Record* that the first nineteen rows for the Philadelphia run of *Annie Get Your Gun* were unavailable to the public, either at the theater box office or through legitimate brokers, provoked an uproar.

Where the dollar was concerned the Shuberts were fanatics; they became personally embroiled in a quarrel with a producer over the number of paper cups allotted to a theater during rehearsals. Tricky clauses in contracts are nothing new, but the Shuberts drafted illegal contracts and then broke them on the basis of their illegality.

The brothers began their assault on show business in Syracuse, as program boys, treasurers, managers, and eventually formed a group to take control of the Grand Opera House and other upstate theaters. From this bastion they moved on to Broadway. Many of the New York theaters and most of the road ones were then controlled by a despotic syndicate of Klaw, Frohman, and "Honest Abe Erlanger." Notwithstanding brief honeymoons and shotgun marriages, the Shuberts fought this monopoly for a couple of decades until they were masters of the country's theaters.

In time they came to symbolize everything wrong with the theater artistically as well as commercially. The Attorney General's office filed suit against them:

> The defendants for many years have been, and are now engaged in a combination and conspiracy in restraint of interstate trade in producing, booking, and presentation of legitimate attractions.
>
> They compel producers to book their legitimate attractions through defendants.
>
> They exclude others from booking legitimate attractions.
>
> They prevent competition in presentation of legitimate attractions.
>
> They discriminate in favor of their own productions with respect to booking and presentation.
>
> They combine their power . . . to maintain and strengthen their domination in these fields.

A producer once told me that Lee had victimized him with sharp practice:

"You say you're my friend, Lee. Why did you do it?"

Lee looked surprised. "What else could I do?" he asked as if no other standards of procedure existed. A moment later he burst out, "Christ, I don't know why I do it. I don't need the money."

Playing the devil's advocate, the producer later remarked that perhaps Lee's way was the only way one could have survived in the business. "At least they kept their theaters from becoming garages during the Depression," he added.

—*Photos by Wide World.*

Jake and Lee Shubert—"in time they came to symbolize everything wrong with the theater."

In 1932, when the Depression forced the Shuberts into receivership, many of their theaters were placed at public auction. Stagg describes an emotional scene in which the brothers, arguing against their lawyers and advisers, decided to try to buy back the properties.

"What the hell do you know," screamed Jake at the advisers, "I tell you, when you tear down a theater it is like a death in the family."

Lee continued, stammering as he usually did when excited, "I am fifty-eight. And I am not buying trouble. D-d-do you think we d-d-did it just for m-m-money? Just for the s-s-silly money? I am not ashamed of the m-m-money we made. I am not ashamed of the n-n-name Shubert on theaters. It makes me v-v-very p-p-proud. B-b-but we d-d-did not c-c-come to New York to work and to let our work d-d-die. You understand, Willy? It should not disappear."

Even so, the Shuberts managed to repurchase the properties at ten cents on the dollar.

The Shuberts remained in business. Jake put on musicals and ran the road while Lee continued importing plays. It was his theory that a play translated from two different languages such as German into French into English got the benefit of three different writers at the same price.

Mr. Stagg also records the Shuberts' somewhat eccentric methods of dealing with performers. When they wanted to get rid of the entertainer George Price, they found a clause in the contract which provided that they could determine his mode of transportation. For more than a year they sent him all over the country, forcing him to depart at 3 A.M. in a freight car with the scenery.

The brothers' peccadilloes forced Al Jolson, who had made millions for them, to quit the fold. The crisis came over a $400 charge for a costume that had cost $50. Jolson discussed it with his friend Eddie Cantor, who told him that his production had been charged $1,900 for glue. Nineteen hundred dollars' worth of theatrical glue, calculates Mr. Stagg, would have taken care of all the sets from Noah's Ark to Expo '67.

Disputes with actors, directors, playwrights, and producers were constant. Employees were frequently fired. Anti-Shubert stories were rife.

Fred Allen met a producer storming through Shubert Alley. "You look upset." said Fred. "Oh what a miserable son of a bitch," groaned the producer. "So's his brother," agreed Fred amiably. Word of the yarn reached Jake Shubert, who instantly barred Allen from the use of Shubert Alley.

Whereas Lee was soft-spoken, Jake, was a violent man. He incurred Lee's permanent distrust after he tried to choke his brother Sam when they were young men. There were more than a few people whom he hit, women not excluded. For many years communication between the brothers was by memo, from one office fortress to the other. In 1953, when Lee was dying, Jake's son John pleaded with him to visit his brother. Jake refused. "If I show up, he'll know he is dying."

The book tells less of Sam Shubert, perhaps the gentlest of the brothers, because he died in a train crash in 1905. Stagg relates that it was a shocking experience to Lee, for he had loved Sam

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more than anyone on earth and had nursed, guarded, and protected him throughout their childhood. It was only due to Jake's moral support that Lee was able to continue working at the time.

Pleasures? If the Shuberts did not invent the casting couch, at least they popularized the term. Their appetite was enormous, and their approach utterly alien to the romantic spirit of the operettas they produced. Girls were summoned and dismissed as if they were being interviewed in a personnel office.

In this respect Lee was a complex human being. He liked to think of himself as a moral man. (There were armies that disagreed with him.) Unlike Jake, he hated profanity. The dramas he liked most had "a moral" to them. A "bad woman" reformed. A wayward child saved his father. A girl preserved her honor by marrying the seducer. These were the shows he was proudest of presenting. Lee managed to reconcile this pious stance with his sexual proclivities by separating women into "nice girls" and "the others." Thus he was able to enjoy hundreds, and there was a steady trek to his office. On one trip to Hollywood, a private party was thrown for Lee. Surveying the famous beauties there, he remarked to an employee, "I had eleven of them."

These were the Brothers Shubert. What was their impact on the theater? At the end of his excellent book Mr. Stagg hazards an answer. "The Shuberts are all gone. But the theaters stand, and thousands of actors who might never else have worked, hundreds of directors and playwrights, other hundreds of composers, a hundred producers owe them a thank you. Or a damn you. So, too, does anyone who ever attends a theater performance. Either a Thank You, or a Damn You."

Personally, I choose the "damn you." Having once worked in the theater, where I experienced the pain of finding myself unemployed as fewer shows were being produced, I have often been preoccupied with the decline of the Broadway theater. From Mr. Stagg's description of the Shuberts and the structure they built—a structure that was never meant to accommodate itself to the motives of art or even to long-term economic growth—it seems to me one can better understand the state of the theater today. Jake and Lee did not use their money to foster the development of playwrights, actors, directors. They were unaware that the theater had to develop artistically. Instead, their sweatshop tactics lead to the formation of unions that restricted membership and adopted hard rules. The brothers gained control of theaters but rarely built new ones. And they devised no innovations to make the industry more efficient and ultimately viable.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Years Behind the Minorities

I WELCOMED BARBARA SOLOMON'S excellent review of the books dealing with women as an unrecognized and underutilized human resource [*SR*, Nov. 2]. Even women's groups who are concerned with developing the potential of our racial minorities fail to recognize that they themselves fall in this category.

Recently, Assemblyman Leo Ryan of a suburban California community served incognito as a teacher in one of the disadvantaged areas of Los Angeles. He concluded that the twelfth-grade government text, Magruder's *American Government*, was not relevant to the needs of the black students he was teaching; and that it failed to mention, much less consider, the contribution of the Negro to American society.

But no one yet has thought to take notice of the fact that the same text fails to take cognizance of the woman suffrage movement in our history. Outstanding leaders such as Carrie Chapman Catt and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are not even mentioned. Our "century of struggle" is not listed in the index. The passage of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920, which gave women the vote, is simply stated in a brief paragraph.

I think we women are years behind the minority groups. We are not even aware of our condition. Perhaps it is because so many of us are too busy fighting for the betterment of other underprivileged groups in this country!

JOY PICUS.
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Reaction to Reaction

I FIND IT VERY STRANGE that Mr. Edward M. Potoker should have overreacted so [*SR*, Nov. 30] to my mild criticism of his implied praise of the translation, recent or otherwise (although, to my mind, there have been three "generations" of college students since 1957), of Hesse's *Journey to the East*, as well as to my general and surely unexceptionable remark that praise of a poor translation will not encourage publishers to provide better ones.

While I don't really mind serving as the target of Mr. Potoker's anger, I am sorry that he took it out on Hermann Hesse as well and even presumed to tell a professor of German literature to stop reading that writer.

If Mr. Potoker finds Hesse's *Morgenlandfahrt* "dull, soupy . . . virtually unreadable," he is entitled to his opinion, but that does not necessarily make the work "virtually untranslatable." Despite Mr. Potoker's gallant defense of the lady, the inadequacy of Hilda Rosner's translation has long been known to scholars and even some editors, as witness my correspondence with the late Cecil Hemley of the Noonday Press and Michael Roloff of Farrar, Straus & Giroux. In his admirable book on Hermann Hesse, Professor Theodor Ziolkowski refers to the mistranslation of several crucial passages in this Hesse work. And if Mr. Potoker does not mind struggling with what he will probably regard as my "unreadable" German, I refer him to my detailed critique of this translation in *Lebende Sprachen* (Berlin).

With his gratuitous and easily disprovable statement that I enjoy a "meager reputation as a translator" Mr. Potoker really judges himself. Besides, I never suggested that he enjoys a meager reputation as a reviewer.

HARRY ZOHN,
Professor of German and Chairman,
Department of German and
Slavic Languages,
Brandeis University,
Waltham, Mass.

Clarification

IN REGARD TO GRANVILLE HICKS'S philology [*SR*, Oct 13] and Louis Schaub's addendum on asinine and "horse's ass" [*SR*, Nov. 2], I think *Midsummer Night's Dream* clarifies the matter. For does not Bottom turn up with an ass head?

This exegesis could be continued, but enough said. For, as Cole Porter used to say, everybody who doesn't brush up on Shakespeare deserves to be kicked in the Coriolanus.

JOHN NEUFELD.
E. Lansing, Mich.

THE WORD *schlemiel* is offered as a derisive diminutive form of *Shlomo*, "the paragon of virtue," by David Paretsky in *SR*, Nov. 2. The word, however, might also be the Hebrew proper name *Shelumiel*, or *Shalamiel*, appearing in the Bible, which means "My peace is the Lord."

The *schlemiel*, of course, is not the same as the *schlimazel*. Facetiously it has been stated that the *schlemiel* invariably is the bumbling fool who spills a cup of hot broth into the lap of his innocent, accident-prone victim, the *schlimazel*. The German word *schlimm* means *bad*, and the Hebrew *mazel* signifies *luck*. Therefore the *schlimazel* in a whole room full of people is the hard luck guy to whom everything happens.

BERNARD M. POHORYLES.
New York, N.Y.

Taste and Distaste

MUST WE BE SUBJECTED to the inanities of readers such as Harriet Benedict and Phyllis Pelissier [*SR*, Nov. 23]? Let the neo-Victorians go back to *Little Women* and dear Emily and Charlotte. The rest of us prefer a less superannuated definition of "taste."

VINCENT BARONE.
Syracuse, N.Y.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

PETER DE VRIES's latest book is made up of two short novels, *The Cat's Pajamas* and *Witch's Milk* (Little, Brown, $5.95). What the two stories have in common is suggested by the book's epigraph, from Flaubert: "I believe that humanity has but one objective: to suffer." The hero of the first, Hank Tattersall, is a master of the art of self-punishment; in the second the role of Tillie Seltzer is to endure suffering rather than to invite it, but she gets plenty anyway.

When Tattersall is particularly disgusted with something he has said or done, he writes himself letters, and one of these communications gives us the theme of the book: "The wish to cut a figure, my dear Tattersall, is certainly not one to which exception can be reasonably taken. Women have other ideals but that is ours—to be thought the cat's pajamas. Especially by them. The fallacy lies in supposing it to be realizable in all quarters and at all times. Pull down that vanity! Our dignity is not that foolproof, you know, or important. Somebody who has today seen us glitter when we walk will tomorrow catch sight of us chasing our hat down the street, or coming down the Grand Promenade with a loose garter dangling under a trouser cuff. Just as we may see him so running or so promenading. You know that what happened to you could happen to anybody, and that the only intelligent thing to do is forget about it. But no. The memory of such a fall is an acid so exquisitely corroding you that you won't sleep till you've redeemed yourself . . . somehow, anyhow."

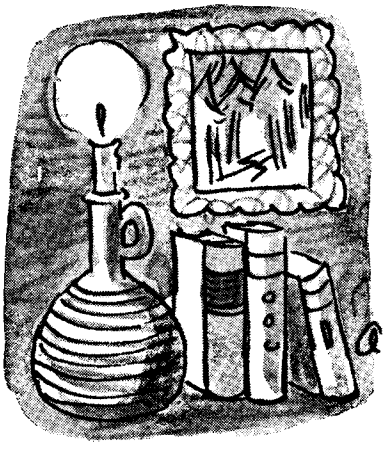
The downfall of Hank Tattersall, who is a teacher of English, begins in a trivial incident: he turns around at a concert to hush the woman behind him and discovers that she is an old sweetheart of his. In his effort to redeem himself in Lucy's eyes, he becomes involved with her husband and with a niece, who happens to be one of his students. His vanity drives him down a twisting path. He takes part in a student demonstration, quits his job, works for an advertising agency, becomes for a short time a television star, and then sinks through all sorts of menial jobs to what he has come to regard as his doom.

It is hard to make a man's deterioration seem funny, but on the whole De Vries succeeds. During the first two-thirds of the novel, while Tattersall is in teaching, advertising, and entertainment, we have to smile at the absurd things vanity compels him to do. Later on he is himself so cheerful about his decline that we are amused by what we know very well is no laughing matter. The ending is a marvel of ingenuity.

Along the way there is plenty of room for satire. A sardonic description of a concert of ultramodern music is climaxed by a wonderful gag. The account of the meeting of a faculty committee is likely to amuse as well as sadden anyone who has ever taught in a college. Advertising is really too easy a target for a marksman as skillful as De Vries, but he hits some things that other satirists have missed.

Then there are wisecracks, once De Vries's specialty. He uses them more sparingly now, and they are all the more effective for that reason. He says of Tattersall's wife: "She was a simple woman, and it was just like her to know him better than he knew himself." We are told of Tattersall on TV: "He threw himself into the songs as one might throw himself into the water, with total immersion." When the Tattersalls have been completely estranged from one another, they happen to meet and the wife asks, "Don't you believe in God?" He replies, "No, and he doesn't believe in me."

HANK is a deliberate distortion of reality, a character in burlesque, but Tillie in *Witch's Milk* is both believable and likable. Unmarried at thirty-three, she has lost some of her romantic dreams about the ideal husband, but she is still pretty fussy. Pete Seltzer, when she meets him on a blind date, seems quite impossible, although he catches her attention with his skill in doubletalk: "But the day-to-day togetherness can finally mucilaginate the smuffockles, if you know what I mean. Till it's impossible to extropert each other's thropplestance."



The trick amuses her, but that is all. In time, however, she discovers that, in spite of his brash manners and his indifference to political problems and other matters that seem important to her, he is a remarkably sensitive and tactful young man. (He aptly calls himself "a sonofabitch manqué.") They become lovers and eventually marry. Although the marriage runs into trouble, including Pete's habitual infidelity, Tillie constantly reminds herself of his good qualities and remains loyal to him. What nearly smashes their marriage is the death of their child, and then it is Pete who picks up the pieces.

THERE is a good deal of humor in *Witch's Milk*. Pete can be a funny fellow, and he amuses the reader as well as Tillie with his verbal dexterity. (For instance, he invents a whole new erotic vocabulary: "For every organ or act for which a foul or a stilted word was the only existing alternative, he tried to think of a suitable one, from the phonetic and other standpoints.") And there are farcical incidents such as the vulgar fight in which Tillie becomes involved with another woman. But it is a more serious novel than *The Cat's Pajamas* or such early works as *The Tunnel of Love* and *The Mackerel Plaza*. As a study of marriage it is more impressive than many novels that present themselves as profound examinations of contemporary morals and manners.

For many years now De Vries has been known, and apparently has been content to be known, as a comic novelist. (He began literary life as a poet.) As Mark Twain, W.S. Gilbert, and various TV comedians have complained, being funny on order is hard work. The success of his early stories in *The New Yorker* created a demand that he has tried to fill. He wrote one serious, even tragic, novel, *The Blood of the Lamb*, but for the most part his aim has been to make people laugh.

It is no accident, I am sure, that some of the funniest passages in American literature have appeared as episodes in novels by serious authors—Hemingway, Faulkner, Bellow, Morris, Malamud, and so forth. The comic inspiration is likely to be short-lived, and it does best when not too much is asked of it. Anyone who wants to be funny through 300 pages or so will probably have to use a lot of stuffing. De Vries's stuffing—manufactured wisecracks, farcical situations, elaborate gags—is of a high order, but it is still stuffing. In these two novels he pretty much gets along without stuffing because neither is meant to be merely a joke. They are novels about the human predicament, which does have its absurd aspects but is not to be understood in terms of the ridiculous.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Adult trade publishing in America has for the past three decades been sympathetic to Negro authors, if for no other reason than because they put money in the till. The black power of the writer is the green of the publisher. But until lately this receptivity seldom filtered down to the world of juvenile books, which, except for the scattered efforts of such writers as Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, and Shirley Graham in the 1940s, were as lily white as a plantation ball. Then, in 1954, Dorothy Sterling wrote *Freedom Train*, one of the few biographies of American Negroes for young readers. These have come into their own in recent years, and Mrs. Sterling is still one of the pioneers in what Nancy Larrick called "The All-White World of Children's Books" [*SR*, Sept. 11, 1965].

Resistance was equally obstinate on the part of textbook publishers. Sitting on a $350-million-a-year market, they found themselves at the mercy of school boards that opposed integration—at least in books. A report prepared some years ago by a committee of the American Federation of Teachers, *The Negro in Modern History*, concluded that blacks were shockingly shortchanged in virtually every history text in the country.

With the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation all this began to change. Although Northern schools had been integrated for years except in urban *de facto* cases, most textbook publishers were anxious not to offend the Southern market. A solution adopted by many firms was that of dual editions, with people shown integrated for the North, but not for the South. One publisher even resorted to three editions, with pictures of whites for the South, blacks and whites for the urban North, and white teachers in nuns' habits for parochial schools. According to a study made by the *Wall Street Journal*, Ginn & Co. offered "two versions of its spelling series, one with both whites and Negroes in the illustrations and the other, for sale in the South, depicting only whites." Scott-Foresman, the *Journal* continued, once substituted in its Southern edition of a fourth-grade reader a biography of Paul Revere for that of the Negro astronomer Benjamin Banneker.

By the early 1960s—largely under pressure from Northern educators, the U.S. Government, and the blacks themselves—the situation was a little better, although sometimes in curious ways. There was, for example, the publisher who instructed his artist to make every tenth person in his illustrations a Negro (the quota system). In other books the illustrated characters appeared in a nondescript, multi-ethnic brown, which it was hoped might be smuggled into Southern schools while satisfying the minority "image" acceptable to the urban North. Dick and Jane, the model American schoolchildren, are still white, but they have acquired Negro friends, Pam and Penny. ("Yet those friends are still off somewhere in the country, not part of Dick and Jane's world," an editor pointed out to me. Which may simply be a recognition of the way it is.)

In spite of these concessions, the real story of minority culture in this country remained largely ignored. Miss Loretta Barrett, a social studies teacher in an all-black high school in Philadelphia, recognized this when she complained to publishers that "we are using books that could fit into any white suburban school, but which have little relevance to ghetto children." Miss Barrett was later hired by Doubleday as editor of Zenith Books, a series describing the achievements of various ethnic components in our population. Started in 1965 (one is continually surprised at how long it took publishers to discover that America really is a melting pot), Zenith now has twelve titles in print, with fourteen more in preparation. The series is widely used by schools as a convenient means of filling in gaps left by the standard texts. The magic phrase here is "curriculum-related"; because these books don't have to be adopted, they have become admissible contraband, so to speak.

In August 1966 the ethnic revolution in textbooks received another push when a subcommittee of the House Committee on Education and Labor, under chairman Adam Clayton Powell, called a number of publishers to its hearings in Washington for a session on Books for Schools and the Treatment of Minorities. Testimony revealed that, with some exceptions, the textbook industry was lagging behind the schools themselves in trying to redress the outmoded teaching of history and literature.

The need for books to serve the new curricula has grown faster than publishers could meet it. The Los Angeles school system consequently brought out its own paperback texts, while New York City rushed *The Negro in American History* into print. Publishers are both frightened by this threat of competition from public sources and inspired by the prospect of new gold mines. They see Afro-American bookshops opening in the ghettos. They are amazed at the overwhelming response to the Seven-Up Company's premium offer of the $1.45 paperback *Pioneers and Patriots* for 50¢ and a label. They can hardly ignore the booming "curriculum-related" market in which sales of Zenith Books jumped 400 per cent in the past year. Finally, the publicly owned houses—and that's most of them—are all too aware that Wall Street security analysts are recommending stock in "integrated" publishers to their clients as a good buy.

Today, virtually every educational publisher in the country is scrambling

(*Continued on page 77*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ROLL CALL

The author used only the first name of his hero or heroine in the title of each of these books, but Carl E. Walker of St. Mary's City, Md., has completed all the names for us. All you have to do is to bring them together, and tie in the authors. For who's who, see page 78.

A. *Candida* ( )
B. *Cousin Bette* ( )
C. *Franny and Zooey* ( )
D. *Kim* ( )
E. *Lolita* ( )
F. *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* ( )
G. *Penrod* ( )
H. *Pierre* ( )
I. *Rebecca* ( )
J. *Tamar* ( )
K. *Trilby* ( )
L. *What Maisie Knew* ( )

1. Cauldwell
2. de Winter
3. Farange
4. Fischer
5. Glass
6. Glendinning
7. Haze
8. Johnson
9. Morell
10. O'Ferrall
11. O'Hara
12. Schofield

a. Balzac
b. Crane
c. James
d. Jeffers
e. Kipling
f. Daphne du Maurier
g. George du Maurier
h. Melville
i. Nabokov
j. Salinger
k. Shaw
l. Tarkington

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The Caged Sybil

By JASCHA KESSLER

AS EPIGRAPH to *The Waste Land* T.S. Eliot used a quotation from Petronius which runs, casually Englished, "With my own two eyes I saw the Sibyl, the one from Cumae, you know?, hanging in a cage, and when the boys put her on with 'Hey, Sibyl baby! What's your thing?' she said, 'I want to die.'"

Given the nature of our era, and the fact that a certain proportion of poets have always manifested the perhaps innate tendency to speak as if they are sybilline, it's hardly surprising to find a deep longing for death as the terrible sign of their self-respect and indeed the means by which they continue to live—if not as men, at least as poets. Their work gets done, often literally, in a race with death. Although death may not be the resolution of everyone's problems, it is nevertheless the one poets wait and pray for, and usually contrive to hasten by various means, alcohol being the commonest. Sometimes their theme is the race itself; at other times it is the process of self-destruction, which affords glimpses of first and last things beyond the purview of those of us who trundle prudently along toward the same end. Occasionally, however, one has the impression that the majority of men in America desperately try to obliterate themselves between their mid-twenties and mid-forties, and that the poets who keep themselves preoccupied with the subject are singular only because they are poets. If so, they are pursuing their vocation with an awful loyalty to their fellow men.

Things seen from the point of view of such dying in the midst of life are a source of ideas rich in poetic possibilities, for though our lives may be produced pretty much in common under terms we understand all too well here in America, our deaths are private, subjective affairs, and each death has the merit of uniqueness. It is perhaps the most authentic part of our lives, even if seldom a true, good, let alone beautiful one. All this and much more are suggested by John Berryman's latest volume, *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest: 308 Dream Songs* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50), which is quite obviously a masterpiece.

The book continues a single work, of which the previously published *77 Dream Songs* was the first part. It constitutes a prodigious effort, and is prodigious likewise in its achievement. The reviewer's few words can do no more than hint at what Berryman has given us. It might be compared in nature and scope with E. L. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, although Berryman has other purposes than the rendering of a commentary on and judgment of Midwestern lives. His intentions are determined as much by the peculiarity of his talent and its limitations as by the tremendous differences nearly half a century has effected in our awareness of ourselves and in our literary options.

These 308 poems are lyrics of, usually, eighteen lines, which are quite "formal" if only because they are set out in six-line stanzas or units, sometimes freely rhymed. Berryman has always required some sort of stanzaic container for himself, probably so that he could build on it with an enormous variety of rhythmic and syntactic structures. Thus he shows forth from it what seems an unceasing ability to project a writing voice as well as a voice speaking at many levels of both volume and diction, ranging from a kind of Gullah shorthand through breezy locker-room jocularity to meditative song, elegiac lament, and vision, sometimes running that entire diapason within the eighteen lines of one poem. And he does it with a succinctness that drives his wit through moods of melancholy or rage, so that the poetry rocks with a gaiety that is doleful, a despondency that is hilarious. Somehow, incredibly, despite his pursuit of a methodical madness which fragments poems and parts of poems constantly, disjunctively, Berryman has created a persona restless, feverish, dynamic, and so potent that it comes through as an all-pervasive four-dimensional being, occupying one's mind, magnetizing one's thoughts; all the loose particles of oneself are as it were rearranged along Berryman's lines of force, to form his distinctive pattern. After attentive readings one finds it hard to be oneself again inside one's head: the sound of it cannot be shaken out, and the experience fades into its literary proportions only after many days. Few poets can do that, in that way. Berryman's effect resembles that of the Joyce of *Finnegans Wake*, and it may be that masterpiece which is the not so remote source of Berryman's power.

Putting it perhaps too simply, what he has done is to assume that the reader *is*, in the act of perusing these poems, an open mind, what a real mind ideally should be, without the carapace of verbal armor, ordinary defensive suspicion and querulousness, and, worst of all, presumptions about poetry and life that render one stupid against the pleasures of difficult, assaultive art—and that the writer's mind totally includes the reader's. The trouble is, it is apparent from the first that Berryman in this poetry is hardly in anything like his right mind, if in the last analysis there is such a thing at all. Instead, this poet presents a collection of voices; he is sometimes in the dark, locked noisily in the closet of his passions, of drunkenness or of solitude; sometimes he is sufficiently collected or sobered to walk out on his porch and stand blinking in the daylight, or to write letters to students, sweethearts, wives, children, enemies and friends, or ghosts of enemies and friends—dead poets like Jarrell, Schwartz, Blackmur, or Swift and Yeats, Schubert and Mozart. The voices are occasionally those of the same personality, or they can be heard as combined aspects of several, the sum of whom may or may not be Berryman himself, though they stand in some vertical order, so to speak, like the several personalities in a case of multiple dissociation.

It would seem that in the dozen years during which these poems were written Berryman discovered that he is a temporary phenomenon even to himself, locatable more or less by the presence of Berryman's body, though not necessarily, since that deliquescent corpus is being subjected to dissipation and has come to live a certain kind of life of its own, addicted to its own cycles of desire and satisfaction. And the reader is profoundly affected, with Berryman himself, as he comes to share the fantastic experience of this life, which is compounded of exaltation and dismay.

Briefly, one might describe the dynamics of his creation in the following way:

There is Henry, who may be considered more or less coterminous with the poet, as a man, citizen, teacher, tax-payer, husband and so forth: someone who has to take the praise and blame merely because he is there, in that body. Berryman calls him Henry, as if to imply that he himself is not Henry, though he may be carried along with him. There is Mr. Bones, who is Henry, but also a minstrel-show sort of folk-character, say of Gold Coast origin, transmigrated through his headwagging Bre'r Rabbit

JASCHA KESSLER edited *American Poems: A Contemporary Collection.*

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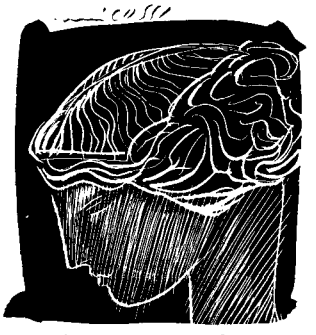
diction into either speaker of wisdom or the unconscious self who is chorus, mocker, conscience and antagonist; although whether he is the black man wearing whiteface or the white man expressing himself to himself by means of blackface is hard to tell. Not that it matters much: he's in there all right, and often as not calls Henry Mr. Bones, merely because he's talking to him, or trying to, or telling us about him. And there is the poet too, scornful, satiric, pitying and distant by turns; and when it is not the poet, it's someone who knows them both quite well, as if Henry does not or cannot know himself, being both object and subject by turns. The dialectic is maneuvered by the use of all the personal pronouns, in dazzling shifts.

Berryman warns the reader in a note that he himself is not involved with their loves and quarrels and misfortunes, as though he merely signed a publisher's contract and carried a social security number all those years while professing literature in Minnesota. One may regard that disclaimer as worthless and misleading, since towards the end of the book Berryman apparently tires of the rigmarole and emerges from the Purgatory of his writing to seek light and air as himself, where he goes to rest or hide out and practice grantsmanship and pot-still garrulity courtesy of John Jameson.

When Berryman opens with a fourteen-poem sequence labeled "Op.Post. No 1" and so forth, he is saying clearly that he has projected his imagination as far as it can go in a world bounded by nature, which is therefore a kind of hell. Yet he sticks resolutely to the Western tradition, or what is left of it, remarking several times that none of that Buddhist jazz is for him. Christian metaphysics for this poet is a lost cause, and like most important twentieth-century poets he may be considered a naturalist, humanist stoic; what is left, consequently, is a terrific restlessness of the spirit, which finds itself cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd to this nutshell world of ours, and goes tormentedly thrashing about in it. Speaking to us from the grave, Berryman writes his own elegies and eulogies for openers. The fourteen poems are given in the same voices as the others that follow, only from six feet under, the point being that death is no different from the life that went before, if diminishing—or that the life lived was no more than this death; moreover, having known it all, he will struggle through the prime remaining years of his life as a Lazarus, unregenerate and unrestrained by our decorums.

This assumption may be difficult and absurd, yet perhaps true enough: the important thing about it is that it could have been reached only through an extreme exacerbation of the spirit, and a daring so marvelous that it impelled him beyond the limits we have made and accepted for ourselves. He stands there, rather lies there now, offering us this gift of 385 songs. Characteristically, they are an amalgam of shamelessness, naïveté, Romanticism, narcissism, childishness, selfishness and self-indulgence, the result of risks taken beyond calculation, though with a sort of maniacal cunning. They vibrate with misery and glee, the sobriety that shines at the core of the most drunken blackout, the ecstasy that is both mournful and yet pitched with the heroic ululation of an Indian brave at the stake. Berryman has tried to put all he is into these poems, like Whitman, but always with an ironic self-mockery that is perhaps as disarming for us as Whitman's daring candor. Despite the complexly shim-



mering dialectic of his three or more speakers, the sum of their mutualities is a discourse that gives the effect of a sovereign poetic intellect over all, of a fool who has won through to his wisdom at last by persisting in his folly, as though he had elected to try out, for us, Blake's extravagant apothegm. Though there are always poets who take that way, few of them survive it; even fewer come up with a book pressed from their pains which offers them adequate solace, for the necessity to have gone that way must come to seem absurd, arbitrary, and no matter how wonderful the poetry, its validity is often ephemeral at best and their wisdom ultimately utterly private. Still, here is a great book that we should be immediately thankful for. It is infinitely quotable, if your taste runs to rich and elaborate food, but a few words of it will have to do here:

> These Songs are not meant to be understood, you understand.
> They are only meant to terrify & comfort.
> Lilac was found in his hand.

James Wright's third book, *Shall We Gather at the River* (Wesleyan University Press, $4), shows us another strong and very fine poet in process of collecting major injuries and minor death in the form of sickness, helplessness, misery and solitudes, to what end he does not, perhaps will not know, unless he means to press himself down to the earth as close as he can. As used here, "earth" is literal and metaphoric, for that's the way Wright uses it. Earth is where the lost crouch, exposed to the wind of Minnesota's winter: winos, outcasts, ex-high-school backfields, black whores and Indian ghosts, perverts, misfits and suicides, criminals and deficients—and the poet. Wright doesn't really want to know, if he could, why he sees spread out before him such a bleak Midwest landscape, where he sojourned at the university in Berryman's time: that low panorama of dank January culverts, icy parks, empty freight cars and forlorn highways, bridges over frozen streams, vague cattle, vomit-reeking jail tanks, hospital beds and morgues. Wright wants only to touch bottom, to be able to hear within himself, as though he were pinching himself on waking up in or stumbling through those places in this waking dream, his own voice, elegiac, proud, compassionate, grieving for the lost, and for himself.

This is not an idle self-pity: it's a coming to terms with what he senses to be that which is not merely too easily lost in our jolly plastic civilization of money, music and chromed manias, but which must be neglected, even wiped out from the history of the human spirit by the noisemakers in order for them to justify themselves, to feel secure. Whitman and Dickinson, and E. L. Masters, too, paid such attention to these losers everywhere, compassionately including them in the census of life, and, like Wright, precisely in order to find some larger solidarity. The sybilline poet derives also from the Prophets, and their vision of life demands justice, at least recognition for all. Over and over Wright is saying that we shall all join them some day when we gather at the river. Unless we know them now as they live and die on these lost, freezing Midwest plains, we may find it quite a shock to meet them later on.

In this book his technique fuses major elements from his first, *St. Judas,* and his second, *The Branch Will Not Break.* The former displayed those heavy stanzas made out of formally marching iambs, the latter somewhat too-easy free verses gone slack to accommodate semi-surreal images he was trying to release in the gray world that is his prison and home. Here, however, Wright often manages to incorporate the wild, irrational things he senses out there or emerging from himself in his vision, and does so in ways that make them seem less gratuitous, less exotic, less copied from Neruda or Vallejo or Andrade. His way is through stolid bitterness, the monochromatic contemplation of suffering and of the endurance of suffering, a way that brings a certain vision of America into narrow focus; not all of America,

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but certainly an aspect of it he's made truly his own. In his voice the fantastic flashes of such great Spanish poets come to seem merely tricks. But when he brings them off, as he does often enough in this new book, the poems glint with luminous power and ominousness, like black clouds. Wright is, superlatively, the poet of the flat voice and dying fall; when he writes as he does in "The Frontier" he is hard to equal:

The man on the radio mourns
That another endless American winter
Daybreak is beginning to fall
On Idaho, on the mountains.

How many scrawny children
Lie dead and half-hidden among frozen ruts
In my body, along my dark roads.
Lean coyotes pass among clouds
On mountain trails, and smile,
And pass on in snow.

A girl stands in a doorway.
Her arms are bare to the elbows,
Her face gray, she stares coldly
At the daybreak.
When the howl goes up, her eyes
Flare white, like a mare's.

To vary the simile with which this review opened, one might, in thinking of Kenneth Patchen, imagine him as the caged Sybil's voice. Only, unlike Berryman and Wright, it speaks from beyond the merely personal despair, speaks lyrically, prophetically in pitch and from an unbreakable trance, without regard to styles in imagery, symmetries of form or any self-consciousness over levels of diction, unaware of the corny, the bathetic, the raw and pseudobiblical, the romantic or academic or surreal or what-have-you. For more than thirty years it has continued on and on out of undiminished and finally quite surprising cumulative strength. In singling out individual voices in American poetry amidst the Babel of the last third of a century, Kenneth Patchen's has always demanded an accounting, at least because of a prodigal output. In *The Collected Poems of Kenneth Patchen* (New Directions, $12.50) he offers 500 pages of poetry selected from twelve of his twenty-two volumes.

This reviewer has been fond of Patchen ever since reading his magical *Journal of Albion Moonlight* at a tender age. Together with Lautréamont's surrealist masterwork *Maldoror* it illumined the poetic landscape of our century far better than even the writings of Pound, Eliot, Stevens, or Cummings, probably because Patchen seems an unreflective poet, a simple visionary who accepts our period rather than making fastidious discriminations as aristocratic artists do, and attempts to assimilate and project its sounds and images in all their terrible, dislocating impact in order to redeem it for us, and thereby for the future.

Which is another way of saying Patchen never doubted that human life is transcendental, spiritual in the primitive Christian sense, not just esthetically religious for the sake of poeticizing. His work seems never to have been troubled by the schoolboy's hang-ups over rhetoric, forms, proprieties, those traditionally academic problems of statement and communication, that is, of self-doubt, of which the crisis of Karl Shapiro's mid-career is our most prominent example. What we get, consequently, is an almost incredible mélange of forms and rhythms, mostly prosy in the extreme, yet not prose; always driving ahead, talking about explorations, lost wanderings of a gang of adults and children, refugees on an expedition, a family of the spirit, and a spirit eminently masculine, exalted, tough, fervidly living and dying on its quest for love, passionate beauty, and peace.

That search means that his poems are filled with squads of brutal soldiers, bandits, aimless killers marching like robots, breaking in, overwhelming us. Their terrain is a fairy-tale geography, a vision of forests, mountains and island skies, of little cabins and strange angelic presences suddenly mutilated by the ruthless, arbitrary machine fusillades, bombardments, the tanks and rifle butts and bayonets of our decades, blood, disaster, bestiality everywhere. And yet through it all a vision of tender love and beauty persists. It comes out best in the many short poems to Miriam, his wife, to whom his work is dedicated. Reading Patchen is always dismaying, and he must be read in great swatches; yet the experience always pleases:

In the eaves of the barn
A swallow has her nest.

On the ground sits a little girl.
Her face is buried in her hands
And she weeps bitterly.

An old woman pares her toenails
In the sun.
Her armpits smell of death.

Straight off in the air a valiant army
Moves its thousand sores. Flies stir
On the frenzied banners. Armies
Are not delicious to crack between
Your teeth. The wounded moan
And ask piteously for water.
Words like honor taste like
hair in their mouths.

The swallow preens her feathers
In the warm sun.
("The Knowledge of Old Towns")

Patchen deserves a much wider audience now as a maker of the American language and as an exciting major American poet still insufficiently known.

"How does it feel to be a legend in your own lifetime?"

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No Longer the Exemplary War?

Aspects of the French Revolution, *by Alfred Cobban (Braziller. 328 pp. $6.95), asserts that Marxist historians of the eighteenth-century upheaval have prevented an authentic social history from developing by superimposing on the data a prefabricated set of sociological generalizations. Frank Manuel is professor of history at New York University and the author of many works on the political and cultural history of Europe.*

By FRANK MANUEL

DEBATES ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION are not what they used to be. The titanic but orderly battle between Aulard and Mathiez and their respective cohorts —with pro-Dantonists arrayed on one side and pro-Robespierrists on the other —that dominated French historiography of the Revolution in the earlier part of this century has long since played itself out. Georges Lefebvre, whose outlook was more or less consciously Marxist, took over the field, followed in the next generation by Albert Soboul. While there are other eminent French historians devoting their lives to the Revolutionary period, the impress on the Lefebvre school in France is by far the strongest.

In mid-twentieth century, American and English historians of the Revolution have generally resisted clear-cut political labeling, even when they have inclined toward one or another French interpretation. (Jeffry Kaplow's forthrightly Marxist writings are exceptions.) The late Crane Brinton maintained an aloof, sociological position tinged with wistful humor over the frailties of humankind. Leo Gershoy, notwithstanding his respect for Mathiez and Lefebvre, analyzes the Revolution and its protagonists in a moral humanist spirit. Robert Palmer has come forth with a characteristically American, if debatable, concept, which sees the French Revolution as part of the democratic revolution of the late eighteenth century in Europe and America. Among scholars of the French Revolution on both sides of the Atlantic, the late Alfred Cobban, who was professor of French history at University College, London, was perhaps one of the most combative. His views culminated in the Wiles Lectures for 1962, entitled *The Social Interpretation of the French Revolution,* in which he slashed away at numerous colleagues dead and living.

Aspects of the French Revolution is a collection of fifteen of Professor Cobban's papers published over a quarter of a century, from 1943 until his death in 1968. It is introduced by a brief and somewhat gloomy piece on "The State of Revolutionary Historiography." After giving obeisance to Lefebvre's magisterial work on the peasants of the Nord, George Rudé's study of revolutionary crowds, Richard Cobb on the *armées révolutionnaires,* Charles Tilly on the Vendée, Cobban reaches the somber conclusion that "the socially oriented history of the Revolution seems to have come to a dead end." In his judgment the study of the central political and social events of the Revolution had been virtually exhausted; but he could foresee a significant revival of the subject if its boundaries were pushed far beyond the narrative of the Revolution proper to encompass meticulous factual investigations of the social realities of pre- and post-Revolutionary France, researchers uncommitted to any preconceived sociological frame.

Cobban felt that Marxist historians of the Revolution of various hues were betraying the cause of an authentic social history emerging from the data by superimposing a prefabricated set of sociological generalizations and an essentially Marxist nomenclature. Terms like bourgeoisie and proletariat, he believed, were far too vaguely defined and general to be applied to the highly complex social life of the different regions of France in the eighteenth century. Cobban presented a challenge to "class historians" of the French Revolution when he subjected to critical analysis the intricate and varied social vocabulary in use in the eighteenth century and during the French Revolution, and showed that it often had meanings very different from those which Marx imputed to it and which some twentieth-century historians have adopted. In Cobban's view, local histories and detailed studies prepared by men like Lefebvre and Soboul disclosed data that were often incompatible with their own grand interpretation of the Revolution as the overthrow of feudalism by the bourgeoisie. With a kind of irascible desperation he wrote: "I use the word 'facts' deliberately, because these are what we need most for an understanding of the social background of the Revolution; we have been fed to the teeth with theories."

In Cobban's miscellany are included a few pieces on specific episodes of the Revolutionary period, "The Affair of the Diamond Necklace," "British Secret Service in France, 1784-92," and "The Beginning of the Channel Isles Correspondence, 1789-94." But for the most part the articles are polemical—reconsiderations of the work of the great nineteenth-century historians of the Revolution, reviews of the contributions of Cobban's contemporaries, and, in one instance, a whirlwind rebuttal, a "review of reviews" written by rivals who had criticized his ideas, especially as formulated in the Wiles Lectures. The spectacle sometimes becomes quite bloody, and belies the collection's innocent title, which was contrived in the neutral English manner. It all adds up to a good sampling of the life and works of Alfred Cobban, and will be read with enjoyment by those who relish his lively style and truculent assertions.

Cobban was weakest when he moved into the area of intellectual history, the concepts of which have to be fluid if they are to be illuminating. His books on Burke and Rousseau are not among his brilliant achievements. The essay on "The Enlightenment and the French Revolution" concludes with a monumental platitude: "The influence of the Enlightenment cannot be disregarded in any history of the French Revolution; but the revolutionaries did not set their course by its light in the beginning, nor did they steer the ship of state into the haven of the Enlightenment in the end."

PERHAPS there is some basis for an opinion that the study of the Revolutionary period is running down. Cobban began his introduction by proclaiming that the French Revolution had "received a concentration of historical attention such as can hardly be paralleled by that devoted to any other event in history"—without even a pious allowance for Jesus Christ. Actually, the French Revolution as a model for the study of violent personal rivalry and group struggle in a period of social disintegration controlled our historical thinking through the mid-Thirties, and still seemed to have some meaning in the Spanish Civil War. But within our lifetime the Russian and the Chinese revolutions have finally crowded out paramount interest in the significance of the French. It is no longer our exemplary revolution, and in the nature of things the literature about it begins to appear overdigested.

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Alternatives to Apathy

The Revolution of Hope: Toward a Humanized Technology, *by Erich Fromm (Harper & Row. 162 pp. $5.95), sets forth suggestions whereby the individual can help in achieving a society that will put technique second to human well-being. Ashley Montagu edited "Man and Aggression."*

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

"FOR TO HIM THAT IS JOINED to all the living there is hope." The epigraph from Ecclesiastes (9:4) shines like a beacon through every page of Erich Fromm's new book, *The Revolution of Hope*. Not that the revolution has occurred; but Fromm hopes it will, and hopes that those who read him will be persuaded that hopes can become realities if men will only do what they ought. His book is an eloquent and judicious humanist appeal to action.

The alternatives that face man in these apocalyptic times lead either to a mechanized society, in which man is caught like a helpless cog, and to eventual destruction by thermonuclear war, or to a renaissance of humanism and hope, a society that puts technique not first but second, as a servant of human well-being.

Since these alternatives are not clearly recognized by most people, Fromm has set himself the task of clarifying the issues. He does so eminently well. I cannot think of a better book, or of a better man (unless it be Lewis Mumford) to have written it.

As always, Fromm speaks with deep understanding and compassion. He knows, and makes the reader understand, that the only philosophically tenable position even for a pessimist in a time of crisis is optimism—not the vacuous optimism of those who sit passively by and expect that somehow everything will come out all right in the end, but the kind of optimism based on the belief that if we will do what is required there is a good chance we may yet save the human enterprise and restore it to that humane course of development from which it has so tragically and so self-destructively departed.

Perhaps the most ominous development, as Fromm points out, is that we seem to have lost control over our system, a system which, at an accelerating pace, is carrying us toward destruction. How did it happen? How, at the very height of his conquest of nature, did man become the captive of his own creation? Fromm's answer is the same one Emerson gave over a century ago: "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Fromm puts it this way: "In the one-sided emphasis on technique and material consumption, man lost touch with himself, with life." The substantiation of this statement constitutes the main burden of Fromm's book. He sets the facts before the reader compellingly, and offers magnificently practical, down-to-earth remedies that can be put into immediate operation by every reader of *The Revolution of Hope*.

People are constantly asking what *they* can do, meaning that they can, in fact, do nothing. That psychosis is much worse than the apathy, the passivity, on which Fromm comments so ably, for it represents not a negative uninvolvement but a positive disengagement from the human situation. After reading *The Revolution of Hope* such persons can no longer plead either innocence, ignorance, or impotence. Fromm suggests the formation of regional and local councils, of district or section clubs, and of smaller groups, all designed to disseminate the aim of the movement, which is "to move toward a personal transformation from an alienated person into one of active participation."

These are excellent proposals. Fromm claims no novelty for them, but he does bring to them a new urgency and an informed emphasis. His appeal is to those who are concerned enough to be willing to become involved.

Paradox of Upheaval

The Portuguese Princess and Other Stories, *by Tibor Déry, translated from the Hungarian by Kathleen Szász (Quadrangle. 224 pp. $5.95), in the fashion characteristic of the "great old man" of Hungarian letters, couples tragedy with comedy. Tamas Aczel is the author of "Ice Age" and "Ten Years After: The Hungarian Revolution in the Perspective of History."*

By TAMAS ACZEL

TIBOR DERY'S NAME MAY BE familiar to Americans who read about the scandal in Hungary over his memoirs, reported last month in *The New York Times*, or they may remember that he was among the Hungarian writers who were imprisoned after the defeat of the 1956 revolt. Western intellectuals were eventually successful in securing his freedom but, although Déry is one of the best living Hungarian writers—indeed, the "great old man" of Hungarian letters—his work is practically unknown in this country. During the last decade, however, England, France, Germany and Italy have come to regard him as a major writer, and the publication of the present collection of short stories, in Kathleen Szász's vivid and remarkably faithful translation, may turn the tide here.

The basic paradox of Déry's life can be summed up briefly. For having translated and published, in the mid-Thirties, André Gide's famous *Retour de l'URSS*, he was arrested, charged with illegal Communist activities and imprisoned; for having been, in the mid-Fifties, in the vanguard of Hungarian Communist intellectuals that, in a sense, paved the way for the revolution, he was arrested, charged with illegal anti-Communist activities and again imprisoned. Neither of these charges was, of course, true. But they clearly reflect both the complex realities of Eastern Europe in the first part of the century, and the simple truth

that Déry, throughout his long career as a writer, has always been on the side of the oppressed, the poor, the forgotten, the exploited. Almost inevitably, then, he first found himself face to face with the secret police of Admiral Horthy and, some twenty years later, with that of Party Secretary János Kádár. No wonder. Too much of an individualist to submit totally to the iron discipline of the Party, to which for a long time he himself belonged, Déry was, nevertheless, always a Socialist, a man of truth, justice and compassion who never forgot his obligations towards those in the "lower depths."

They are the people who populate the landscape of Déry's book. It is a strange world—a world turned upside down and existing in a vacuum. But this is only natural. For, paradoxically, both in "Games of the Underworld," a loosely connected series of six stories united only by some of the characters and the basically similar situation—the siege of Budapest in the winter of 1944-45—and in "The Portuguese Princess," a tragicomic masterpiece about children caught yet not at all lost in the maelstrom of war, it is precisely this vacuum that creates the essential and fundamental element of stability: the Germans have already disappeared from the scene and the Russians have not yet appeared on it. The stage, for a moment, is empty; the laws of society, even perhaps of physics, have been suspended; "the houses beneath, in which all human consciousness had become extinct since the beginning of the siege, gazed at the deserted river with their dead eyes"; authority ceased to exist. "The streets were deserted; along Nador Street, in whose distant reaches could be seen the fog-washed dark mass which was the Parliament

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building, in the narrow side streets running to the Danube, in the bullet-torn walks of Liberty Square, not a soul was visible, only the fog rolled on above the wetly shining asphalt."

Yet it is a vacuum filled with the warmth, certainty and self-assurance of the most ordinary of all human activities—the activities of survival. "The walls shook almost continuously under the impact of the Russian heavy artillery. Loud female laughter shrilled from one corner. The sound was unexpected in the cold musty cellar, with its damp, greasy walls, as if a chandelier had suddenly been turned on on the ceiling." Besides, Déry seems to be suggesting, this vacuum is the only "space-time continuum" in which the people of this particular Underworld, whether they live in an air-raid shelter or on the great plains of Hungary, are able and perhaps even anxious to realize themselves fully as human beings. "'It's going to be a wonderful dinner, you'll see, Janos!' she said, and her round laughing face that even weeks of semi-starvation in early winter had not succeeded in marking, shone so sweetly and gently with happiness that it illuminated the whole kitchen."

The strength of these stories lies in their very simplicity and humanness. They have no boundaries, yet they are limited by themselves. They are dark yet not hopeless, tragic yet hilariously funny. They are full of people enslaved by poverty and war yet strangely free and happy. The children think, speak and act with the cunning, consciousness and force of adults, the adults with the honesty and starry-eyed innocence of small children, for in this Limbo of the baptized yet still unredeemed, "the twofold wisdom of age and poverty did not inquire into details: they made do with the featherweight, wonderful hope that they might stay alive and go on cleaning the rich families' homes and laundering their dirty clothes," and even a horse could sense "the dual passions of pagan guts and Christian love." Thus, without antics or heroics, the waiters, cabbies, janitors, tailors, charwomen put up with the "pig-faced councillor who lives on the first floor," wait for the "time when peace comes," accept the unacceptable and expect the unexpected. By fusing reality with unreality, high tragedy with low comedy, consciousness with *action gratuite*, Déry succeeds in conjuring up a *danse macabre* which is, nevertheless, full of the expectations and illusions of a future that is never to materialize.

The author's preoccupation with the insignificant as it creates history—the history, of course, of common people with common destinies—produces its most remarkable achievement in the title story. "The Portuguese Princess" develops on two levels, at first distinctly different but completely merged by the end. On the level of reality three children—apparently escaped from their parents—live and play happily, sustaining themselves chiefly by stealing from the rich in the midst of an alien world, which they outsmart with a sneer. On the level of unreality the BLOODY ADVENTURES OF THE PORTUGUESE PRINCESS is performed by a troupe of strolling players in the heart of the marketplace and, to make it even funnier, in a completely unintelligible language. Soon the buffoonery of the children which, of course, veils only too thinly the conflict between the legal rights of the rich and the moral duties of the poor, is juxtaposed with the buffoonery of the actors, and suddenly they become one. The reader perceives that the utter nonsense of the show about the Princess is but the reflection of a completely nonsensical reality: the insignificance of the antics of both children and actors as they create a crazy history is pregnant with moral judgment.

In a lighter vein Déry deals with the same conflict between the legal and moral in his almost idyllic little story "A Charming Old Gentleman." The hero, who is an embezzler caught red-handed many times, emerges as a pure, innocent and just man, living in the past and not responsible for the present. The story's mixture of the silently comic and casually tragic is Déry's very own; it is his way of conveying the fragile beauty of human relationships filled with love.

IN the last story of the collection, "A Gay Funeral," Déry returns to his favorite method of coupling tragedy with comedy, although now in a completely different setting. This time it is the world of the rich and privileged of a Communist society. Here the lyrical tragedy of a dying man's never consummated love affair is juxtaposed with the feverish preparations by his wife, relatives, friends and enemies for the funeral, producing an effect at once savagely satirical and outrageously funny. The story reveals not only the class structure of an allegedly classless society, but also its underlying hypocrisy—the moral vacuum in which its new rulers live and die. It is also an indictment of those who would exchange "every minute of the present for a promise" of the future; of those who "want more . . . want much, at least one hundred years, or better still, eternity. They do not listen to their natural leanings that could warn them in time, before they turned into drug addicts of the future. They eat, they devour the present, the only reality. They lie to themselves that they are serving mankind. Gradually, every moment, every

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movement becomes a lie. And, if they lie to themselves, what could be more natural than that they should lie to others as well. They lie, lie, endlessly." Tempering disillusionment with understanding, "A Gay Funeral" is one of those rare pieces of literature that succeeds in organically uniting the actual political "message"—it was written in 1956, at the height of the anti-Stalinist movement—with universal ethical substance.

Indicating the dates of writing would have helped the reader to follow more closely the intellectual and political development of the writer from 1945 to 1956. Also, slight inconsistencies of the translation could have been avoided: *Szabadság tér* appears sometimes—correctly—as Liberty Square but the American reader has no way of knowing that the two are the same. All told, however, this is indeed an excellent offering; one hopes it will be followed by the publication of Déry's great novels that have already successfully conquered European audiences, such as *Mr. A.G. in X. [G.A. ur X-ben]*, a Kafka-esque tour de force written in prison, or *The Unfinished Sentence [A befejezetlen mondat]*, a panoramic and masterly epic about the life of society between the great wars.

The Journey Alone

Through the Wilderness and Other Stories, *by Dan Jacobson (Macmillan. 214 pp. $5.95), concerns the seemingly incurable human tendency toward self-segregation. Samuel I. Bellman, a poet and critic, was visiting professor of English last summer at the University of Southern California.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

THE THEME OF DAN JACOBSON'S new collection of thirteen short stories about life in South Africa (and, in a few cases, England) boils down to this: life is an obstacle course and a muddled maze. Jacobson is concerned with the kinds of people who attempt to run this difficult course, and suggests that only a very special type of person can do it successfully. Thus, in his low-keyed, self-conscious way, he is extending Hemingway's picture of life as a battle that must be fought according to the code, a contest where the winner takes nothing. Just as Lawrence emphasized the dynamics of socio-magnetic attraction and repulsion, and Fitzgerald concentrated on the dream of glory and the awakening to sodden failure, so Jacobson gives his attention to one's particular "way"—that is, not only his life-style but also his painfully complicated earthly journey over hazardous but unavoidable terrain.

The long-distance runner, what a lonely job he has, says Jacobson, as if affirming Sillitoe. Most of the story titles touch on this in one way or another: "Through the Wilderness," "A Way of Life," "Trial and Error," "Only the Best," "The Pretenders," "Fresh Fields," "Led Astray." In contrast to the idea of motion suggested by the stories is Jacobson's slow, ruminative manner of narration. At times he seems a latter-day Sherwood Anderson, wondering sadly why some very modest event took place. Like many other *New Yorker* contributors (two of these stories first appeared in that magazine), he details a wealth of physical minutiae and personal observation, as innocently as though he had been home in bed all the time, and then slips in a partially revealing "moment of truth" to startle, amaze, or enlighten the provincial reader. It is no disparagement of his work to call him an old-fashioned writer. The cultural-emotional lag in his stories sets them apart from much of today's frenzied, upbeat fiction. The latter often evokes the mood of a drug "trip" or a spacecraft orbiting the earth; Jacobson's work conjures up a feeling of going precariously around the neighborhood in eighty days.

The apartheid which Jacobson grew up with in South Africa, and which he treats somewhat offhandedly in a number of stories, is so much more hideous than the segregation that has existed in the American South, or anywhere else, that it defies comparison. But the basic idea of apartheid is a useful point of departure in discussing his work. In a sense Jacobson may well be suggesting that all classes, groups, or individuals are set apart from each other, self-segregated possibly, but hopelessly disunited just the same. "Trial and Error," by far the best story in the book because of its dramatic effectiveness and direct emotional impact, illustrates this clearly. It deals with a young South African couple who move to a village in the English Midlands, where the husband is attached to a university. After an idyllic early period, their son is born, and before long the wife becomes deeply frustrated and unhappy with her lot. She goes to London on a holiday and falls into an affair with a mutual friend. The husband is told all in a "Dear John" letter and, understandably, his world falls completely apart. Quite unexpectedly his wife returns, saying she must have been insane. He takes her back because "his fear of being left alone was stronger than anything else he felt; stronger than his pride; stronger even than his hatred of her." They stand quietly together "as though

—*From the book.*

Out of the Gates of Hell: When the Nazis invaded Poland in 1939 young Józef Kaliszan was about to enter high school; instead, he was assigned to forced labor. He spent all his spare time walking through the streets with a sketch pad. In *The Warsaw Ghetto* (Yoseloff, $10) he records the history of the Jews of Poland in a series of collages that resemble grisly stained-glass windows. Above is "Epitaph for Rachel of Kazimierz," commemorating a young girl who was bayonetted to death.

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their trouble would pass over, if only they did not move." This is a rarely beautiful story for Jacobson because it appears so immediate and unpremeditated, as if he were finally giving us more matter and less art.

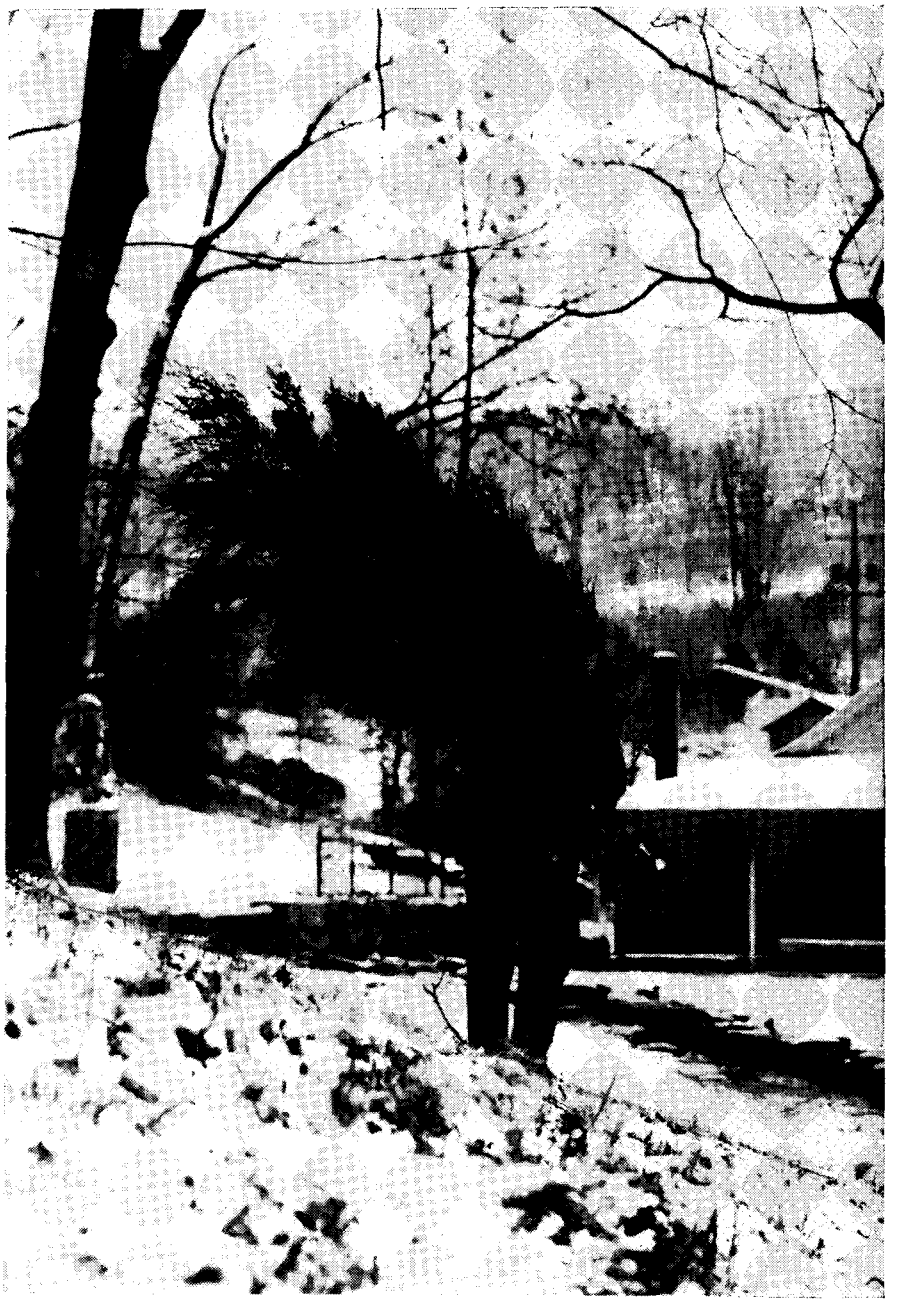
Predictably, we get straight apartheid in Jacobson's stories about South Africa's blacks. In "Through the Wilderness," "Beggar My Neighbor," and "A Way of Life" there seems such a lack of certain essential ingredients (pity? compassion? troubled awareness? innuendo?) that they read almost like schoolboy notebook jottings. The title story is about a South African Negro named Boaz who

gets religion one day—Judaism, of all things—and becomes a spellbinding evangelist. He unintentionally shows up the narrator, whose own Judaism is artificial and reluctant at best. Ironically, in this labored tale filled with Biblical imagery, Boaz's death leads to the apostleship of another Negro, a sheep-stealer, who now invests the money he makes from his followers in sheep-raising. Ambiguous and over-subtle as he often is when drawing comparisons between South African blacks and Jews (as for example, in his best-known work, *The Zulu and the Zeide*), Jacobson seems here to be catering to a jaded audience that has just finished a heavy meal.

From this viewpoint a random statement in a quite different story, "An Apprenticeship," seems embarrassingly insincere and irrelevant. The young Jewish narrator, in contrasting his way of life with that of a lukewarn Methodist family, speaks of "the burden of guilt and sympathy toward the blacks which we bore as part of our Jewishness." Accomplished writer though he may be, Jacobson again and again betrays a lack of emotional depth, an unawareness that boats must sometimes be rocked, a failure to realize that once "we were slaves in Egypt" but did something about it. The story, like most in this collection, deals with painful and irremediable apartness.

"Sonia" is about an unattractive, poetry-quoting girl who, shortly before her death from a brain tumor, takes a schoolboy lover in order to achieve a brief contact with life. "Fresh Fields," another excellent story, involves a young writer who is plagiarized by a famous elderly poet. And in "Led Astray" a young unmarried couple who are living together realize, after the birth of a neighbor's child, that they too will have to settle down and reproduce. Their hands and eyes meet, but each sees "in the other's the recognition that it was not going to be easy for them."

There seems to be no significant break-



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through in Jacobson's fiction, with the possible exception of the remarkable "Trial and Error." He is still very much the wry, restrained commentator on man's seemingly incurable tendency to segregate himself from those with whom he ought to be self-redeemingly close, since they are running the same race against formidable odds.

Into the Dust Again

The Touch, *by Daniel Keyes (Harcourt, Brace & World. 215 pp. $4.75), portrays a young couple whose marital and personal problems are augmented by radioactive poisoning. Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.*

By ELIZABETH EASTON

THE IDEA OF WRITING A NOVEL about a young couple contaminated by the radioactive dust of an industrial accident is fresh and one which, the author hints, ought to be of greater general concern than it is. It involves not only corporate ethics but the whole problem of how communities and individuals handle guilt feelings.

But Daniel Keyes has chosen to focus his novel on the relationship between Barney and Karen Stark, and the story must stand or fall according to the reader's interest in them. *The Touch*, for all its modern trimmings, is essentially the story of a marriage and the struggle of two people for maturity, and while the major threat they face is a timely one with particularly horrible implications, it only intensifies their troubles.

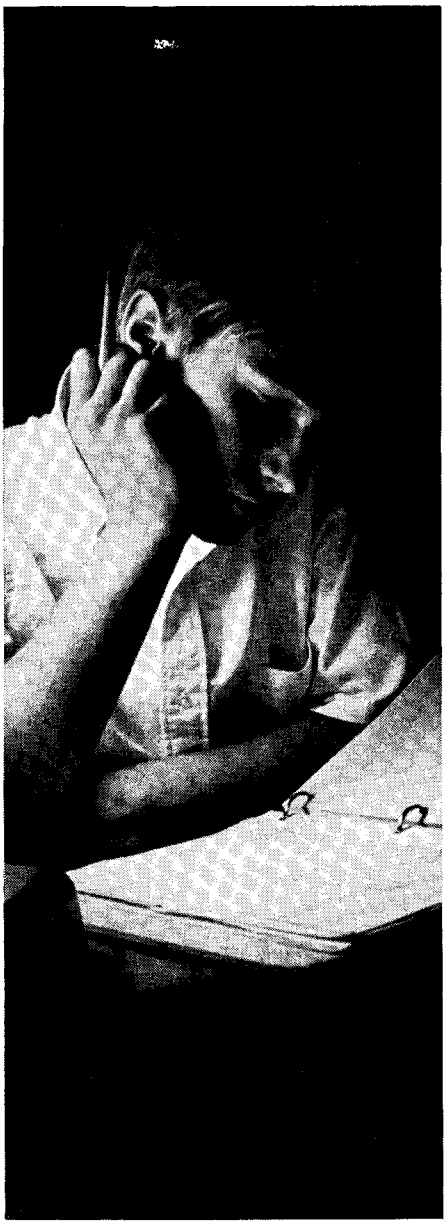
Barney Stark is a sculptor who earns his living making clay models of automobiles for National Motors, a big Detroit company. He struggles with artistic frustrations, his wife's inability (as he sees it) to face reality, and his own temper: when angry with Karen for leaving an accumulation of dirty dishes, he smashes a cup and saucer in the sink. He remembers the anger his Polish-immigrant father displayed when ordering Barney out of the house forever because he changed his name from Szutarek to Stark, and fears similiar loss of control of his own emotions.

Karen has problems, too. She is a dreamy romantic who has lived under the shadow of Myra, her beautiful older sister, whom Barney worshipped from afar until Myra ran off to California with a middle-aged professor. Karen hates the fertility clock Barney brought home in an effort to regulate their struggles to have a child—it embarrasses her to make love on schedule.

And so with their mutual frustrations and Barney's temper, their marriage is shaky at best. The contamination of radioactive dust that Barney brings home because he happens to ride in a car pool with a research scientist at National Motors is just one more difficulty.

Mr. Keyes, whose first novel, *Flowers for Algernon*, appeared in 1966, has done an earnest job of exploring what these two people feel and do in their crisis, but he never really makes them come alive. The reader is conscious of the author manipulating the plot to make points. Karen's parents are so dominated by National Motors as to become tools of the company. The Starks supposedly live in a nice suburb, yet the sheriff is made to refuse them protection from threats and rock-throwing.

In the front matter of his novel Mr. Keyes quotes Job: "Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay; and wilt thou bring me into dust again?" It is a brave author who will undertake translating Biblical characters into modern terms. Radioactive dust may be today's equivalent of the plague, but Barney is no modern Job.



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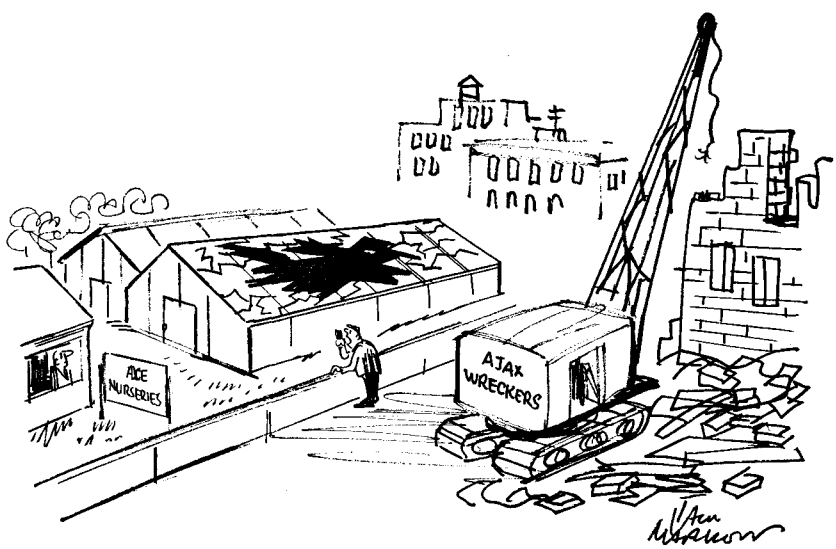

"Ball, please!"

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Sculptor's View of Man and Space

Henry Moore, *by John Russell (Putnam. 233 pp. $12.50), and* ***Henry Moore,*** *by John Hedgecoe and Henry Moore (Simon & Schuster. 532 pp. $35), display through words and pictures how the artist succeeded in freeing British sculpture from traditionalism and bringing it into the contemporary mainstream. Andrew Carnduff Ritchie is director of the Yale University Art Gallery in New Haven.*

By ANDREW CARNDUFF RITCHIE

WHY TWO MORE BOOKS ABOUT Henry Moore? The simple answer is that he is unquestionably the best-known living sculptor. Having just celebrated his seventieth birthday, he was honored this past summer by a massive retrospective exhibition at the Tate Gallery, London. The attendance, I understand, was, with the exception of the Picasso retrospective there a few years ago, the largest in the Tate's history. The two books under review are the newest in a crop of a dozen or more published since World War II.

Before deciding on sculpture as a profession Moore, the son of a self-educated Yorkshire mining engineer, and the last but one of a family of eight, taught in an elementary school for a few years. To an extraordinary degree he has remained a teacher ever since. I suppose no sculptor in the history of art has expressed himself in words more lucidly and more extensively than Moore. The reasons for this are twofold: his early training and experience as a teacher, and the fact that the English Establishment for centuries has depended more on words than on direct experience for the formation and/or justification of its visual tastes. Hogarth, Reynolds, and Blake, for example, all felt called upon to write or lecture about their work in order to persuade a public unreceptive to painting, at least of a native variety. Established old masters of the European schools were accepted and collected for various reasons, but the nonrepresentational English painter was forced to defend or explain whatever came from his imagination. The English sculptor, in spite of a centuries-old tradition of vigorous medieval church carvings, had been reduced for some 500 years to an almost journeyman status as a producer of portrait busts and funeral monuments. The near-miracle of Moore was that he was able to break out of this moribund state and bring British sculpture into the mainstream of European avant-garde art.

The book by John Russell, art critic of the London *Sunday Times*, leans

Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about $30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—$10 a month.

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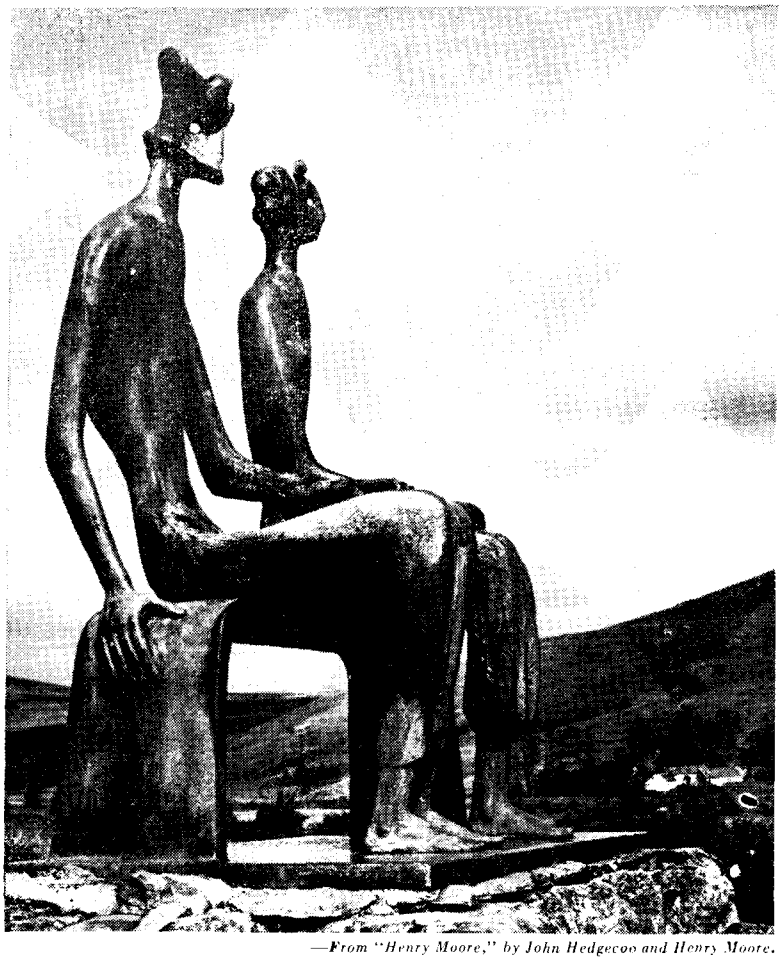

—From "Henry Moore," by John Hedgecoe and Henry Moore.

"King and Queen," by Henry Moore

heavily on quotations from Moore and tape-recorded interviews with him, while photographer John Hedgecoe's volume uses Moore's comments on the works reproduced. The Russell work is an eloquent and perceptive exposition of the starts and stops in the highly complex development of one of the major artists of our day; the Hedgecoe is rather overblown in size and weight, but is saved somewhat from pretentiousness by Moore's modest, sometimes autobiographical text.

With a gracious reportorial style John Russell plots the course of Moore's development from his childhood to 1967. He was born in the coal mining town of Castleford in Yorkshire, where fortunately there were some sublime landscapes and forceful medieval sculpture to be seen nearby. After some years at the Leeds School of Art he served with the British Army in World War I, and was gassed at Cambrai. While a student at the Royal College of Arts in London, he was profoundly impressed by the Pre-Colombian sculpture in the British Museum. During the 1930s he was associated with Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Herbert Read, and the small English constructivist movement called Unit One, and was influenced by Picasso as well as, in a mild way, the Surrealist movement.

As Russell clearly explains, during these years Moore's principal quest was to find all the ways and means of expressing three-dimensionality in forms related to animal, mineral, or landscape phenomena and, above all, to the human body, directly or indirectly, in whole or in part, often in combinations and spatial relationships that would extend and expand the viewer's experience of man and space. Following World War II, during which Moore was able to do very little sculpture and occupied himself mainly with drawings of underground shelters and miners, he returned to the search for greater and greater voluminous force and spatial subtlety. That search has led to works that have found an honored place in many of the museums of Europe and America, and to commissions for sculpture to ornament monumental buildings in the United States, Canada, Germany, Holland, France, and England.

As suggested above, Moore's need to comment on his own work may derive from an ingrained love of teaching. At the same time, I believe it is partly due to an extraordinary humility (not always shared by such expositors as Hogarth and Reynolds), which seeks to engage the support and attention not of the Establishment or the chosen few but of every man who wants to see. Since Moore has spoken so well in his comments for Mr. Hedgecoe's book, I shall refer the reader to that and refrain, as few have done before me, from quoting him.

Art of the Past in Three Dimensions

Sculpture in America, *by Wayne Craven (Crowell. 722 pp. $17.50),* ***Sculpture of the World: A History,*** *by Sheldon Cheney (Viking. 538 pp. $12.95), and* ***The History of World Sculpture,*** *by Germain Bazin, translated from the French by Madeline Jay (New York Graphic Society. 459 pp. $29.95), add to the nonprofessional's knowledge of an art form, while Mr. Craven's work also offers much to the scholar. Roberta Paine is senior lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.*

By ROBERTA PAINE

The appearance of Wayne Craven's *Sculpture in America* is an occasion, for the last comprehensive study such as his was by Lorado Taft in 1903. This splendid book is not only a history of American sculpture but a social documentary as well, since Mr. Craven surveys in the study's more than 700 pages America's rise from colonial to international status. Because the author has maintained an appropriate balance and emphasis, with text and illustrations for each period, at long last the professional sculptors of the nineteenth century have been given the space and analysis their numbers and productivity deserve. Currently it is fashionable to ignore these artists inasmuch as some were bad, patently eclectic; but they were an integral part of the art scene and reflected much of the taste of their patrons. Readers unfamiliar with the scope and details of American sculpture will have some pleasant surprises when they meet William Rimmer and others who were extremely good.

Scholars and students of American studies and art will welcome Mr. Craven's book for its documentation, bibliography and index; all readers should find the work a delight for the author's lively narrative is laced with provocative and entertaining news items, letters and conversations.

Both *Sculpture of the World: A History,* by Sheldon Cheney, and *The History of World Sculpture,* by Germain Bazin, succeed in offering a global survey of sculpture from prehistoric times to the present day. The authors elected to increase our awareness of the universality of sculpture by including works from regions in the Far East, Africa, the South Seas and pre-Colombian Americas as well as by presenting a traditional stylistic development of sculpture in the Western world.

Sheldon Cheney's history is illustrated

(*Continued on page* 77)

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Down But Not Quite Out in B.A.

WITHIN THE STERILIZED, homogenized confines of the United States I am the essence of robust health, a stranger to hospital wards, an alien in a medicine cabinet. But the moment I alight in an unpotable land, no matter how fully stamped is my yellow health certificate, I become prey to those unseen demons wielding hatpin and bludgeon. Through the first half of the 1968 season I was hitting below .500, losing to Hong Kong Tummy, Marrakech Bronchitis, and South Atlantic Mal de Mer, but then with an assist from Dramamine and *agua mineral*, I climbed into the first division by early November, only to be shot down on my last outing by Buenos Aires Grippe.

It isn't every American boy who can get what Webster diagnoses as "an acute febrile contagious virus disease." It helps to be in a foreign land, because in the United States we call it the flu. I don't know when or where the devils first struck, but something was bugging me the afternoon I flew from Santiago, Chile, to Buenos Aires on LAN Chile's newly launched trans-Andean jet service. At that point nothing seemed capable of spoiling my first call in the thronging port city that had been described for me in one breath as the best of Paris, Chicago, and Marseilles.

Nor was I put off by the man on my right, one Denis Nahum, who, in the process of providing his own Baedeker to Buenos Aires, muttered over his lunch tray, "Americans love B.A., but frankly I find it the most boring city in South America. Maybe it's too European; I've seen plenty of Europe." I all but dropped my ginger ale (I was already employing folk medicine). It was the first but far from last time that Nahum, child of Ireland and Arabia, would unload such an uncanny salvo. To know Nahum's line of work is to understand or gauge his mental processes a bit more clearly. He represents a large English combine in Argentina whose aim is to sell fertilizer to farmers of the *pampas*, that immense green carpet trod by the country's 40,000,000 cattle. That may sound like a land-office business, but it isn't. *Pampa* soil is so rich and loamy that farmers never have found need for fertilizer, and use little to this day. On the flat, endless plain surrounding Buenos Aires a geologist would be hard put to find a rock or even a pebble, and the only trees in sight have been planted by the landowning *estancieros*. Nahum looked down on the lush green table, his challenge, and chuckled satanically. In his job he seems as misplaced as an air-conditioner salesman in Anchorage.

Nahum, his impish eyes darting, rounded out a candid guide to nocturnal Buenos Aires by the time we were swooping over the eastern reaches of the *pampas* and into Ezeiza Airport. He said he wouldn't mind putting up with boring B.A. just one more night if I wanted to come along. I nodded, and reached for the ginger ale.

It is a pleasant sensation landing in the soft green fields of Argentina where the horizon yields not a building or billboard. One is further lulled by the absence of red-tape requirements within the airport. If all this puts one to sleep, don't fight it. The bus ride to downtown Buenos Aires can bring out the grippe in any man. In a short time the bus had left the *pampas* and rushed by *villas miserias*, shanties stacked beside the road, but I should not have reached for my flight bag the moment a few high-rises appeared: the journey had only begun. With 3,800,000 people living in its limits and perhaps twice that number in the metropolitan environs, B.A. ranks as the largest city in South America and ninth largest in the world—figures which reveal nothing of its size. Until I see Tokyo, Buenos Aires will remain the hugest, least navigable city I have entered. After B.A., I can conquer L.A. on a tricycle.

The bus, unencumbered by air-conditioning apparatus, lurched through the heat and havoc of late afternoon, past parks and squares and monuments dedicated to every public figure from San Martín to Perón. Even then I might have recalled Paris, but for the first shudder of impending illness. We had crossed the great divide, otherwise known as Ninth of July Avenue, at 460 feet the widest boulevard on earth, and the bus finally deposited me at the Hotel Continental, where I went directly to sleep.

When I awoke, sweating but somewhat revived, dusk was falling on the still-ringing streets, and I was overdue to meet Denis Nahum some six blocks away at the Claridge Hotel. I walked up Calle Florida, a narrow street brimming with shops, closed to traffic after 11 a.m. I saw groups of businessmen coming toward me in suits of conservative cut and color, none of the preening peacocks I pass on Madison Avenue; women smartly dressed, short of skirt, slightly bored; and tandems of police, mere boys in navy blue with white nightsticks. I had been warned that Argentina, ruled so long by generals, was crawling with truculent policemen, many of them youths who take a year or two on the force to avoid military duty. Specifically, I was advised to mind all traffic lights. Yet my fellow pedestrians were march-

—*Linares.*

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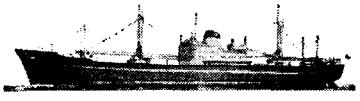

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ing through red lights directly in front of the pairs of police, who stood by absently, whacking the white clubs into their palms. I followed.

(Much later that night an American friend of mine, having toured half a dozen B.A. bistros, was trying to hail a cab back to the hotel when a carful of police pulled up, and a sergeant waved him in. The car stopped at every few street corners so the sergeant could sign reports thrust at him by foot patrolmen, while the other policemen in the car giggled with delight over their quarry in the front seat. At the police station the roistering continued. During a brief lull, the officer in charge, no older than twenty-two, pulled out his automatic and pointed it playfully at my friend, who told me he was so horrified that he heard himself chuckle. After they took his fingerprints and typed out some kind of informal charge which included drinking too much, the officer, tiring of the game, barked at the man to get the hell out of the station. He wasn't fined or arraigned. It is routine for B.A. police to pick up any foreigner without passport on the street or in a shady tavern after 3 a.m., and usually a small fine is levied.)

I found Nahum nursing a whisky at the Claridge, a fine old, though overly expensive, hotel full of crystal and plush, a palace that likes to compare itself with the Plaza in New York. Having dismissed his chauffeur for the night, Nahum took the wheel of his glistening black sedan and steered a steady course against the storm that is Buenos Aires after dark. It all went fast. We stopped at the 05 Salon de Té, where young race drivers bent to their sleek women; then at the edge of the Rio de la Plata, breathing a dank wind from its invisible gulf, to eat sweetbreads and kidneys and other Argentine delicacies at a neon-lit sidewalk café; at a cellar nightclub made somber and still by the sad songs of a young woman performing a debut in front of both parents, a custom; and, last, at the portals of the Mau-Mau, celebrated by Argentinians as the world's finest discothèque, where the gateman, though a friend of Nahum's, recited the house (and largely citywide) rule: no stags.

Sometime in the night the demons overtook me. I awoke the next morning with a dull ache that pulsated to the marrow. Still I rallied, and with a friend, Noel Robin, of Los Angeles, went into the midday madness of downtown B.A. (Nahum had vanished with the night.) We walked along Florida in the late-spring heat, Robin looking for a steak, I for any sort of liquid to dampen my leathery tongue. Not yet geared at that hour to Florida's broken-field scramble, we turned off on Lavalle and found sanctuary in a five-star Nahum special, La Estancia, a restaurant favored by B.A.'s most voracious beefeaters. There we found barbecue pits on either side of the front door tended by burly cooks in beige gaucho trousers *(bombachos)*, sides of beef and baby goat sizzling on iron racks. I made do with soup and Sprite while Robin worked over a *bife de chorizo*—eight ounces or so of steak for 50 cents.

That evening, one of the two chambermaids named Maria, who had plied me with tea and sympathy all the way, felt my forehead and let out a little yelp which I translated to mean "too hot to handle." She called a *médico*. He appeared as though summoned by the past, a balding little man named Raul Hodesch, who flitted around like a sparrow, too fast for my fevered gaze to follow. He popped a thermometer under my arm, and when he pulled it out he started sucking air and flying around the room. *"Calor!* (Heat). *Gripe! Gripe!"* he was gasping. "Thirty-nine!" If I had known the Fahrenheit equivalent was 103 degrees, I might have stopped chuckling.

"Perfume, Señor? Perfume?" he asked, hopping into the bathroom. He came out bearing a bottle of after-shave lotion. I lay back with a deep sigh and waited. It was his show. Then he arranged two tiny blackened trays, one above the other, filled the bottom one with after-shave and the top with a yellowish liquid that I took to be my magic serum, and lit a match to the lotion. It burst into blue flame. "Old, old," he said, of his equipment and methods. "Thirty years." When the lotion had burned off, he poured the sterilized serum into a hypodermic tube and fired one from left field. While I lay groaning he presented a prescription to Robin, who had entered in the second act, took $12 from my wallet, and exited crying: *"Líquido! Líquido!"*

From the two Marias and a Norma I got enough *líquido* to float the Continental. Each extended her own special brand of maternal care, one planning my diet, the second screening my visi-

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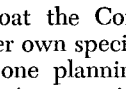

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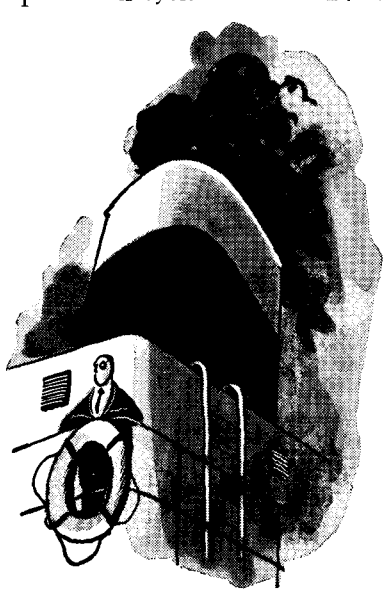
tors, the third supervising my pill-taking schedule. On the afternoon I left, they stood together, beaming and holding the roses I had given them (75 cents a dozen!), as I made my way gingerly down the steps.

There was enough time before my flight to squeeze in a shopping blitz on Florida and a peek at Recoleta Cemetery, two events even an ambulatory tourist can manage. El Trebol, a leather-goods concern which takes the hide out of every form of fauna from ostrich, frog, and toad to alligator, goat, seal, unborn calf and (yes) porcupine, operates five branches along Florida. Once the porcupine surrenders its needles, it makes a pair of $8 gloves more tender than DiMaggio's. I found the cemetery, Latin America's answer to Forest Lawn, with the help of a hired driver, who handled his red Valiant as though he craved a premature admission to Recoleta. It would have done me no good because ground rules favor people of wealth and Argentine birth. I strolled past the elegant marble crypts, jammed together, I mused, more tightly than the *villas miserias* on the outskirts of B.A. There were shrines and plaques honoring hundreds of generals, statesmen, educators, and financiers, but the only one that jogged my memory was a huge statue of a man in a bathrobe, a boyhood hero of sorts—Luis Angel Firpo, a heavyweight boxer who once knocked Jack Dempsey out of the ring and onto a sportswriter's table before losing by a KO. Now he stood in bronze beside a crypt, in high canvas shoes, his head cast down, an odd, slightly pained expression in his eyes. Years ago in grade school we had studied the heroics of San Martín, the misdeeds of Juan and Eva Perón, but to me the Wild Bull of the Pampas (as the reporters had nicknamed Firpo) always stood for the substance of Argentina: big, rough, untamed, brawling. I still wonder about the pain in his eyes. —D. B.



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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Palua and the Pope

THIS YEAR'S stunt award, it seems, must go to Reuben Bercovitch, who both wrote and produced *Hell in the Pacific,* which, despite the lurid suggestion of large and bloody actions implicit in its title, zeroes in on two characters and remains with them for the better part of two hours. To be sure, this is precisely double the dramatis personae available in last year's stunt film, *The Diary of a Madman,* but that was hardly a multi-million-dollar production for release through Cinerama. In both instances, however, the arbitrary, artificial restrictions placed upon the motion picture camera militated against the ultimate effectiveness of the movie.

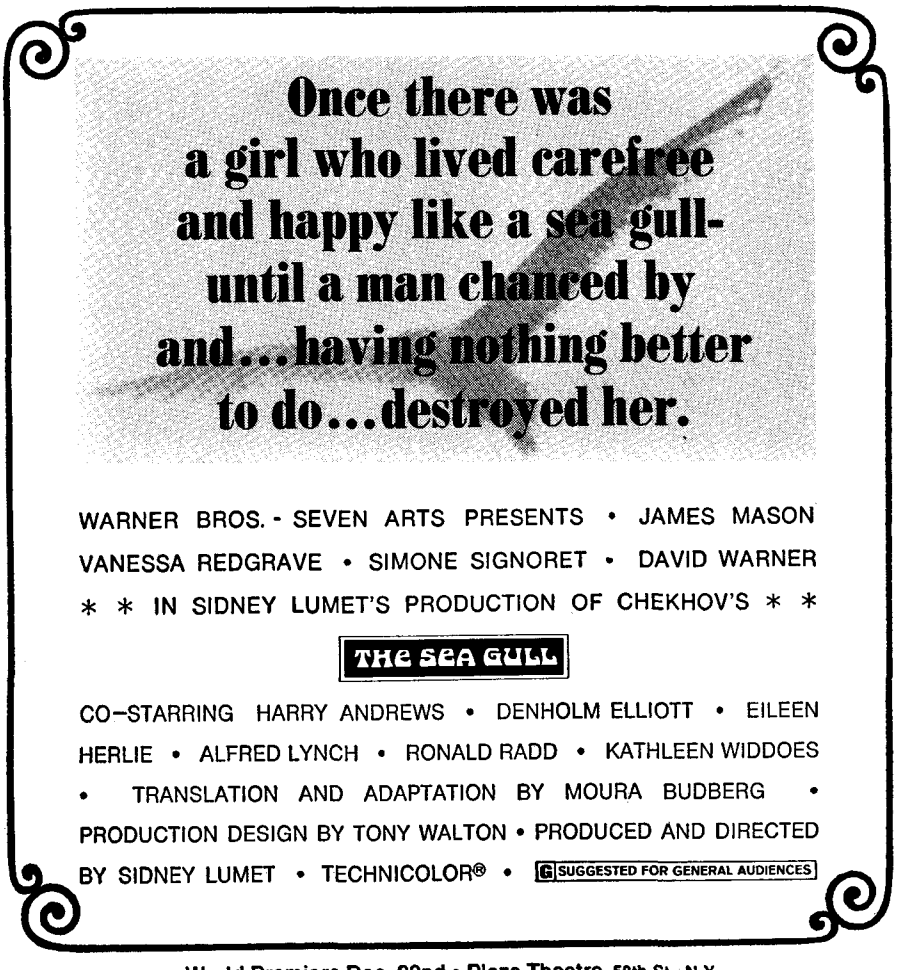
Hell in the Pacific, filmed entirely in the Palua Islands, is a flashback to World War II. An American Marine (Lee Marvin) and a Japanese soldier (Toshiro Mifune) find themselves alone on a tropical island, low on rations, dependent for drinking water on whatever they can save from the sudden, brief downpours. Nevertheless, even in this isolation the war goes on. Mifune makes Marvin his prisoner, torturing and starving him almost to the point of death. Then Marvin breaks free and turns the tables. Perhaps the implication here is that war reduces men to a brutish animality, but by this time the war itself has become so remote that the film might just as well be saying that thirst and hunger turn men into savages. Hardly have these possibilities presented themselves, however, when the two begin working together, sharing their fish, and building a raft to escape the island. (Ah, with a little communication and mutual trust, basic humanity asserts itself! But why should they want to leave that island for the terrors of the open Pacific?) In the end, landing on yet another island that was once a fortress, the two are reminded by the debris of war that they are still enemies, and go their separate ways. (War is hell.)

Unfortunately, by presenting a multitude of moral and ethical imponderables, presumably in an attempt at profundity, the picture takes on the quality of a parable that never quite makes its point. Its two characters, although presented as men acting on an instinct for self-survival, actually seem more at the mercy of their writer than of their fate. Surely some device could have been invented to explain their desire to leave the island. Better yet, perhaps they should have stayed, and in their enforced proximity work through to solutions their ocean voyage permits them to evade.

Evasion is also the tragic flaw in MGM's lavish production of *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* John Patrick and James Kennaway's adaptation of the Morris L. West best seller. The evasion here, however, is less of the point of the story (hardly subtle in any case) than of the dramatic confrontations and the flashes of recognition that would give it significance and bite. West had postulated a Catholic priest, sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, who is reprieved by a pragmatic Russian Premier and dispatched to Rome. The Premier wants a friend in the Papal court should the Chinese rise against his country; as the priest's chief interrogator during his trials, he feels he knows his man. What he had not anticipated was that his man would be elected Pope. And as Pope, in the hope of international amnity, the former priest pledges the riches of his church to feed the hungry of the world—including (or especially) China.

This is a big, bountiful, improbable theme, but carrying it off requires far more than a big, bountiful, improbable production. What Richard Griffith, writing of an earlier era of film-making, once aptly termed "the fantasy of goodwill" requires a certain credibility of characterization and of situation before disbelief can be completely suspended. *Shoes,* alas, puts all of its accent upon authenticity of background—vast panoramas of St. Peter's Square and lavish reproductions of the Cathedral and the Vatican; the people in the foreground—veterans such as Anthony Quinn, Laurence Olivier, and Oskar Werner—may talk a great deal, but it remains just that. They are role-playing, and not only impressed but overwhelmed by the high titles that have been assigned to them.

What finally undermines *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* however, is neither its overblown performances nor its plodding proficiencies of camera and décor. Because it presumes to deal with realities, reality repeatedly forces itself upon us, raising questions that should have been answered when priest meets Premier, when priest and Premier meet the Chinese commandant, when priest appointed Pope faces his fellow Cardinals. Since nothing comes from these confrontations, the picture is unable to sustain even the fantasy of goodwill.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a girl who lived carefree
and happy like a sea gull-
until a man chanced by
and...having nothing better
to do...destroyed her.
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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Hopeful Futures

DALLAS.

THE OPENING of the $1,100,000 Bob Hope Theatre at Southern Methodist University was a happy occasion, in which the comedian, who once worked at a Dallas theater for $5 a performance, obviously enjoyed the opportunity of donating more than $800,000 toward the cost of the new 392-seat structure.

Under the direction of the assistant chairman of the Southern Methodist Theater Department, Jack Clay, the inaugural's emphasis was, appropriately enough, on comedy, as a student company augmented by a few teachers attempted with some success to perform Georges Feydeau's *Hotel Paradiso*. If Clay took rather too much time for stylistic excursions, he could readily be excused, for after all, the purpose of university theater productions is to train students in acting techniques, not to present slick popular entertainment.

Furthermore, the production had to struggle with an audience-stage arrangement which places some 20 feet of stage apron between the proscenium arch and the first row of seats. A section of this is on a hydraulic lift and can be lowered for those shows that require an orchestra pit for musicians. But when it is not being used for musicians, no provision has been made for seats to be placed in the orchestra pit. The result is that every play will have 20 feet of no-man's-land between it and the nearest member of the audience, and will therefore seem remote, a small event within a superfluous larger frame. The logical way to correct this would be to erect a temporary proscenium arch at the front edge of the stage, but, unfortunately, the stage lighting is all installed for the present position.

The auditorium, however, is handsome and comfortable, and the backstage equipment and teaching facilities are splendid. On opening night, Mr. Hope muttered something about "starting a chain of these things," and certainly any university considering the building of a new theater will want to borrow the best in this one.

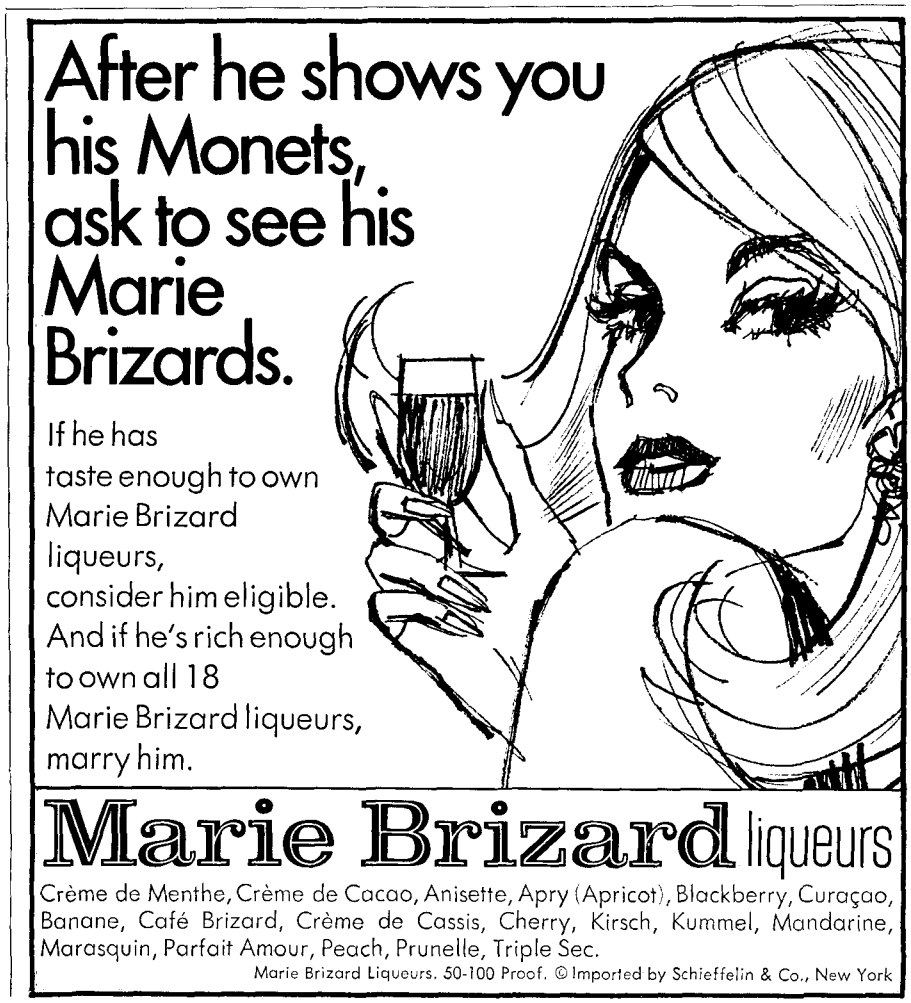
Another handsome theater in Dallas, the building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright for the Dallas Theater Center, has been competing for ten years now with Paul Baker's acting company for audience attention. In the Center's latest production, *Macbeth*, designer Mary Sue Jones has covered a good portion of the auditorium's gold walls with black banners, and has also erected effective acting areas alongside the unused side balcony.

The production result is excellent. Most original and interesting is director Baker's attempt to present a *Macbeth* which makes the assassinations of Duncan, Banquo, and Lady Macduff and her children seem the result of the same demonic influence that operated in the assassinations of Abraham Lincoln, JFK, and RFK. He does this mainly by having the more recent assassins walk through the action whenever Macbeth or Lady Macbeth find themselves gripped with the urge to murder. There are other effects, including snatches of rock music, but, somewhat disappointingly, a great deal of this production reverts to a conventional playing of the play, which is fairly routine.

HOUSTON.

THE MOST EXPENSIVE resident theater yet built outside New York City is the new Alley Theatre, which cost $3,500,000, and was designed by Ulrich Franzen. No one can deny the valor of its founder, Nina Vance, or the abundance of its equipment. At the first preview performance of its opening production, *Galileo*, a young audience seemed highly pleased. Projections against a rear plaster cyclorama which could be shut off by two sliding panels a few yards in front of it provided background variety. On the semi-thrust stage, which pushed the action gently into the laps of 798 audience members fanned out in a 120-degree arc, actors were able to enter and exit from points close to the action through one center tunnel under the audience, or through three stage tunnels on either side of the stage.

Unfortunately, these seven-foot-high side tunnels, which are permanent, look like YMCA shower stalls and become eyesores over the course of the evening. Some way will have to be found to deemphasize them. The new Alley also includes acting areas along the side walls of the auditorium. In *Galileo* these were employed only occasionally for a touch of pantomimed procession, but in future presentations they could be used more extensively in the way pioneered by Paul Baker, first in Waco and then at Trinity University's Ruth Taylor Theater in San Antonio.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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

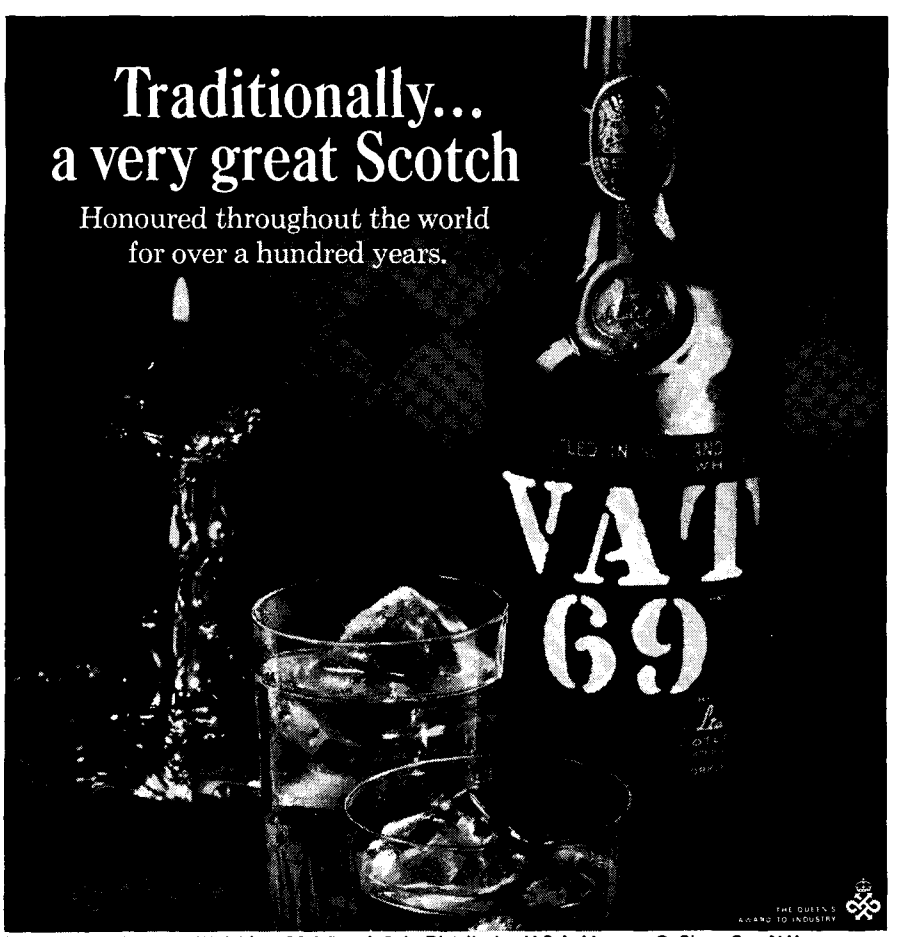
Skrowaczewski (and other skis); A New American "Barber"

STANISLAW SKROWACZEWSKI gave a fine account of himself, the music he played, and the orchestra that played it at the beginning of his guest engagement with the New York Philharmonic. These attributes are listed as they come to mind rather than in any calculated order of importance; but the mind sometimes insists, all unaided, on putting first things first.

When the music director of the Minneapolis—now Minnesota—Orchestra first appeared here with the Philharmonic as 1960 was turning into 1961, it was evident that his was a musical mentality of size, substance, and unquestionable seriousness. He was, then, in his junior year as a conductor of American orchestras, and it was evident that he had not yet earned his letter. There was more than necessary arm-waving and less than total order.

But now, through a lengthy tour of duty in the hard school of experience, Skrowaczewski has emerged with postgraduate status in practicalities and a well earned doctorate in the ways and means of coping with musical emergencies. He has refined his vocabulary of gesture, expanded his command of unspoken directives, and, generally, moved from the area of promise toward fulfillment. In a program that was, perhaps, not the best for the purpose (two parts unfamiliar, one part overly familiar), Skrowaczewski showed himself a practitioner of the conductor's craft in the classic Central European mold.

A relevant point was his responsible attitude toward the composers of his Polish homeland (as Toscanini was to those of Italy, or Kleiber to Austria's). Questions of quality aside, Skrowaczewski performed a public service in offering his audience such reminders of Poland's credentials as a musical nation as Witold Lutoslawski's Funeral Music and Karol Szymanowski's Second Symphony.



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Relative to the first, one might ask: Funeral Music for whom or for what? Lutoslawski's score bears a dedication to Béla Bartók, but hardly in a chronological sequence to fulfill the premise of the title (it is dated 1958, or a decade-plus, after the great Hungarian's death). With or without such allusion, Lutoslawski's score identifies a man with a considerable amount of compositional muscle. In this instance, he has restricted himself to an ensemble of strings, without in any way sacrificing ability to convey what the late Paul Hindemith once described as the "singing and ringing" that occurs when a musical impulse takes hold of a composer beset by the creative urge.

Lutoslawski has managed to convey it despite involvement with the Schoenberg method, a fair kind of esthetic nonconformism behind the Curtain (Iron or otherwise) when it was written in 1958. There is, however, only a token amount of intellectual radicalism in the score: After a dozen measures, Lutoslawski is clearly more concerned with direction than with dogma. It is not, in totality, a full-formed success, but it leaves something durable beside his name.

The Szymanowski Symphony is an instance of quite another sort, though not unrelated. The marginal esteem in which this composer is presently held in the United States speaks more for lack of an aggressive promotion on the part of his compatriots than it does for lack of merit in the music. Szymanowski was unquestionably a loyalist in the faith that he was a link in the chain from the past to the present of Polish music. But, not unlike Lutoslawski and his attraction to the discipline of Schoenberg, Szymanowski's Second Symphony, dating from 1909, is almost compulsively responsive to another then-contemporary Presence, that of Richard Strauss.

It begins with a warm, sensuous, beautifully personal idea, but the power to realize it with individuality is not within Szymanowski's power. According to the annotation of Edward Downes, Skrowaczewski conducted the score in an edition of his own, in which "Strauss's thick symphonic texture" was thinned out. But the Straussian overlay is so pervasive that no real surgery could have been undertaken without death to the patient. *Don Juan* passes in review, likewise *Ein Heldenleben*, and what is lacking of *Don Quixote* in the score was rather vividly recalled by the effort of Skrowaczewski on the podium to realize Szymanowski's dreams and visions. It was a valiant endeavor, but not one without certain inbuilt risks of failure.

In the part of the program that was perhaps overly familiar, Skrowaczewski showed a sizable command of the idiom

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of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 and a sophisticated sense of the way to achieve the desired result. That was to hold extraneous gestures to a minimum and permit the soloists of the orchestra full opportunity to express themselves. As an instance, one might cite the art of the tympanist expounded by Saul Goodman in an important sequence of the first movement. In a pattern moving from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo*, Goodman elaborated Tchaikovsky's intent into an essay on resonance, tone control, and fastidious pitch from an instrument usually, and wrongly, rated a mere noisemaker. Skrowaczewski's wisdom in utilizing such performing skills brought about not only an unusual empathy between players and conductors, but also an uncommonly interesting performance of the Symphony. Clearly George Szell, who is something more than a fair hand at evaluating talent, made no mistake in extending the invitation that brought Skrowaczewski to America in the first instance (1958), thus setting him on the way he has since pursued productively.

A new model Figaro was test flown for the first time at the Metropolitan's most recent performance of Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Sherrill Milnes at the controls. As may sometimes happen in such circumstances, everything about the design looked good, but the pilot did not always have a sure hand on the directional responses, or know where to apply reserve power. The takeoff and landing were successful, but not all the maneuvers in between.

Put less flightily, the sum of it is that Milnes has the vocal displacement, the physical buoyancy, and the temperamental flair to make a ranking Figaro (on the lines, perhaps, of the late J. C. Thomas). What he requires, in addition to the inevitable prescription of "More Performances," is an easier way with the vocal line, less strain on the physical aspects of the action, more sense of directing the action and its consequence. As it is, he is too much a participant at present, too little a motivating force in the unfolding of the plot.

On this occasion, with the action in the hands of such practiced *farceurs* as Fernando Corena (Bartolo), Jerome Hines (a scholastic kind of Basilio), Luigi Alva (Almaviva), and Teresa Berganza (Rosina), a performer deficient in their skills at verbal thrust and parry may find himself more a spectator than a protagonist. For a performer of Milnes's resources, this is not merely inequitable, but unbecoming. He has all the qualifications to make Figaro his own. The current question is: When? In the absence of the ailing Richard Bonynge, the performance was conducted by Martin Rich.

World of Dance

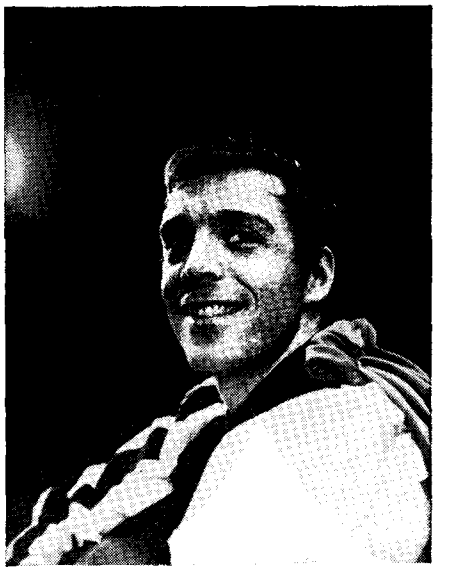
Walter Terry

Darkness and Light in the Dance

"My God! What's happened!" my companion exclaimed. A shiver raced along my spine, and we both shuddered, uncomprehendingly, as we stood at the head of the aisle in the old opera house. Intermission, presumably, had just ended; yet the theater was dim, the curtain was up, and the scene was the unadorned stage—with wall bricks and debris showing—that had been the setting for the dance of man's decline, depression, despair, and demise we had seen fifteen minutes before. It was eerie; it was frightening. We sought the light of the lobby, where a handful of people were standing forlornly. "'What happened?" we asked. "Where is everyone?" A girl with enormous, sad eyes replied, "They're gone. It's all over."

To my guest, I said, "Well, Anna has finally done it. You may not remember, but not very long ago I wrote that Anna Sokolow was the most dependable choreographer in the world simply because her dances were so depressing (brilliantly depressing) that you could absolutely count on the fact that you'd see one and want to go home and kill yourself. But I never thought an audience would do it *en masse*!" The audience had seen *Steps of Silence*, with its message of doom, and had never returned. A song called "Gloomy Sunday" had driven people to suicide two decades ago; why couldn't Miss Sokolow today? Or so I thought.

There had to be an explanation less necromantic than all this. Nagging at my mind was the fact that I had murmured to my guest that there had obviously been an unannounced change in the order of the program, for we had seen a premiere and then the *Steps of Silence*, which was listed as the closing piece. There was no change in program; an opening night curtain had risen at 7:30; I had come for an 8:30 start; what I had thought to be an intermission was the end of the concert; so I had returned from a coffee break not after Part I but after everyone had, quite properly, gone home. Or had they? One can never be certain with Miss Sokolow. For agonized moments, I really thought this marvelous choreographer had sold her message of doom to all in the opera house of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Then I learned about the schedule. I was quite certain that no one had left with a glad cry on his lips. But then, no one went home with suicidal intent. Or did he? We shall never know.



—*Jack Mitchell.*

Paul Taylor—"impish humor."

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Anna Sokolow—"messages of doom."

Despite the mix-up in schedule, however, I did get to see the world premiere of Miss Sokolow's *Memories*, the work I had come to see in the Festival of Dance 68-69, which had been bringing—and will continue to bring—a wide variety of dance events to Brooklyn. The new Sokolow creation is, in all seriousness (what else?), a powerful dance work. The music by Tadeusz Baird is doom-heavy, and the choreographer pursues this course in a three-part journey involving innocence, experience, and, of course, memory.

The second scene of *Memories* finds the dancers in flowered costumes. Can

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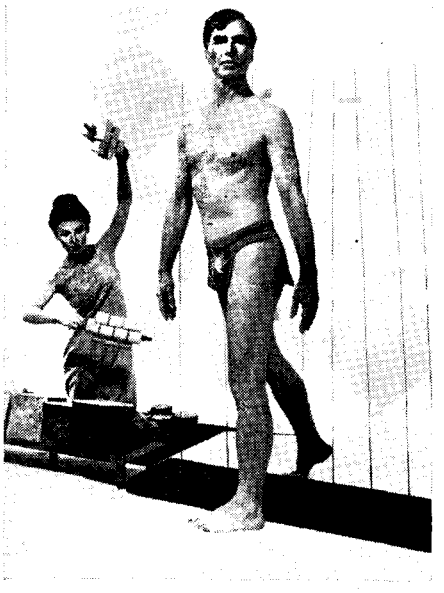
you imagine a raunchy version of Botticelli's *La Primavera*? Well, here it is, a vernal equinox you never thought you'd live to see.

But all teasing aside, Miss Sokolow, despite her preoccupation with helplessness and hopelessness—a course she has traveled for more than thirty years— is a shrewd and knowing choreographer. The new *Memories* has its own beauty and urgency; the *Steps of Silence* is one of her most compelling essays into man's bid for a small place on the rubbish heap (I was amused that her dancers in the Dance Repertory Theater in Utah ended up in near nudity in the Mormon capital of Salt Lake City, while in New York the dancers of her own troupe remained modestly covered), and her *Tribute* (to Dr. Martin Luther King) and her *Odes* were also among the major Sokolow works presented on this fine festival.

Miss Sokolow, who had followed Martha Graham (who is also "doom-eager" but in an ecstatically erotic way) on an historic Brooklyn-plus-Billy Rose Theater dance season which extends into the spring, was followed in turn by Erick Hawkins and his company. In contrast to Miss Sokolow, Hawkins appears to view the world more in terms of sweetness and light. Certainly, he sees the body not as a tormented instrument but as a beautiful sculpture—cool and, perhaps, even placid at times. This does not mean that he is playing at being Grecian statues, for he likes angular lines, toe-in stances, arms which jut outward. But since Hawkins is a big man, these placements take on breadth and a certain grandeur. His dancers are extensions of these attributes.

His new work is *Tightrope*. It is cool and calm and very handsome to look at. If Miss Sokolow had a dance named *Tightrope*, I feel quite sure that it would



Erick Hawkins, with his composer, Lucia Dlugoszewski.

be the tightrope of life from which the insecure plummet to their deaths. Hawkins's *Tightrope*, I hasten to add, is not a flashy circusy affair; it is, rather, a pleasant, easy journey into linear loveliness. His colleague and most frequent composer, Lucia Dlugoszewski, wrote the score, which included the services of a violin and clarinet. I missed (in this number) Miss Dlugoszewski as a performer, for it is delightful to see her sitting on stage—surrounded by a battery of those amazing instruments she has invented—seeming to be a part of Hawkins's choreography.

The Hawkins repertory for the Academy also included a revival (with revisions) of *John Brown*, a work created in 1945 and once in the repertory of the Martha Graham company. Choreography and scenario are by Hawkins; the poetry, Robert Richman; score, Charles Mills (revised by Miss Dlugoszewski); setting, Isamu Noguchi. On this occasion, Kelly Holt was the interlocutor. Hawkins, of course, spoke, acted, and danced the title part. It is a much stronger work than I remember it to have been. Revisions may have had something to do with this, and, certainly, Hawkins's present maturity has a great deal to do with it. Furthermore, the theme is especially pertinent in this era of racial strife. Both men performed it with conviction and controlled ardor.

Also among the thirteen companies participating in Festival of Dance 68-69 is the internationally celebrated group headed by Paul Taylor. For his first appearances on the series (he will return to it in May at the Billy Rose Theater), he featured the New York premiere of *Public Domain*, a comedy which makes good use of Taylor's impish humor in props as well as in persons. Its music collage by John Herbert McDowell is equally fey as it trips lightly and with delicious tonal surprises from church music to words, to ribaldry, to noises and merry tunes. As it stands, *Public Domain* is overly long, and the joke thins out, but some judicious pruning would transform it into another Taylor adventure in kinetic and visual frolic.

The Taylor company is superb, from the star himself (who might think about shedding a pound or two) right down to the youngest and newest members, to the conductor Simon Sadoff. In *Agathe's Tale*, you will see some incredibly brilliant dancing—it'll make you gasp— by Daniel Williams as Orphan Pan. Williams and Carolyn Adams are beautiful in the Largo from *Lento* (Haydn); stately Bettie de Jong along with Cliff Keuter and Williams make a lovely trio in the same work. Elsewhere, your eye will light on Jane Kosminsky and all the other highly individual and fetching dancers in this lovely, lovely group.

Taylor, the choreographer, has come a long way since that occasion, just about fifteen years ago, when he showed us his first dances at the 92d Street YM-YWHA in New York. In one number, he moved minimally to that familiar telephone voice which says, "at the tone the time will be . . . ," and in a duet, he remained immobile, as did his partner. The late Louis Horst's review of his work in *Dance Observer* consisted of white space initialed "L.H." Taylor has since won choreographic awards in France, Chile, America; and just this year, his modern dance *Aureole* joined the repertory of a company that boasts of ballets ranging from 1786 through Bournonville, Fokine, Ashton, Balanchine, and Robbins—the Royal Danish Ballet. Now, "when you hear the tone," it may well be Taylor time in dance.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

A "No" to Question-Begging

THE NEXT DOCUMENTARY report on the endemic poverty of Appalachia ought to begin with this forthright statement: "The American people as a whole possess neither the compassion, imagination, nor will to assimilate this marooned subculture of our social system into the opportunities of an advanced industrial order." The program ought then to tell why, and to suggest alternative responses. Such a strategy would break the repetitive chain of radio and television broadcasts—each with its own virtues and insights—that continues to treat this unhappy region's failure as a question rather than an answer. *Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People,* one part of a National Educational Television production currently being presented on "NET Journal," is the most recent addition to this chain.

For the most part, *Appalachia* is sensitive, terse, detached, capturing some fresh nuances of Appalachia. But while it seems to imply the pessimistic view, it confuses the audience with optimistic "noise" or static. Jack Willis, who wrote, produced, and directed the production with the assistance of a NET team, shows the beginnings of a self-help action program in which jobless whites are willing to identify their interests with those of the black poor in the depressed mountain communities. This new sense of cooperation and power from within is being stirred up by VISTA workers and Appalachian Volunteers, risking the wrath of middle-class citizens who are deeply antagonized by the interference of activist organizers, whom they decry as "fuzz-faced Communists and outside agitators."

Indeed, one of the most striking scenes in the program shows a self-identified property owner, at a chamber of commerce meeting in Pikeville, Kentucky, threatening the producer and members of his crew. "You're treading on damn dangerous ground," he warns. "Divorce yourselves from this bunch of scum and get with it." A cadaverous henchman echoes him, concluding thus: "Now you gonna get the hell knocked out of you." The program's vigorous, conflict-oriented sections are balanced, nevertheless, by the portrait of a powerless, apathetic, unemployed coal miner, eking out a life-on-the-dole with his three children and a sick, pregnant wife in a shack in the woods. This archetypal family, the contemporary distortion of the individualistic American pioneer kinship group, shabbily reduced to the welfare game for elementary survival, is sketched against the prosperity of the big coal companies, drawing wealth out of the mines and returning relatively little in taxes for the region's roads, hospitals, schools, and county governments. It's a familiar picture—the poor and their alleged worthlessness as defined by the self-satisfied middle class and seconded by the timidity of the "courthouse" officials, who are subservient to the coal companies.

The program states unequivocally that federal relief programs have failed, but it continues to avoid the conclusion of the syllogism. "It" is the operational word. The superintendent of a coal company, which is a subsidiary of Bethlehem Steel, defends the "good, honorable companies." He asserts: "If we are wrong in what is going on in the Appalachian area as far as industry's concerned, then I think this whole country is based on the wrong philosophy." A VISTA worker declares: "Either this is a perversion of the democratic process in West Virginia . . . or else the democratic process doesn't work in this country." Even the narrator strikes the conditional note: "If the free enterprise system as practiced in the Appalachian area hasn't seemed to work for many of the people here, neither has the welfare state in the form of government programs."

Producers of such social documentaries might find it useful to compile a bibliography of similar programs. In 1967, for example, National Educational Radio, supported by The Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin, produced a four-program series, "The Sounds of Poverty," which mined much of the same material as the new NET program. Middle-class students from colleges in the Appalachian area gave the series an upbeat mood, spending a few days in the hills with poor families and seeking to awaken fresh springs of self-identity in the mountain folk. But if anything came of that promising adventure, it was nowhere mentioned in the NET program.

My file on Appalachia also reveals that back in 1963, Lloyd Baldwin, of WCKY radio in Cincinnati, produced a most comprehensive series of broadcasts on the Appalachian problem, inspired by Harry M. Caudill's book, *Night*

(*Continued on page* 76)

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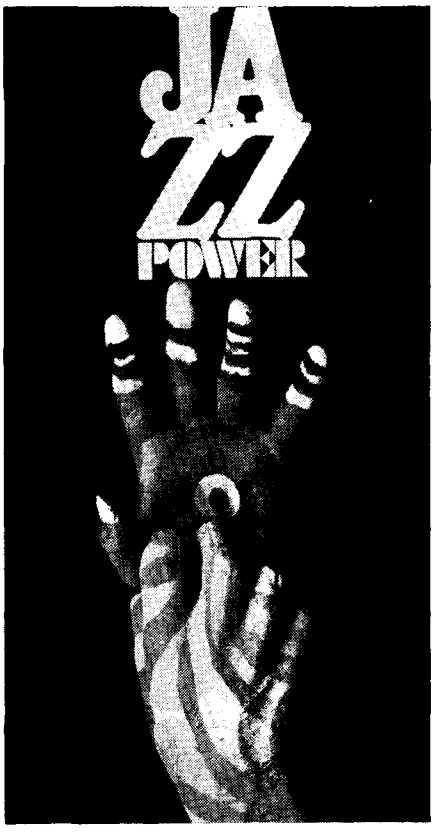

Poster for the Milan Concert.

Jazz Power 1968

By STANLEY DANCE

DIRE prognostications have accompanied the erratic progress of jazz for nearly half a century, and 1968 has been no exception. When jazz clubs closed their doors or changed their policies, the enormous number of jazz LPs was often cited as the reason why customers stayed home. This year, however, a sizable section of the record industry openly adopted a negative attitude toward jazz, and heads rolled at the bidding of accountants, who presumably knew nothing and cared nothing about art. Record producers, who meanwhile were making fortunes by the processing and promotion of musical trash, took the opportunity to affirm their brave belief that "Jazz Is Dead."

This could be briefly and damagingly fashionable, just like the infamous phrase "God Is Dead." Fortunately, there is ample evidence that jazz is not yet ready for the graveyard. If it is going through a period comparable to that in the early Thirties, when appreciation and support in the homeland were wanting, the roots remain strong and the music flourishes abroad.

During October and November, there was an unprecedented tour of Europe by many American jazz groups under the joint sponsorship of Pan American World Airways and the United States Travel Service, in association with George Wein of the Newport Jazz Festival. Between major festivals in London, Milan, Paris, Berlin, and Barcelona, the artists fanned out for performances in cities like Portsmouth, Glasgow, Wakefield, Norwich, Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Rome, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Brussels. It was a remarkable feat of organization, in which Wein, who insists he is not indefatigable, played the major role.

"Jazz is uniquely American," noted Will Arey, the acting director of USTS, "and it has an immense following in Europe. We are convinced that these concerts will give Europeans a better understanding of the scope and range of contemporary American jazz music, in addition to increasing their interest in visiting the United States to hear more of it."

Most European jazz fans are probably as well informed on the "scope and range" of the music as their American counterparts, but the cost of a round-trip ticket has prevented them in the past from crossing the Atlantic in large numbers. It is right here that Pan Am's participation is full of significance, and the future's giant 747s packed with possibility. Package tours of the kind that take Americans economically to London and its theaters should be equally effective in bringing Europeans to New York's jazz clubs and recording studios, and to festivals like Newport's. Extensions could obviously be devised to embrace such historical centers of jazz interest as New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, and St. Louis. At the very least, one of the ten stereo channels available on trans-Atlantic flights could be devoted to jazz instead of the present bland fare.

An influx of informed jazz tourists might have a very healthy effect on the local scene, but preparations would have to be made well in advance. The occasional visitor from abroad is now more often than not bitterly disappointed with jazz as he finds it in New York. The distance between the music for pseudo-intellectuals in the Village and that of the organ groups in Harlem fills him with dismay. With Ryan's a single Dixieland oasis, the midtown area usually resembles a jazz desert that the Basie and Ellington caravans cross too infrequently.

Taste in jazz, despite monopolistic booking tactics, is less easily manipulated in Europe than here. There always has been considerable independence of opinion, thanks not only to the greater number of magazines dedicated to the subject, but also to national and language differences. Musicians whom the major agencies studiously ignore are even successfully imported by discerning amateur impresarios of little capital but much faith. There are, in fact, European audiences for every phase of jazz, but they vary in size from country to country.

The second annual Jazz Expo, which ran a whole week, had proved a big success in London when the Continental section of the tour began. In Milan's Teatro Lirico on November 2, the program was shared by Earl Hines's septet and Count Basie's band, the two leaders listening intently and admiringly to each other from the wings, where another pianist, Romano Mussolini, son of the late dictator, came to pay his respects. Both groups received a standing ovation from a crowd whose average age appeared to be well over thirty. "You see the same audience at La Scala for a classical concert as at a jazz concert," observed the Italian critic, Arrigo Polillo. This also applied the following night when Gary Burton's quartet and a band led by the mercurial Dizzy Gillespie appeared at the same theater.

Gillespie's performance included material from the heyday of bop, such as "Ray's Idea," "Things to Come," "One Bass Hit," and "Manteca," as well as more recent compositions, notable among which were "M'banga" and "Milan Is Love," the latter written by and featuring Jimmy Owens on flugelhorn. The leader's vocal version of "Something in Your Smile," an unexpected innovation, was delivered with

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his characteristic blend of sentiment and sly humor.

Burton's group appeared to have been strengthened structurally by the acquisition of guitarist Jerry Hahn, who, with bassist Steve Swallow, first accompanied the veteran Red Norvo on three standards. These were so expertly played, and so well received, that they seemed difficult for Burton to follow, but the young vibraphonist scored immediately with his own uncompromising style. His unaccompanied interpretation of "No More Blues" was a brilliantly full conception, while the quartet's performance of Ellington's "African Flower" had a depth and richness out of all proportion to the limited instrumentation.

Men from all four groups got together with local musicians in a Milan basement for a memorable jam session, always a valuable medium for exchanging ideas and fostering goodwill. Drummers were particularly in evidence this night: Harold Jones (Basie), Oliver Jackson (Hines), Candy Finch (Gillespie), and Roy Haynes (Burton) being among those present, as well as Kenny Clark, one of the revered founders of bop. Clark, who has lived and worked in Europe for many years, was so impressed by the playing of Haynes that he picked him up in his arms at the end of an inspired solo and carried him off in honor from his drums.

Entitled "Story of Soul," the program at the Salle Pleyel in Paris on November 4 was not exactly homogeneous. It began with a ragged edition of the Muddy Waters Blues Band and continued with a gospel group, The Stars of Faith. Then came Gary Burton's quartet, Horace Silver's quintet, and a mediocre "soul" singer named Joe Simon. Waters was well received, but the majority of the audience, which had obviously come to hear the jazz of Burton and Silver, gave The Stars of Faith a hard time indeed. Unmercifully booed, the five women sang on with admirable composure. When they came to the climactic "We Shall Be Changed," which featured their strongest soloist, the microphone suddenly went dead. Count Basie later reported a similar reception elsewhere when the microphone did not defect, and where the final number completely won over an unsympathetic audience, but on this occasion the Parisian *galants* certainly had their way.

Although it was impossible to assess from the reaction to this concert, Charles Delaunay, the famous jazz authority, averred that there had been a renewal of interest in jazz in France, where domestic rock has flopped badly since the student riots. He himself had recently come out of editorial retirement to direct once more the fortunes of the thirty-three-year-old monthly, *Jazz Hot*. Jazz

(*Continued on page* 82)

MAINLY MAINSTREAM

Henry "Red" Allen	RCA Vintage LPV-556, mono only
Louis Armstrong: Young Louis the Sideman	Decca DL-79233/DL-9233
Kenny Burrell: Blues the Common Ground	Verve V6-8746, stereo only
Kenny Burrell: Ode to 52nd Street	Cadet LPS-798/LP-798
Don Byas: Le Grand Don Byas	Master Jazz 103, mono only
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Paul Gonsalves: Love Calls	RCA Victor LSP-3882/LPM-3882
Johnny Dodds	RCA Victor LPV-558, mono only
Duke Ellington: His Mother Called Him Bill	RCA Victor LSP-3906/LPM-3906
Duke Ellington: And The Duke's Men	Epic EE-22006/EE-22005
Duke Ellington: Pretty Woman	RCA Victor LPV-553, mono only
Ella Fitzgerald: 30 by Ella	Capitol ST-2960, stereo only
Lionel Hampton: Newport Uproar	RCA Victor LSP-3891/LPM-3891
Fletcher Henderson: First Impressions	Decca DL-79227/DL-9227
Earl Hines: Fatha Blows Best	Decca DL-75048/DL-5048
Earl Hines and Jimmy Rushing: Blues and Things	Master Jazz 8101/101
Johnny Hodges and Earl Hines: Swing's Their Thing	Verve V6-8732, stereo only
John Lee Hooker: Urban Blues	Bluesway BLS-6012, stereo only
Illinois Jacquet: Bottoms Up	Prestige 7575, stereo only
Andy Kirk: Instrumentally Speaking	Decca DL-79232/DL-9232
Jimmie Lunceford: Rhythm Is Our Buiness	Decca DL-79237/DL-9237
Jimmie Lunceford: Harlem Shout	Decca DL-79238/DL-9238
Jimmie Noone and Earl Hines: At the Apex Club	Decca DL-79235/DL-9235
Jimmy Rushing: Living the Blues	Bluesway BLS-6017, stereo only
Jimmy Rushing: Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You?	Master Jazz 8104, stereo only
Willie "The Lion" Smith: The Memoirs	RCA Victor LSP-6016/LPM-6016 (two discs)
Art Tatum: Piano Starts Here	Columbia CS-9655, stereo only
Walter "Foots" Thomas: The All Stars	Prestige 7584, stereo only
Fats Waller: Smashing Thirds	RCA Victor LPV 550, mono only
Booty Wood: Hang In There	Master Jazz 8102, stereo only

—STANLEY DANCE.

MOSTLY MODERNISTS

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Henry "Red" Allen	RCA Vintage LPV-556, mono only
Johnny Hodges: Hodge Podge	Epic EE-22002/EE-22001
The Duke's Men	Epic EE-22006/EE-22005
Duke Ellington: The Beginning	Decca DL-99224/DL-9224
Louis Armstrong: Rare Items	Decca DL-99225/DL-9225
Art Tatum: Piano Starts Here	Columbia CS-9655, stereo only
Count Basie et al: Kansas City Piano	Decca DL-99226/DL-9226
Jay McShann: New York—1208 Miles	Decca DL-99336/DL-9336
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Thelonious Monk: Mighty Monk	Riverside RS-3000, stereo only
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Joseph Jarman: Song for	Delmark DS 9410, stereo only
Lee Konitz: Duets	Milestone MSP-9013, stereo only

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

ACROSS THE BOARD

Bob Dylan: John Wesley Harding	Columbia CS-9604/CL-2804
Art Tatum: Piano Starts Here	Columbia CS-9655, stereo only
Tim Hardin: Tim Hardin II	Verve Folkways S-3022, stereo only
The Doors: Strange Days	Elektra EKS-74014, stereo only
Johnny Hodges: Hodge Podge	Epic EE-22002/EE-22001
Buddy Guy: A Man and the Blues	Vanguard VSD-79272, stereo only
Aretha Franklin: Lady Soul	Atlantic SP-8176 /P-8176
Richie Havens: Somethin' Else Again	Verve Forecast FTS-3034, stereo only
Tony Bennett: For Once In My Life	Columbia CS-9573/CL-2773
Miles Davis: Sorcerer	Columbia CS-9532, stereo only
Julius Lester: Departures	Vanguard VSD-79261, stereo only
Otis Redding: Dock of the Bay	Volt S-419/419
Country Joe and the Fish: Together	Vanguard VSD-79277, stereo only
Simon and Garfunkel: Bookends	Columbia KCS-9529
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—BURT KORALL.

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Vol. II: J. B. Hutto and The Hawks	Testament T-2213, stereo only
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Cream: Wheels of Fire	Atco S-2-709, stereo only
Ten Years After: Undead	Deram 18016, stereo only
Terry Reid: Bang, Bang!	Epic BN-26427, stereo only
Gentle Soul	Epic BN-26374, stereo only
Johnny Cash: Live at Folsom Prison	Columbia CS-9639, stereo only
Robert Pete Williams: Louisiana Blues	Takoma B-1011, mono only
Juke Boy Bonner	Arhoolie S-1036, stereo only
B. B. King: Lucille	Bluesway S-6016, stereo only
Otis Redding: Dock of the Bay	Volt S-419/419
Magic Sam's Blues Band	Delmark S-615, stereo only
John Lee Hooker: Urban Blues	Bluesway S-6012, stereo only
Taj Mahal	Columbia CS-9579/CL-2779
Southern Prison Blues	Tradition 2066, stereo only

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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"Rheingold" Revealed

CONTRARY to any reasonable relationship of values, Wagner's *Das Rheingold* as conducted on DGG stereo (139 226/28, $17.39) reveals just as much of the composer's intention as the same work performed in the theater under the direction of its conductor, Herbert von Karajan. For, as is well known to those who have experienced his *Rheingold* or *Walküre* in Salzburg or the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a performance in which Karajan is conductor and no more is something quite different from one in which he is also stage director and supervisor of lighting. In the first instance, there is nothing to come between the listener and his mental conception of what the action might be like. In the second, there may be considerable, depending on how much is not merely valid but visible, and the extent to which Karajan, as lighting expert, allows the audience to share the images in *his* mind.

As previously reported [MUSIC TO MY EARS, December 7], his staging and lighting of *Das Rheingold* at the Metropolitan are vastly more successful than his prior treatment of *Die Walküre*. But to savor the scenic benefits, the auditor must accept some shortcomings in the performance of the music. Of these, there are virtually none in the recording, for which there is only one possible word—magnificent. Whereas the playing of the Berlin Philharmonic was, in *Walküre*, phenomenally good—above the general average of the vocal effort—in *Rheingold* it is part of an ensemble with vocalists, on the whole, better suited to their roles. In addition, the nature of the problem is such that Karajan can build from the elements at his disposal something very close to a solution.

Well, the impatient reader may inquire impatiently, very well; but how does it compare with the much-acclaimed (and pioneering) version on London under the direction of Georg Solti? Of the answer, in my view, there is no possible doubt. As is the case with any pioneer, the Solti-John Culshaw collaboration has shown the way not only to what could be done superbly well but also to what can be done better. Karajan, being nobody's fool, has studied the available examples of Wagnerian recording, and—thanks to nearly a decade's advance in the recording arts—produced something even more vividly explicit of Wagner's purpose.

The difference, basically, is quite simple. Whereas Solti and Culshaw were aiming for the best likeness of the roles that the opera houses of the world could provide (even to the enlistment of Kirsten Flagstad, a peerless Brünnhilde, as Fricka), Karajan—who is, presumably, his own producer for records as he is his own right- and left-hand man for stage productions—has researched the problem to the end of producing the best available talent for *microphone* purposes. Where they overlap, for purposes of live performance (as they did, in perhaps two-thirds of the roles), well and good. But if, for example, DGG's Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau could hardly match London's George London as a Wotan in the opera house, he is superbly able to fulfill Karajan's vision of how the *Rheingold* Wotan should sound from tape and loudspeakers.

In the latter respect, Karajan's *Rheingold* may be one of the most creative efforts for the recording process since Toscanini's last. In addition to seeing in such singers as Gerhard Stolze (Loge) and Zoltán Kelemen (Alberich), a high fulfillment of any home listener's expectations of how such parts should be performed, he has exposed every page, every phrase, every measure to the most searching examination of multiple content—musical (instrumental as well as vocal), textual (in respect to clarity of enunciation as well as coloration of syllables), and dramatic—I can associate with any opera recording since Toscanini's last.

Thus, the essence of the reason why Karajan's effort is so thoroughly revealing of the composer's intention. Unlike the Solti-Culshaw collaboration, in which the recorder's intention in reproducing the sound of the eighteen anvils specified by Wagner or the sizzle in the explosion by which Donner's thunderclap clears the air of mists and clouds was to go *beyond* what could be heard from performers in the opera house, Karajan has addressed himself, in both instances, to rendering the highest fidelity to the musical concept. Again and again he clarifies musical purpose while furthering dramatic impact by meaningful emphasis on words and dialogistic interchange.

As a detail: Set Svanholm was a fine Loge of the usual type in the London set, as he was in the opera house—meaning a sometimes heroic tenor who had come "down" to the lighter part. Gerhard Stolze has proved to possess a vocal displacement for such a theater as the Metropolitan, likewise Kelemen as Alberich, which means that each has established a new contemporary standard for these roles, on stage as well as for the microphone. For the rest, Josephine Veasey sounds better on disc (as Fricka) than she did in the theater. Oralia Dominguez is not my idea of a voice for Erda (or Robert Kerns, really, for Donner), but the Rhinemaidens (Helen Donath, Edda Moser, and Anna Reynolds) are far above average; Erwin Wohlfahrt is an upper-bracket Mime; and Martti Talvela a particularly good Fasolt. The recording makes every detail audible, and the accompanying brochure is one of the best to DGG's credit.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*E. Fred Sher.*

"Not merely valid but visible"—A climactic moment of the Karajan staging of *Das Rheingold* at the Metropolitan, with (clockwise) Loge (Gerhard Stolze), Freia (Simone Manglesdorff), Fasolt (Martti Talvela), Fafner (Karl Ridderbusch), Donner (Sherrill Milnes), Froh (Donald Grobe), Fricka (Josephine Veasey), and Wotan (Thomas Stewart).

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Billy Budd, Foretopman

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

HERMAN MELVILLE'S last extended fiction, *Billy Budd, Foretopman* (1888-1891), is a philosophical meditation on good and evil, ugliness and beauty, the tragic difference between abstract justice and the law. It seems a very unlikely subject for the libretto of an opera—that is, of a drama meant to be made visible on the stage as well as audible. For whatever in *Billy Budd* can be called action—aside from two or three brief confrontations, one of them mortal—is internal, mental, even mystical, and only very seldom the sort that can be made plausibly visible. Also, as E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier adapted the story into a libretto for Benjamin Britten, it all is played out on board a man-of-war, which means that the composer has no female voices to call upon for variety, but must make all of his vocal contrasts among the registers of the male voice from bass to tenor and with the variations of individual timbre.

Two major problems, then: how to rescue the resulting stage work from approaching complete stasis; how to keep it from the sort of vocal monotone that afflicts Puccini's all-female *Suor Angelica*? I do not think that Britten solved either of these problems satisfactorily (they are perhaps insoluble). But in *Billy Budd,* he nevertheless composed a stageable oratorio that cumulatively exerts expressive and convincing magic. As first staged at Covent Garden, London, on December 1, 1951, *Billy Budd* was in four acts, a division that thinned out the story content and made the piece seem overlong. The revised version, first broadcast by the BBC on November 13, 1961, is—to the benefit of Melville, Forster, Crozier, Britten, and the listener—in two acts. That revision has now been recorded (London stereo, OSA-1390, $17.39), with Britten conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, and an excellent cast of more than twenty men and boys headed by Peter Glossop (Billy Budd), Peter Pears (Captain Vere), Michael Langdon (John Claggart), John Shirley-Quirk (Mr. Redburn), and Owen Brannigan (Dansker).

In a performance and a recording that are both superbly right, *Billy Budd* is one of the very few operas of which I should say that it loses extremely little by not being seen. The brawny (not to say burly) Glossop, a large man of thirty-nine, certainly would not present the mental picture of the very young, very beautiful, very innocent Billy Budd evoked by either Melville's story—which has covert homosexual overtones—or the libretto. But the music given Glossop and his sensitive way of singing it create the *character* of Billy Budd completely. Similarly, Peter Pears, who is now nearing sixty, would look the part of the elderly Vere of prologue and epilogue, but certainly would be somewhat unconvincing as the young idealist of the action. Nor, in all likelihood, would the aborted battle with a French ship be nearly so convincing for its subtle purpose in the story if staged as it becomes in Britten's surefooted conducting of its sound alone, especially as stereophonic effects have been employed with a creativeness that I suppose should be credited to the Decca-London "recording producer," John Culshaw. Finally, it is all to the advantage of text and music that every word meant to be understood is sung and recorded so accurately that it comes clearly through the music. As *Billy Budd* emerges from these three records, it seems to need nothing more to produce its full intended effect (which, to reiterate, convinces me that it is not an opera at all in the fullest sense of that word).

Billy Budd, then, is a remarkable but very special wedding of text and music. Because that music seldom rises into highly arresting or expressively sung melody, but makes its undoubted effects chiefly by other musical means and what its words convey, it is unlikely to become a very popular work. But for those willing to submit quietly to its charm, its evocative, subtle suggestions of physical, mental, and spiritual states, its doom-laden confrontation of good and evil, it can only be—as heard in this very welcome recording—an equally special listening experience.

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Recordings Reports:

Jazz LPs

Data	Report	
Cannonball Adderley: *The Best of Cannonball Adderley*. Adderley, alto saxophone; with trio, quartet, and quintet. Riverside stereo, RS-3038, $4.79. *The Best of Cannonball Adderley*. Adderley, alto saxophone; with quartet and quintet. Capitol stereo, SKAO-2939, $4.79.	Shrewd, intelligent, and articulate, Adderley has enjoyed a remarkably successful recording career since his first session in 1955. Which of these "Best of" albums is the better will depend on the point of view. The Riverside features him and his brother in uncompromising and sometimes austere jazz contexts with musicians like Milt Jackson, Wynton Kelly, and Bill Evans.	The material in the Capitol is more recent and includes such big popular hits as "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," "Work Song," "Jive Samba," and "Dat Dere," where any lessening of invention is replaced by extra vitality. Noteworthy in both sets is the teamwork of bassist Sam Jones and drummer Louis Hayes.
George Benson: *Giblet Gravy*. Benson, guitar; with quintet, ten-piece band, and vocal trio. Verve stereo, V6-8749, $5.79.	Presumably because Benson could assume Wes Montgomery's mantle as The Popular Guitarist, he is here hung up with a brass team for the Tijuana market, with three female voices for the "soul" market, and with a conga for the Latin-American market. It doesn't jell, but who knows? Isn't this the time of the Monstrous Musical Melange? That Benson is a talented jazz musician is more evident on Columbia CS-	9325 and CS-9413, but every now and then, as on "Sack of Woe," he gets an opportunity to spread his wings and show how he can fly. Herbie Hancock steps out handsomely on "Thunder Walk," and what finally redeems the album is their playing on "Low Down and Dirty"—over eight minutes of slow, reflective blues.
Sonny Criss: *Sonny's Dream*. Criss, alto and soprano saxophones; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Dick Nash, trombone; Ray Draper, tuba; David Sherr, alto saxophone; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Pete Christlieb, baritone saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Everett Brown, Jr., drums. Prestige stereo, 7576, $4.79.	The baritone, trombone, and tuba give the ensemble the same rather loggy sound as that on Miles Davis's much-praised Capitol records of 1949-50, and a slight reduction of bass seems to improve the overall effect here. Criss plays with the vigor and authority that marked his earlier Prestige sets, this time on soprano as well as alto saxophone. The most striking solo is,	however, played by Teddy Edwards on "The Black Apostles." Tommy Flanagan is also impressive, especially on "The Golden Pearl." The arrangements and compositions by Horace Tapscott indicate a considerable talent, although he might have spared *these* musicians his sagebrush epic, "Daughter of Cochise."
Jazz Interactions Orchestra: *Jazzhattan Suite*. Oliver Nelson, composer, arranger, and conductor; with 22-piece band. Verve stereo, V6-8731, $5.79.	Each of the suite's six movements is intended to represent a different aspect of New York life. Accordingly, there are fashionable switches from one time signature to another—ten in "Complex City"—but "the sophisticated, driving pulse of New York" seems best captured in 4/4 on "One for Duke." In this tribute to Ellington, Nelson advantageously employs some of the maestro's	devices (cf. his "Suite Thursday"), and there are sparkling solos by Patti Bown, Zoot Sims, and Joe Newman, as well as a stimulating exchange between bassists George Duvivier and Ron Carter. Phil Woods contributes masterly alto saxophone solos in other movements. The writing, playing, and recording are all of a high standard.
B. B. King: *Lucille*. King, guitar and vocal; Mel Moore, trumpet; John Ewing, trombone; Cecil McNeely, Bob McNeely, Bobby Forte, saxophones; Maxwell Davis, organ; Lloyd Glenn, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar; David Allen, bass; Jesse Sailes, drums. Bluesway stereo, BLS-6016, $4.79. Magic Sam: *West Side Soul*. Magic Sam, guitar and vocal; Mighty Joe Young, guitar; Stockholm Slim, piano; Mack Thompson or Earnest Johnson, bass; Odie Payne or Odie Payne, III, drums. Delmark stereo, DS-615, $4.79.	King's guitar-playing on the long (ten-minute) "Lucille" is marvelous, but his protracted spoken commentary wears thin with one hearing, and sounds contrived with several. Nevertheless, this is his best album in some time because of the material (notably "Watch Yourself"), the tempos, and the accompanying musicians. Lloyd Glenn at the piano plays as sympathetically as he does authentically, and Maxwell Davis does all that is necessary on organ without superfluous flourishes. Although he has been making single records since 1955, Magic Sam will be a	new name to many. An exciting blues guitarist, he is less convincing as a singer because of erratic taste and dubious dramatic tendencies. However, on some tracks he has everything together and is distinctly enjoyable.
Brother Jack McDuff: *The Natural Thing*. McDuff, organ; Cliff Davis, flute and saxophones; Phil Upchurch, Roland Faulkner, guitars; unidentified brass and drums; Richard Evans, arranger. Cadet stereo, LPS-812, $4.79.	Where do you expect to find the best performance on an album? On this, it is the last, an infectious item called "Rock Candy" that runs nearly six minutes at an eminently danceable tempo. Unhampered by the stagey brass, McDuff gives the other soloists their opportunity and	then proceeds to outswing them. In this respect he has few rivals, although Richard "Groove" Holmes might be cited as one. On *The Groover!* (Prestige 7570), where he plays with guitar and drums only, he has some good, musicianly moments.
Buddy Montgomery: *The Two-Sided Album*. Montgomery, vibraharp and piano; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone and flute; Harold Mabern, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Monk Montgomery, bass and percussion; Billy Hart, drums; Montego Joe, conga. Milestone stereo, MSP-9015, $4.79.	The opening blues is played with spirit, but on most of the other performances Montgomery dissolves into a rather watery lyricism, as though he were constrained by the nature of his principal instrument. The second side is played by a trio (the Montgomery brothers and Hart) and	devoted to selections from *Camelot*. Without any strong jazz pretensions, the music is graceful and gentle, and might best be described as superior mood music.
Jimmy Rushing: *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You*. Rushing, vocal; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dicky Wells, trombone; Julian Dash, tenor saxophone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Jo Jones, drums. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8104, $5. (Postpaid, M.J.R., Inc., Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.)	Although recorded in a studio, these are "live" recordings in the sense that the six numbers were performed spontaneously before an invited audience. Unrehearsed, there was no question of take after take being made, nor of inserts for splicing. That the music hangs together so well is a measure of the understanding between the musicians, all old friends or associates of Rushing's with the exception of Dash, who was an inspired choice as substitute for the touring	Buddy Tate. Everyone plays well, but Ramey's fully recorded bass deserves a special mention. There are two glowing instrumentals (an original blues and "These Foolish Things"), and on the other four numbers Rushing is presented as he should be presented, without concessions to rock "culture" or any contemporary aberration. His treatment of "St. James Infirmary" is particularly successful.
Walter "Foots" Thomas: *The Walter "Foots" Thomas All Stars*. Thomas, alto and tenor saxophones, and arranger; with sextet, septets, and octet. Prestige stereo, 7584, $4.79.	The sixteen titles in this set—four complete sessions—were recorded in 1944-45, and two of them have never previously been issued. The values of the Swing Era are uppermost in the arrangements by Thomas, who wrote well for saxophones but tended to circumscribe his soloists. The best of these are Coleman Hawkins	and Ben Webster, but there are fascinating glimpses of Jonah Jones, Doc Cheatham, Emmett Berry, Budd Johnson, Clyde Hart, and the late Hilton Jefferson. Admirably annotated by Dan Morgenstern, the sensibly compiled set represents a new and welcome step by Prestige into the reissue field. —Stanley Dance.

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Donizetti's "Daughter"

ONE has come to expect that everything in the Joan Sutherland operatic garden will come to flower just a little larger than life. Need it again be said that she is no run-of-the-mill coloratura, or that her imposing physique matches a heroic vocal strength and capacity in her portrayals of the tragic plums of Lucia, Elvira, Beatrice, or Semiramide? But what of the comic opera repertoire? It is common knowledge that the Australian-born diva longed to prove herself adept as an operatic comedienne—and the 1966 Covent Garden production of Donizetti's delicious *La Fille du Régiment* was mounted in response to her wishes. Now, London Records has brought forth a two-record set (OSA 1273, $11.59) of this Royal Opera House cast intact, rousingly conducted by Richard Bonynge.

True to form and expectations, Miss Sutherland's *vivandière* Marie is toweringly larger-than-life. From her opening trills and cadenza, it is clear this is to be no traditional *petite enfante*, but, instead, a boisterous, sometimes raucous daughter of the Twenty-first Regiment, who tosses off vocal fireworks with pluck and awesome ease. But in electing to paint with such a broad brush, Donizetti's pastoral simplicity and delicate charm also tend to be larger than life. The fragile *opéra-comique* manner of the early nineteenth century stands more parodied than re-created.

La Fille du Régiment, perhaps more than most operas of its time (and in this it is very much akin to Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, composed nine years earlier), is totally attuned to the literary, social, and mental attitude of its period. Donizetti's sixty-first opera was the composer's first to be heard set to a French libretto, the text either from an existing work or completely original by Jules-Henry Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jean-François-Alfred Bayard. It received its premiere on February 11, 1840, at the Salle des Nouveautés, then the home of the Opéra-Comique. Into the gently lighthearted needlepoint of young-love-triumphant are interwoven the various early nineteenth-century strands, Romantic postures towards the pastoral, the military, love, and the elegant life.

Miss Sutherland's vocal tone is rich and imposing throughout and she has many beautiful moments, particularly in the more elegiac writing, such as "Il faut partir," which strikes home in her more tragically oriented timbre. As has been the case on numerous other recordings, her disregard for language is legendary—and are not words and subtle inflection essential to great comedy?

The soprano has been surrounded with a fine cast, the most impressive and promising being the young Italian tenor Luciano Pavarotti, making his operatic recording debut. He boldly strides through all of Tonio's vocal hurdles with courage, a good sense of style, and solid vocal equipment, hitting the frequent high Cs right on target. Monica Sinclair plays the Marchioness of Berkenfield with broad sweep and commanding voice, and Spiro Malas offers a genial characterization as Sulpice, getting more out of the French language than any of his confrères.

On this occasion, London must be commended for demonstrating what operatic recording should be and too often is not. For this *Fille du Régiment* reproduces a noteworthy operatic stage production with the cast which carries with it something of the theater atmosphere.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Swingle, Swingle, Little Star

SYNTHETIC simulations of the Christmas spirit, concocted in air-conditioned studios (most likely in the heat of summer), have been a phenomenon of the season for years past, and this one, unfortunately, is no exception. It is, apparently, a mark of achievement in the commercial disc world to have a Christmas greeting card of one's own in the form of a recording, and, this year, the cachet is shared by such relative newcomers as Buck Owens and his Buckaroos (Capitol ST 2977, stereo only, $4.79), the Stoneman Family of *Grand Ole Opry* fame (MGM SE 4613, stereo only, $4.79), and Glen Campbell (Capitol ST 2978, stereo only, $4.79). No tickets of admission are required by Perry Como (RCA Victor LSP 4016, stereo only, $4.79) or Tennessee Ernie Ford (Capitol ST 2968, stereo only, $4.79), perennial purveyors of hearty goodwill and melodious fellowship.

However, there is—fortunately, this time—more to the range of Christmas observances for the record buyer than what might be called the air-conditioned variety. I would not, save as an extreme measure, recommend RCA Victor LSP 4000 (stereo only, $4.79), on which a vocal group directed by Dick Hyman performs the secular songs ("Winter Wonderland," "Frosty the Snow Man," etc.) to the product of a player-piano roll (why could not whoever made the stiff-sounding piano roll have played the stiff-sounding piano for the recording?), nor is there enough in the performances of the Lennon Sisters (Mercury SR 61180, stereo only, $4.79) to overcome this listener's built-in resistance to all close-harmony singing of "Holy Night" and "The First Noël."

But there is always Ward Swingle, and the Swingle Singers. So far as I know, this is the first encounter of the able Swingle with this repertory, and he has evolved a treatment, in his own style, which is agreeable without being offensive. From a beginning with "Jingle Bells" to an ending with "O Sanctissima," the group moves rhythmically, steadily, through more than a score of other seasonal offerings. For the most part, they concentrate on syllabling the notes and avoiding the texts, some of which could have been an incongruity in these uptempo treatments. The typically tasteful Swingle musicianship has been mated with the typically muted vocalizing, meaning that the highs have been suppressed, the middle and low emphasized to the end of an unobtrusive blend. It goes along its merry Christmas way in highly accomplished fashion (Philips PHS 600 282, stereo only, $4.79).

For those who prefer their carols pure, strong, and expressive, a new collection by the Deller Consort can be cited for all three. Derived from a French original, this RCA Victrola release (stereo, VICS 1376, $2.50) has the special interest of arrangements by Carl Orff of the familiar "Good King Wenceslas" and "Silent Night," and the less familiar "Mary and the Thorny Bush" and "The Sussex Carol" (among several others). Side 2 contains pastorales by J. C. Pezel and Vivaldi, an Annunciation cantata by Matthias Weckmann (1619-1674), and, in conclusion, Buxtehude's "In dulci jubilo." All the complementary elements—instrumental interludes, vocal ensemble, and recording—contribute to a disc worthy of the reputation of its countertenor principal, Alfred Deller.

Another vocal sampler, titled *Now Make We Merthe* on Argo stereo (ZRG 526, $5.95), finds its source not in carols, but in medieval *caroles*. That is the designation of a round dance of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which, according to the commentary on the album sleeve, served for "songs of joy for Christmas long before there were Christmas carols in the modern sense." Some of those with Latin texts (on Side 1) now and again suggest tunes closely identified with classic carols of later centuries. However, the more contemporary ones would hardly go as well with the piper's drone which accompanies them here.

THE resulting flavor, like that of kippers or haggis, is a little special for the unprepared palate, but probably easier to become adjusted to. Some of those on Side 2 are performed with an English text, and the final track brings us abreast of the "contemporary," to the extent that this "Joseph, lieber Joseph mein" by Johann Walther (1544) was set by Brahms under the title of "Geistliches Wiegenlied" (it appears in the Deller collection above as "The Crib"). The combined Purcell Consort of Voices and Boys of All Saints, Margaret Street, are blended, under the direction of Grayston Burgess, into an ensemble of the first order with the instrumentalists including the London Brass Ensemble, piper Lance-Sergeant Pirrie, etc.

More familiar carols, in various combinations—both of content and manner—are available in collections ranging from such performers as E. Power Biggs, the Gregg Smith Singers, and a brass-percussion ensemble to the partnership of Sandler (Tony) and Young (Ralph). The former (Columbia MS 7164, stereo only, $5.79) and the latter (Capitol ST 2967, stereo only, $4.79) meet on the common ground of "Holy Night," but otherwise diverge widely. Each, it might be mentioned, is a good example of the mode of treatment espoused, with Biggs big on organ, brass, and percussion, Sandler and Young intimately confiding in the arrangements by Bob Bain. For the miscellaneous instrumental treatment there are now collections by the Hollywood Pops Orchestra under the direction of William Loose (Capitol ST 2980, stereo only, $4.79), another on the same label in which David Rose exhibits his skills as an arranger on a wide swath of seasonal matter (Capitol ST 2853, stereo only, $4.79), and, for still another Capitol product (stereo, SP 8393; mono, P 8393; $4.79), *The Music of Christmas*, which is less notable for the participation of the Roger Wagner Chorale or the Hollywood Bowl Symphony directed by Carmen Dragon than for the voice of Metropolitan Opera soprano Anneliese Rothenberger singing Schubert's "Ave Maria," Gounod's embellishment of the Bach Prelude in C under the same title, and "Sandmännchen."

UNLIKE some other holiday seasons, there is no new release of an outstanding composed work which is both unfamiliar and of uncommon quality. Closest approach is the performance of Marc-Antoine Charpentier's *Messe de Minuit, pour Noël* under the direction of David Willcocks, with such soloists as April Cantelo, soprano; and Ian Partridge, tenor (Angel S-36528, stereo only, $5.79). It has its substantial interests, especially in the carols played as organ interludes at various points in the score. However, there are other, longer sections which strike me as archaic and without general interest for nonspecialists today. Both the performance and recording are excellent.

Finally, sharing the badge of merit implied by reissue of a mono recording under the designation "Electronically Reprocessed for Stereo" are Folkways FAS 32311, on which Pete Seeger sings "The First Noël," "Twas on a Night Like This," and "Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming" (among many others) to the plunking of a banjo; and *A Greek Christmas* (Capitol DT 10489, stereo only, $4.79). On the last named, the performers are the Eusebia Choir, under the direction of Helen Economopoulou. Apparently the Greeks have a word for it, too: *Noeoeol, Noeoeol.*

—I. K.

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The Lesson of the "Suffolk Sun"

WE went to lunch the other day with Dan Lionel, Mike Cowles, Pat Cowles, Cortland Anderson, and others who have survived the first two years of a stimulating, if startlingly rare, experience in modern journalism—the launching of a successful new morning daily. You hear occasionally in this electronic news era of daily papers being born in the afternoon field, because many of the editorial and circulation labor problems of print journalism are easier to solve with a staff that works from morning to night rather than night to morning. Most newspapers in this country are published at the end of a day, not its beginning, since, for starters, the gathering of news is simpler during daylight hours and by suppertime little or no news is made in most towns except the tragic and the social. Anyway, it is a rule of thumb that if you're starting a daily paper, you have a far better chance for advertising, readership, and survival if you distribute your product in the afternoon and evening hours when people are home to read it.

To make things stickier, the *Suffolk Sun*, our case in point, sprang to life on November 21, 1966, in a sprawling area that cannot possibly be called urban. Suffolk County includes that vast stretch of Long Island from suburban Nassau east to the wild wet rocks of Montauk, a distance left to right on the map of better than 90 miles. Suffolk County still grows an awful lot of potatoes and truck crops, encompasses the fabulously wealthy if diffident Hamptons at its eastern end, includes vast untamed stretches of sand and scrub pine and open sky, where nobody lives but fishermen, deer, and gulls, and has no city anywhere near large enough to be called a metropolis. Although Suffolk now contains upwards of 1,000,000 people and is the fastest growing county in New York State if not the nation, these million or more are about as scattered and diffused geographically and by job interest as any county in the East. They have a common language and a common love of salt water but beyond that there isn't much in Suffolk to invite a new daily newspaper, or so it seemed until the *Sun* came along. Moreover, fabled *Newsday* of Alicia Patterson has for a decade moved ever deeper into Suffolk County from neighboring Nassau, not to mention the fine old standards, the *Long Island Press* and *Star-Journal*, which practically discovered everything east of Queens.

So why did the Cowles people, otherwise rational publishers of pretty profitable and readable ventures, place a multimillion-dollar bet smack in the middle of some of the finest potato land this side of Idaho? What made one of the best-organized journalistic conglomerates go into the morning paper field, of all things, in an area so vast that it takes a paper truck three hours to go from press to outermost subscriber? First, of course, the market was truly there and only partly tapped by what were essentially suburban New York papers with enough to do taking care of the teeming suburban millions just east of Manhattan. Second, that market was exploding—in population, in potential, in gross spending power—in an exciting water-conscious paradise close enough to New York for visits and even commuting, yet one of the world's great playgrounds by summer.

But why a morning paper? Morning papers are naturals for the great cities and they exist almost nowhere else. Of the 1,749 dailies in this country only 327 are morning papers, and but a handful of these are

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published in cities under six figures. Yet, in an odd way, the fact that the *Suffolk Sun* is a morning paper helped it from the first. It came into life soon after the New York *Herald Tribune* had expired and just before the *World-Journal-Tribune* changed to dust. Into the vacuum of a need to read a conservative daily paper poured tens of thousands of Suffolk County folk who now enjoy the added advantage of local news. Unbelievable headaches in securing and establishing home-delivery routes at dawn each day in hundreds of distant, different towns and villages rather than one large city were somehow overcome, though the *Sun*'s circulation manager hired six delivery truck drivers for every one who stayed on and discovered to his sorrow that the turnover of home delivery paperboys was approximately 100 per cent a year. Though not even *The New York Times* gives its readers run-of-paper color, the *Suffolk Sun* from its first issue painted its pages with maps and pictures and comics and border decoration in prime colors, and the importance and impact of ROP color is not to be ignored.

But the fundamental reason for the success of the *Suffolk Sun* (and for gold mine *Newsday* next door) has been overwhelming attention to readers' interests. To say that all news is local is to utter the daddy of journalistic clichés, yet it is still a fact that all news *is* local and that the TV networks simply can't handle the local story. They don't have time and, for the most part, local names and conflicts mean little to someone outside.

Mike and Pat Cowles and Cortland Anderson have had the wit to print daily on page one a sensationally successful feature called "Hotline" to which suffering subscribers write when they've been gypped in some local store, or when their rent has gone up illegally, or when they don't know where to complain about a TV repair bill. Not only does "Hotline" tell them what to do, but it makes the calls for them, then reports on the results, usually good.

The *Sun* isn't breaking even yet; it may by 1970. Starting with some 10,000 readers two years ago, its circulation has jumped beyond 80,000 daily and its advertising linage has gone from 4,600,000 in 1967 to close to 8,000,000 lines in 1968. Its ROP color is part of the magic formula, but mostly its success lies in sticking to its own knitting: a lot of sports and weather coverage, local names, solving problems and praising heroes at home, leaving global judgments to the *Times*. In any case, it simply cannot miss if present formula and growth patterns are retained, and there's no reason to believe they won't be under one of the surest hands in journalism. The success formula is all there in Deer Park, Long Island, for anyone to imitate. Local papers please copy. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Network Research Please Note

In RLT's latest editorial, "More Violent Than Ever" [*SR*, Nov. 9], he reported that Joseph T. Klapper of the research department of CBS had no evidence to support the belief that TV violence stimulates real violence and that he doubts if there is much connection between the two. I would refer Mr. Klapper to a study conducted relative to this very question and reported in *Scientific American* (February 1964), by L. Berkowitz, which was entitled "The Effects of Viewing Violence." This report should be made more readily available.

RLT also raised the question of whether communications media should foreswear the obvious emphasis on bad news. I think this can be answered in part by considering the effects created by deliberate avoidance as exemplified by the newspaper referred to in his editorial. I refer to the *Christian Science Monitor*, which very effectively supports your question in the positive by example and deed! The result is a superior newspaper.

Ronald T. Tempest,
Newtown, Pa.

RLT's convincing and excellent editorial cheered me. Something will be done. The tragedy of children sitting and absorbing instead of giving out must have a bad influence, especially because of the hideousness of what they take in. I am delighted to hear of the *Christian Science Monitor's* research. Cannot other news media with a wider influence be persuaded that it is in their interest to foster a sane outlook on life in these times of world tragedy? More power to you in helping to bring this about.

Mrs. Arthur Havemeyer,
New York, N.Y.

RLT's editorial rang a most responsive chord in my heart. There most certainly is a most destructive preoccupation with violence, sex and perversion in general, and bad news in mass media today.

As a kindergarten teacher and the mother of four sons, I am particularly concerned with the dose of garbage being fed them daily on TV and the movie screen, and with the equally offensive material in print to which they are exposed as they grow older. I once wrote a letter to the editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* presenting the idea of publishing, at least occasionally, a paper on which the emphasis and content were on the good happenings which *do* occur all around us but are ignored for their general lack of dramatic flair. His reply was almost violent itself, demanding *why* I thought the news could ever be so! Wrong and crime were what was happening and so they were printed—period.

I still think this would be an excellent idea. It would be much more work to ferret out, for the good is often done quietly and matter-of-factly. This leads me to another facet of this subject. An article which I wrote about my grandmother, a veritable

"It's quite simple—I want a raise."

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epitome of love, concern, and gentleness, was refused by a magazine. It was—according to their estimate—while warm, humorous, and delightful, not usable for they had enough "nostalgic" articles. Can we have enough nostalgia for the good?

MAGGIE PATTISON SMITH,
Westlake, Ohio

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading RLT's comments in the November 9 issue about the deleterious effects of the violence on TV and in the press. I must say at first reading you make a good case for your thesis that such violence cannot help but have a bad emotional effect upon a whole generation of young people. Since my life is wholly intertwined with that of the newspaper profession, I was shocked and apprehensive when you made your charge. Then as I read on, I looked in vain for some evidence or some little substantive proof that the *press* merited such charges. I was personally gratified that your editorial did not offer that evidence, but was devoted in the ensuing paragraphs almost 100 per cent to specific statistics and incidents insofar as the TV *entertainment* field is concerned.

The only point I am trying to make is that I think you have done the newspapers a disservice in painting them with the same critical brush as you have the TV industry unless you have specific evidence. It hardly seems judicial to let such charges stand without some proof.

G. RICHARD DEW, General Manager,
Pennsylvania Newspaper
Publishers Association,
Harrisburg, Pa.

THE SUBJECT DESERVES much discussion and investigation. TV, by touching on the most obvious glimpses of isolated physical climaxes growing out of greater ongoing crises, by revealing half-truths, and by never presenting the whole story, engenders a greater falsity than the truth it reveals. The same is true of the newspapers.

As our technological means intensify, our thought processes remain imperiled by the same old incentives of greed, fear, superstition, mistrust, and prejudice. Formerly, we had not only the advantage of a simpler, more homogeneous, slow-moving culture, but such inner fires of faith as Quaker love and gentleness, Christian integrity, and Puritan compulsion to community loyalty, even though that compulsion at times negated certain individual rights. In our present society, where all values assume a kind of relativity and are left to the individual as he moves in a life of secularism, heterogeneity, anonymity, transiency, and fat prosperity, the one-sided treatment by communications media must obviously add to the confusion and remove ideals of reverence, respect, and loyalty.

I assume it to be an elementary psychological principle that any idea communicated to a viewer or reader, be it good or bad, is a suggestion—and when dressed out in its modern technical excellence, a compelling suggestion.

If adults are sensitive to negative influences in public communications, then we can multiply this degree of vulnerability by two or three to get the degree of sensitivity in teen-age daughters or sons. It is not difficult to imagine the impact. There is a dearth of research on the effect of negative communications on the minds of children and young adults. In the schools there has been much talk, and I assume teaching, of cooperation, openmindedness, and understanding in society. I never have heard of a specific course dedicated to ethical values and public manners. Perhaps such an activity would not be amiss at the present time.

RALEIGH DEPRIEST,
Mansfield, Pa.

It Is Happening Here

THE VALUE OF the boxed illustration on censorship, "It Can't Happen Here" [*SR*, Nov. 9], is marred by the fact that it neglects to mention that it *is* happening in that U.S.-supported state, South Vietnam. Type-removal is common there; and recently the English daily *Saigon Post*, owned by Bui Diem, present Ambassador of South Vietnam to the U.S., was closed. The extent of U.S. participation, or nonparticipation, in censorship in South Vietnam and in other economic colonies would indeed make interesting reading. How it is happening there might help us to understand how it could happen here.

MRS. ROBERTA HALL,
Salem, Ore.

Paying Postal Costs

CONCERNING RLT's editorial "Heading Off the Postal Disaster" [*SR*, Oct. 12], one harmless-sounding recommendation in the report by the President's Commission on Postal Organization, *Toward Postal Excellence*, might make it cheaper to telephone than to send a first-class letter: ". . . users of each class of mail should pay at least those costs the post office incurs in handling the work load."

Any business-oriented postal accountant could easily assign costs according to accepted business practices: If it takes a worker as long to sort fifty letters as to cart 50,000 pieces of bulk mailing from Point A to Point B, charge each letter-sender on a 1,000 to 1 ratio. Any such corporation must make an exception of the private letter-writer or face civil disobedience on a new front. The next time Congress raises first-class rates without equally hurting the bulk mailers, my mailbox will bear the sign: FIRST-CLASS MAIL AND *SR* ONLY.

JOHN D. BELL,
Provincetown, Mass.

I'M IN the publishing business too, but when I read a letter like that of Mrs. Guy Warren Hull (LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Nov. 9) blaming most of the Post Office problems on "unwanted junk" mail, I wonder why we of the newspapers and magazines do not take a good look at ourselves before so often throwing stones.

On the average, 40 to 50 per cent of every commercial publication consists of advertising—unwanted and unasked for, doubling the effort required to dispose of old issues, doubling the space required to save those of lasting value, doubling the load of the postal service from receipt to delivery.

I wonder if Mrs. Hull ever thinks about this when she's paying to have her waste papers hauled off.

RAYMOND D. SMITH,
Publisher, CATS Magazine,
Washington, Pa.

Wall-to-Wall Repairmen

WALTER B. KERR'S TRIBUTE to reporters and carrier boys ["The Revolution in Printing," *SR*, Aug. 10] being irreplaceable by computers in publishing newspapers omits another important ingredient, the repairman. If the mighty IBM can't (by their own repeated admission) recruit enough repairmen to properly service electric typewriters which have been on the market for at least forty years, how do they propose to keep this more highly sophisticated printing equipment in running order? Based on my experience in getting proper repairs made to office equipment, instead of wall-to-wall carpeting, printing establishments had better install wall-to-wall repairmen.

MRS. SALLIE PAGE,
Washington, D.C.

—*Wide World.*

Raphael Lemkin

The Real Mr. Lemkin

I'M SURE that those who remember Raphael Lemkin with gratitude and affection will be very pleased with the generous display you gave my article about him in your Nov. 9 issue, even though the accompanying photograph scarcely resembles him. I notice it is a U.N. photo, and the pressures of the times do change people, but is it possible that Dr. Lemkin could have changed beyond the recognition of his old friends? Anyway, thanks again, on the 20th anniversary of the U.N.'s adoption of the Genocide Convention.

JOHN HOHENBERG,
Graduate School of Journalism,
Columbia University,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Lemkin's photo in the Nov. 9 issue was taken from a group picture at the United Nations but the wrong face ended up on the page. Here is the real Raphael Lemkin.*

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TWENTY YEARS OF TRANSISTORS

By JOHN TEBBEL

ONE of the most striking paradoxes of this paradoxical age has been the dramatic growth of miniaturization at a time when everything else is getting bigger. Buildings, populations, domestic and international problems—virtually everything in human existence is expanding, but in electronics the trend is toward making things smaller and smaller.

The most visible sign of this paradox is the transistor radio, at once a blessing and a curse in contemporary life. It is ubiquitous all over the world. An American traveling recently in the Middle East saw an Arab swaying along on his camel, a classic symbol of the ancient world, holding a transistorized radio to his ear in the equally classic stance of modern society. A Japanese company has recently produced what may be the ultimate: a set of stereophonic earphones with a transistorized radio built into the headband on top, so that the citizen venturing outside of the electronic environment of his home can have music and news wherever he goes, in glorious stereo, leaving his arms free for defense or offense, as the case may be.

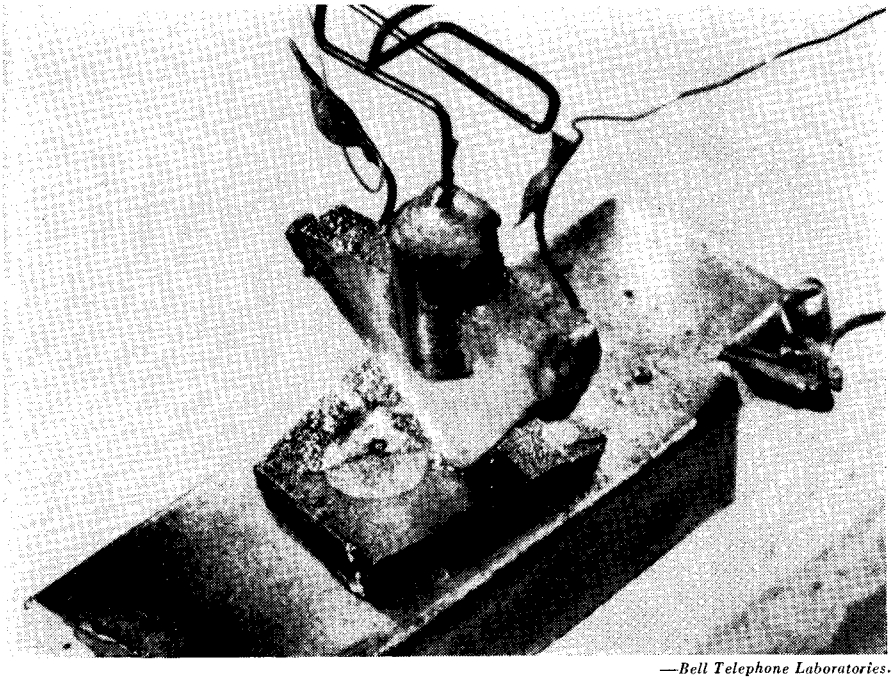
Transistors have a thousand other uses, however. They have made TV sets smaller and thinner. Most of the components of a huge theater organ can be packed into a spinet-sized, transistorized electric organ. The deaf are able to conceal their miniaturized hearing aids almost completely. People who have lost their vocal cords speak through a transistorized artificial larynx. Many heart disease patients are kept alive by means of the "pacemaker," another transistor product, which stimulates a normal heartbeat when it has been planted in the chest. America's air defense system is so incredibly complex it could never have been built with old-fashioned vacuum tubes instead of the millions of transistors it employs.

TRANSISTORS, in fact, are everywhere, from the ocean floor to outer space. The computer industry alone, which transistors boomed, affects our lives in a variety of ways, and indeed has caused and is causing one of the most profound changes in social organization civilization has ever seen. A single giant computer uses more than 100,000 transistors; a fraction of that number makes possible desk computers for home and office. In just two decades, transistors have become a multibillion-dollar industry, employing hundreds of thousands of people—an industry whose impact on our economic life is potentially as far-reaching as its basic product is for our social life.

The tiny gadget that has transformed our lives in so short a time has been described as "a little hat on three wires." You could hold a hundred of them in your hand. It was first unveiled on December 23, 1947, by three scientists at the Bell Telephone Laboratories: John Bardeen, Walter Brattain, and William Shockley. Their basic discovery was that a small piece of the element germanium could be made to amplify a speech signal about forty times. These scientists were given the Nobel Prize for physics in 1956 for producing what had come to be called "the transistor effect."

By no means do all transistors look like "little hats." The "hat" is only one of many varieties. Underneath the "hat," however, is the core of the operation, a microscopic piece of what is called "semiconductor material"—it can be either germanium or silicon—wired to a metal plate. This material is structured in layers, and each layer has different electrical properties. Current flowing across the layers is controlled by an electrical signal applied to one of them, and it can be increased or decreased through changes in the conductive properties of the material, produced by temporary changes in the way electrons are distributed among the atoms in the layers.

SOME substances, like metals, hold their electrons loosely and are good conductors of electricity, while glass or rubber are poor conductors because their electrons are held tightly. The semiconductors, like silicon and germanium, are in between. A three-layer sandwich of semiconductor crystals, properly treated, becomes a transistor when an electrical contact is attached to each of the layers, and the current flowing between two of the contacts is controlled by applying an electrical signal to the third. Thus the signal passing through it is amplified, becoming fifty to 40,000 times more powerful. In brief, this tiny piece of material does, and does better, what the bulky glass vacuum tube had done for so many years in radio and television,



—Bell Telephone Laboratories.

A "point-contact" transistor—one of the first—amplified electrical signals by passing them through a solid semiconductor material, basically the same operation performed by present "junction" conductors.

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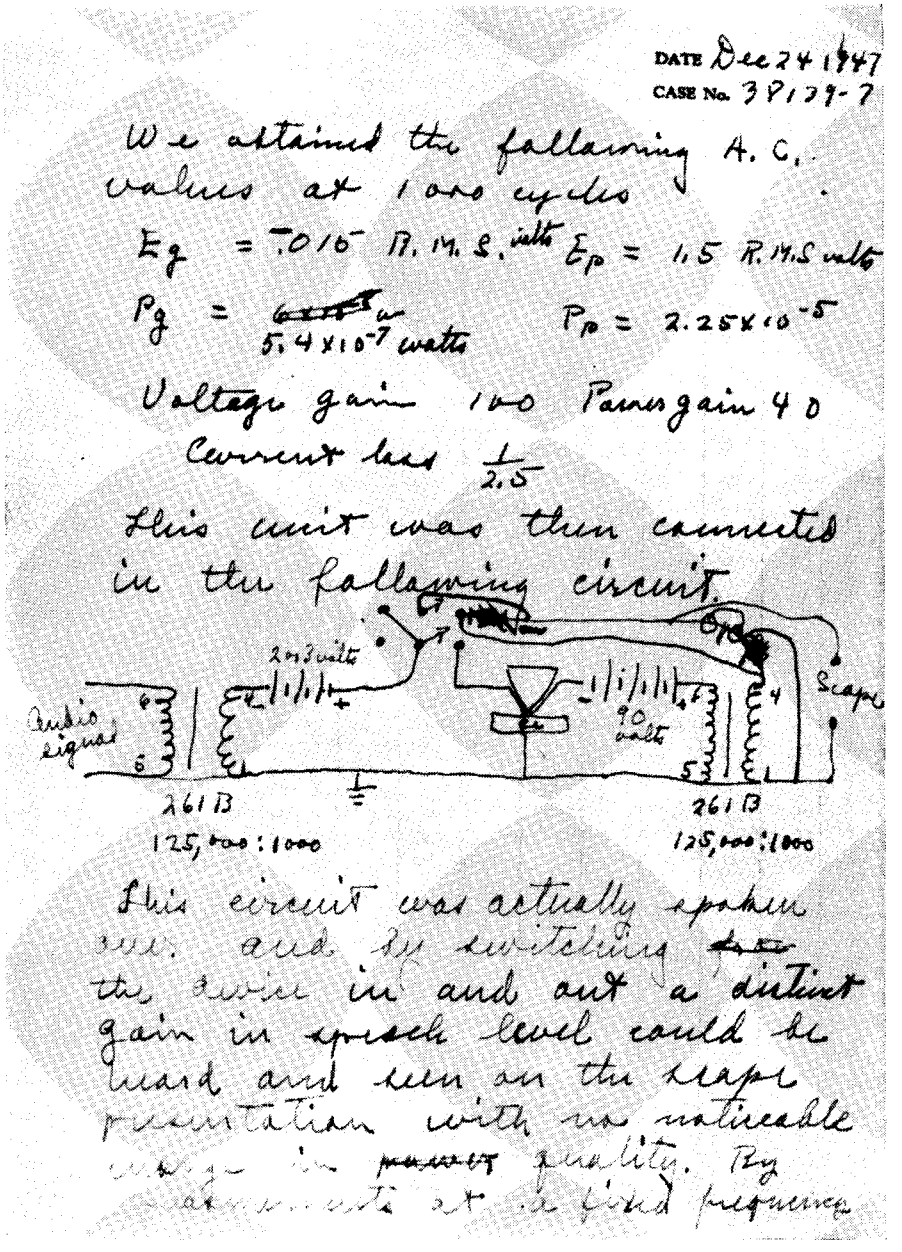
and so makes possible the giant step to miniaturization.

Transistors have come a long way from their first appearance in the Bell Laboratories twenty-one years ago. The first significant step was taken in 1948 when Shockley, one of the original discoverers of the transistor effect, patented an improvement known as the "junction" transistor, into which class nearly all transistors fall today. Briefly, it is a solid-state device with three layers of alternately negative or positive semiconductor material. It has been developed further as the industry has grown and researchers have sought to build transistors which would not only perform better but which would be easier to build. Another big step was taken in the early Fifties, when scientists working at General Electric, RCA, and Bell Labs succeeded in devising a commercial process for making germanium transistors by the use of alloy techniques. These and other improvements have led to increased production at lower costs.

AS in so much scientific research, one thing has led to another. Among the many other uses derived from the transistor have been devices for handling high power, generating microwaves, and detecting extremely weak signals at optical and microwave frequencies. Basic transistor technology has also resulted in the development of integrated circuits—that is, circuit elements manufactured simultaneously instead of singly. To the layman, this means much easier servicing of his radio and TV set, and even more important, a much reduced need for servicing. Transistors have reduced radio servicing, for example, to a minimum; they are not subject to the many ills and brief life-span of the vacuum tube.

Transistor technology has produced rapid advances in the telephone business, linking cities and continents in automatic routing of long distance calls. Transistorized repeater ocean cables will be laid soon from Jacksonville to the Virgin Islands, and eventually across the Atlantic. Microwave towers transmitting broadcast signals from hilltops use transistors, and space satellites use special radiation resistant transistors. Data processing is making rapidly increasing use of transistors, particularly in computers "talking" to other computers across the continent. By the turn of the century, all existing switching equipment in telephone service will be replaced by electronic switching systems; today one of these systems in a central office may contain as many as 137,000 transistors.

Transistors are now essential in a good part of the nation's industrial equipment; they drive everything from wristwatches to power tools, and some even drive locomotives. Astronauts rely on the Bell Solar Battery, made by adapting transistor principles and techniques, to turn sunlight into electric power, and of course the space vehicles themselves would not be possible without the transistor, which enables the builders to pack an incredible amount of electronic equipment into a small space.


DATE Dec 24 1947
CASE No. 38139-7
We attained the following A. C. values at 1000 cycles
Eg = .010 R.M.S. volts Ep = 1.5 R.M.S volts
Pg = 5.4 x 10⁻⁷ watts Pp = 2.25 x 10⁻⁵
Voltage gain 100 Power gain 40
Current loss 1/2.5
This unit was then connected in the following circuit.
Audio signals
261B
125,000 : 1000
261B
125,000 : 1000
This circuit was actually spoken over, and by switching in and out a distinct gain in speech level could be heard and seen on the scope presentation with no noticeable change in quality. By

—*Bell Telephone.*

Laboratory notebook entry of scientist Walter H. Brattain, recording the events of December 23, 1947, when the transistor effect was discovered at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

NO one knows what future uses transistors may have, but certainly they are going to be key factors in a great many technological developments. In medicine, for example, transistorized instruments are already able to tell doctors more about what is going on inside a patient than they could discover before by ordinary examination, and this is only one way that transistors have extended the range of our eyes and ears. In another area, they have lengthened memory far beyond the capabilities of the human brain through the memory bank computers, which store almost unlimited numbers of facts and figures. Airlines use this function for reservations; railroads use it to match up freight orders with freight cars.

No one doubts, in short, that the transistor has been one of the most significant inventions of this century, but last month, it appeared momentarily that it might be surpassed by still another invention which could go substantially beyond present transistor technology.

This development was disclosed in a scientific paper published by a Detroit inventor-scientist, Stanford R. Ovshinsky, in *Physical Review Letters*, the official journal of the American Physical

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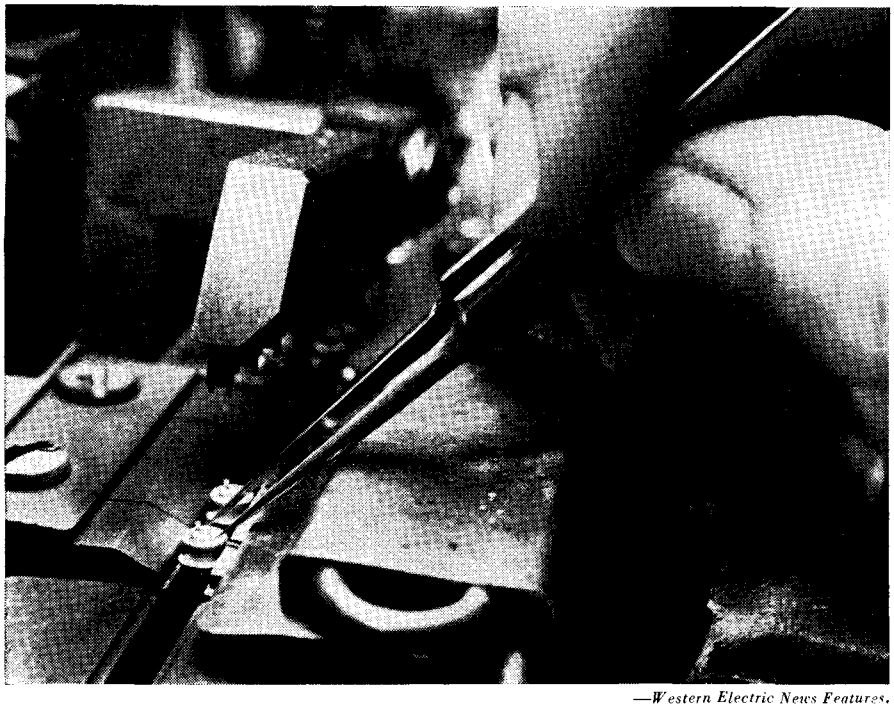


—*Western Electric News Features.*

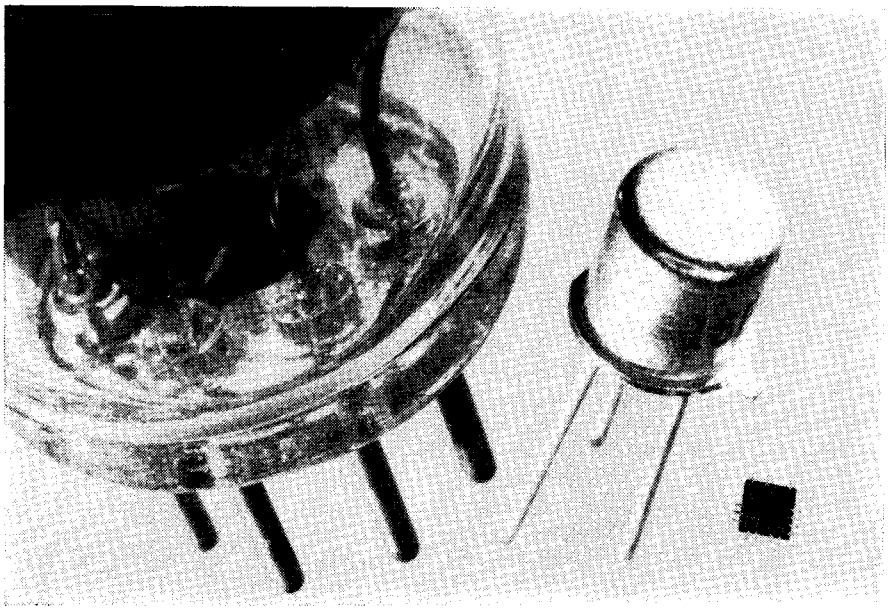
(Above) Stainless steel jeweler's tweezers are used to position silicon wafers, 20-thousandths of an inch square, on transistor base. This component is used in telephone transmission systems in metropolitan areas.

—*Western Electric.*

(Left) Hypodermic needles and microscopes are used to make transistors for TV and telephone transmission systems.

—*Bell Telephone.*

(Below) The silicon integrated circuit on the right contains twenty-two transistors and helps generate the musical dial tones in the new Touch-Tone telephones.



Society. Ovshinsky described in his paper how glass, which in the past has been used as an insulator to block the passage of electricity, can be made to conduct electricity. Glass is an amorphous substance, physically disordered rather than being neatly latticed with crystals as good conductors of electricity usually are. Before Ovshinsky came along, scientists had supposed that because of the disorder, electrons within the glass would be individually isolated so far apart from one another that to move them in anything like a steady stream would be impossible.

But Ovshinsky had the idea that order of some kind must exist even in the midst of wild disorder. By experimenting with glass, he discovered that if a particular voltage of electricity were introduced, the electrons in the glass would race out of their individual sequestrations collectively, like tribesmen hidden in the hills awaiting a chieftain's signal to attack. The signal to the electrons is now known as "the Ovshinsky effect." To achieve "the Ovshinsky effect" the voltage must be matched precisely to fit each combination of chemicals in the glass; the voltage must also be varied with the thickness of the glass.

"The Ovshinsky effect" is radically different from "the transistor effect." As explained earlier, transistors are semiconductors of electricity—that is, halfway conductors. More precisely, transistors conduct electricity in only one direction. "The Ovshinsky effect" produces full conduction: The current can move either way.

The advantages of "the Ovshinsky effect" over "the transistor effect" lie in the direction of simplicity. Transistor crystals must be grown meticulously, of virtually pure chemicals into which tiny impurities are introduced in order to open the way for electron flow. Glass needs only to be poured, and it can be poured in very thin films. Theoretically, "the Ovshinsky effect" should permit today's printed circuits—in which all but the transistors are painted on a sheet of paper—to be further simplified and miniaturized because the glass can be painted on along with the rest of the circuit. TV sets as flat as pictures on the wall are one of the possibilities.

OVSHINSKY himself is already in business in Troy, Michigan, where his Energy Conversion Devices, Inc., is making his new glass switches. He founded the company to develop the device.

What the new departure in electronic technology will mean to the layman remains to be seen. Considering the progress transistors have made in only two decades, the next twenty years may well promise electronic miracles beyond the imagination of those of us who still don't really understand how the telephone works.

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HOW TO BUY A NEWSPAPER

By WALTER B. KERR

ONE of the strangest and most fascinating marketplaces in the United States today is the one that deals in the buying and selling of newspapers. It is small but highly active, has its own professional brokers, and operates in almost total secrecy.

A successful businessman retires in his early fifties and has his sights set on high political office. He wants a newspaper. An enterprising editor or reporter thinks he can put out a better product than can his employer. He, too, wants a paper. A chain publisher has more than one good thing going for him and wants another. He looks around for a new acquisition. They look in the big cities, in suburban areas, and in small towns you have never heard of. They call the brokers; they call their friends; they telephone an owner whose name they have come across in a recent issue of the trade magazine *Editor & Publisher;* or, acting on impulse or reacting to the rumor of a sale, they drop in on an aging publisher and feel out the ground.

They move quietly and carefully, their speech and actions governed by two factors they disregard at their peril. The first is that there are hundreds of potential buyers in this informal marketplace and only a handful of sellers in any given year. Under the circumstances, if one comes across a possible purchase, one keeps it to himself until he has explored it in depth. The second is that in the great majority of cases the potential seller also has a vested interest in secrecy. News that a daily is up for sale can have an unsettling effect on the advertisers in a community.

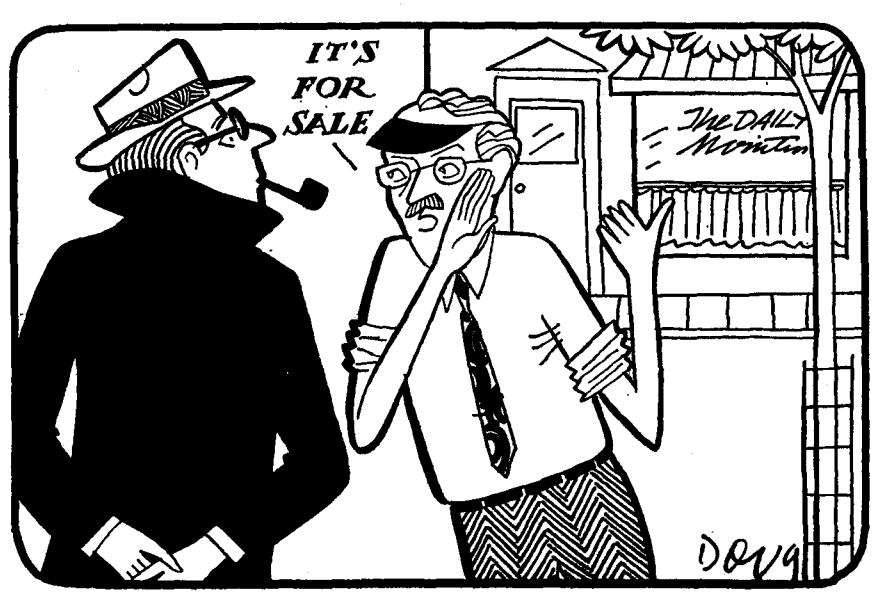
The market, then, works quickly and in private. Not long ago, a newspaper owner, hearing that a paper was for sale in a neighboring state, picked up the phone and bought it without ever having visited the town where the paper was published. He knew it was a profitable operation and expected it would become more so with the growth of the community. He also knew that if he hoped to buy, he had no time to lose. More recently, two other newspaper executives, acting on a report that another paper in another state might be available, walked unannounced into the newspaper office, bought a copy without identifying themselves, studied it in the lobby of a nearby hotel, and then visited with the town's largest advertisers. By the time they left for home that same afternoon, they had decided not to make an offer. However profitable the operation had been up to then, they were confident the outlook was bleak for the next five or six years.

Usually, however, buyers turn to professional brokers who are specialists in the valuation of newspaper properties and, because of contacts developed over the years, are among the first to know when an owner has decided or might be persuaded to sell. They are fully conversant with the industry, keep up-to-date files, know the tax laws, and are familiar with the terms that are most favorable to buyer and seller alike. The fee varies from broker to broker, with 5 per cent the rule for small papers. One broker charges 5 per cent for the first million dollars involved in a sale, 4 per cent for the second million, 3 per cent for the third, 2 per cent for the fourth, and 1 per cent for each million from there on. But theirs, despite the services they offer, apparently has been a frustrating business in recent years. According to my reading of *Editor & Publisher*, only thirty-seven of the country's 1,749 dailies changed hands in 1967 and only eighteen in the first ten months of 1968. Furthermore, all but three of these fifty-five papers were in the small to small-medium categories. Eight had circulations of less than 5,000. There were thirteen in the 5,000 to 10,000 bracket, seventeen with sales that ranged from 10,000 to 25,000, and fourteen with circulations from 25,000 to 50,000.

This means that only three of the 243 papers in the United States with sales from more than 50,000 to more than 500,000 were sold in this two-year period. They were the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* the Canton (Ohio) *Repository,* and the San Gabriel Valley (California) *Tribune.* In early 1967, chain-owner S. I. Newhouse, of New York, paid more than $51,000,000 for 91 per cent of the stock of the *Plain Dealer,* a morning paper with a circulation of 390,000 and Sunday sales of 532,000. Because it has the only Sunday paper in town, it competes on more than favorable terms with the afternoon Cleveland *Press,* a Scripps-Howard daily. The Canton and San Gabriel Valley papers, each with sales of about 75,000, were involved in one huge transaction that took place in late 1967, when Lord Thomson of Fleet, owner of London's *Sunday Times,* bought the twelve papers owned by the Brush-Moore chain. Thomson now owns thirty-six dailies in this country, more than any other publisher.

FROM what has taken place in 1967 and 1968, the happy hunting ground for the buyer in today's newspaper market seems to be among dailies with circulations of 5,000 to 50,000. This is not because there are no buyers for the great papers. Time Inc. and other corporations are known to be seeking valuable properties. It is simply because this is a secure and highly profitable business and few of the medium-to-large enterprises are for sale.

The scramble, then, is for the smaller



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papers, and in this, as in all other operations in the industry, the chain publishers have a tremendous advantage over the retired businessman looking for a political career or the newspaperman with a dream and the ambition to match it. Chain owners know the business and the tricks of the trade. They are allowed by the tax laws to use retained earnings to finance new acquisitions. Desiring ownership more than management of a property, they often can persuade an unwilling owner to sell by offering him a contract that permits him to go on running the paper. For these and other reasons, the chains are growing and growing at a rapid rate. They now own about 50 per cent of all the daily papers in the country.

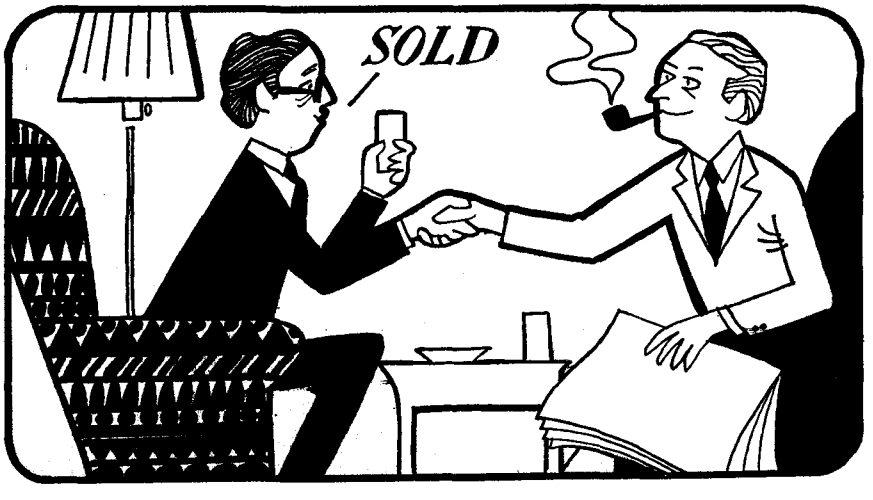
But suppose all things are equal, that a wealthy outsider knows the business is profitable, that he can hire competent management, that he is prepared to pay whatever a newspaper is worth and more; and suppose that he has a line to a broker who will work earnestly in his behalf. What should he pay for a paper?

ONE New York broker has a ready answer to the question of fair price. Fair price, he says, is whatever an owner is willing to sell for and a buyer is willing to pay. In other words, there is no formula or, to put it another way, every man has a formula of his own. If you want a quick rule of thumb, you might say that a paper in today's marketplace is worth (can be sold for) double its gross. All well and good, except that some dailies have been sold for three and four times their gross and others for less. Almost every factor you can think of enters into a newspaper sale, but this is every man for himself, and it is unlikely that any two men will give equal weight to any given consideration.

Does it enjoy a monopoly? If not, does it own the Sunday paper? Are we speaking of one paper in town or the only two? What is the circulation? What is the gross? How big is the town and is it growing? How far away is the nearest competing daily and the nearest metropolitan area? Is it a union shop, a Guild shop? How good is the equipment? Who owns the real estate and what is its value? Has the paper had sound management? What is its reputation in the community? At any suggested price, how long will it be before the paper pays for itself out of earnings? This is a marketplace like any other, and men look at things differently. One eager buyer may be concerned with the company's earnings over the past few years, or five or ten years. That is his business. Another may not care about the record but be interested solely in his own estimate of the paper's potential. How fast is the town growing? Are retail sales climbing? This is his business, and big business at that.

IT may not make much difference how you evaluate a property if you are a rich man with political ambitions and think it will be worth your while (it probably won't be) to pay a few hundred thousand dollars for a daily with a circulation of 2,500; but once you start talking about the small, solid papers of 5,000 to 10,000 circulation, you are in the $700,000 to $1,000,000-and-more price range; and from there on up prices rise sharply, depending upon the situation.

It is a characteristic of the secret marketplace for newspapers, almost all of which are privately and closely held, that prices are seldom disclosed, an exception being the Newhouse purchase of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. To give an idea how they have been running, however, take the following two transactions made in 1964, both of which were revealed in antitrust actions in federal courts. That year, the Arizona *Daily Star*, in Tucson, with a morning circulation of 40,000 and a Sunday sale of 70,000, was sold to the afternoon Tucson *Daily Citizen* (circulation 42,000) for $9,999,790. At the time, the two Tucson papers were grossing more than $8,000,000 a year and had a net income before taxes of more than $1,000,000. So did the two San Bernardino (California) papers with their combined daily sale of 75,000 and Sunday circulation of 76,000, for which The Times-Mirror Company, owner of the Los Angeles *Times*, paid $15,000,000.



ONE can understand why the marketplace for papers of this size is one for professionals or, to say the least, for amateurs advised by professionals. The pros know that the terms, in addition to price, are of great importance to an owner considering a sale. For instance, an owner who accepts a down payment of no more than 30 per cent may be allowed, under some circumstances, to spread his taxes on the profits over a number of years. The pros also know that there are payment devices that are favorable to buyer and seller alike. For example, it is common practice for the seller to agree not to compete against the buyer in the same market. For this, the seller receives annual payments while the agreement is in force; and, on the theory that the seller is making himself available as a consultant during this period, the buyer may charge off these payments to operating expenses. There are, to be sure, many other considerations involved in a newspaper sale. One which the experts are familiar with is that there are some Republican owners who will never sell to a Democrat—and vice versa. All these are matters the professional takes into account. He knows the value of discretion; he knows that this is a seller's market; he knows that the buying and selling of papers often takes place in hotel rooms or on other neutral ground. Above all, he knows that a premature leak has caused more than one deal-in-the-making to be called off.

There are, occasionally, exceptions to the rule of secrecy. As a consequence of antitrust action, Times-Mirror must dispose of the San Bernardino papers, Scripps-Howard must get rid of the morning and Sunday Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and (subject to the outcome of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States) the afternoon *Citizen* in Tucson must sell the Arizona *Star*. But these are court-ordered sales—true exceptions to traditional industry practice—and they must be approved by the Department of Justice and the courts concerned.

Under normal circumstances, all approaches of buyer to seller and all negotiations are carried out in absolute confidence. One publisher meets privately with another at a trade convention. A broker sees an owner friend at a summer resort. For this is a tough business, and no holds are barred. Friend competes with friend; if there is a line of buyers, it does not form in the rear.

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TEACHING AND THE JOURNALISM REVOLUTION

By JOHN HOHENBERG

IN the city of Sapporo on the island of Hokkaido, there is a Japanese newspaper that flies through the air. It is the northern edition of *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's equivalent of *The New York Times*, and its proprietors are immensely proud of it. For it is a symbol of the revolution that is shaking up journalism all over the world.

When I visited Sapporo not long ago, my Japanese host showed me the equipment through which Tokyo is able to transmit a ten- or twelve-page daily edition of *Asahi Shimbun* to the north by the use of the photoelectronic process known as facsimile. It is very fast—less than three minutes for each page—and on the back page, there is blank space on which the Hokkaido staff strips in local news before the whole product is put on swift new web-offset presses and several hundred thousand copies are run off daily.

"You know," my Japanese host said with a quizzical look at me, "this whole process really began at your school, Columbia. Early in the 1950s, you had a facsimile process at the journalism school and you sent a little newspaper out to some other schools in New York State."

I remembered that, but somewhat vaguely. My colleague, Professor John Foster, Jr., had acquired a facsimile machine put out experimentally by J. V. L. Hogan in association with *The New York Times*, and for some months had had his students operate it. None of the rest of us had paid too much attention to it at the time, despite Professor Foster's enthusiasm and hard work. In all honesty, therefore, I had to ask my Japanese host why he thought this primitive experiment in new journalistic methods had wrought so profound a change in Japan.

"You see," he said, "we never know the ultimate effect of any experiment. It so happened that you had a visitor in those days, the editor of a Japanese publication called *Shimbun noh Shimbun*—the newspapers' newspaper, a trade publication. And when he came back to Japan he visited all our big newspapers and he argued that we must begin at once to work with facsimile, the electronic newspaper. But only we at *Asahi Shimbun* listened to him."

"But surely," I said, "your equipment is not based on anything we had at Columbia."

He smiled. "Oh, no. We had help from many people—Americans, British, our own scientists. We evolved our own system. But the idea came from you, and for this we are indebted to you." He paused, and there was an amused glint in his eyes. "By the way, what ever happened to your facsimile machine?"

I was slightly embarrassed. "We couldn't continue full-time teaching and experimenting at that time. We had to dispose of the machine."

He nodded. "Just what I expected. In a university, substance counts for more than even the most advanced techniques. Certainly, we are grateful to you for the idea of facsimile. But should you really be teaching techniques?"

I have often wondered. Because in all truth, there is no real answer to the question posed by my Japanese host. We cannot in any sense divorce the substance of the news from the techniques of journalism, particularly in a revolutionary age when techniques are changing so rapidly. The *Wall Street Journal* in California, the *Daily Mirror* between Scotland and Ireland, the *Australian* in the lively land down under, and *France Soir* outside Paris are all committed in one way or another to experimenting with facsimile. Moreover, photocomposition and the web-offset press are making remarkable inroads in the old method of producing newspapers from hot type. As for radio and television, their technology is so incomparably complicated that their instruments, in Fred W. Friendly's phrase, provide a reporter with what amounts to a 1,000-pound pencil.

The computer, the satellite, the coaxial cable, the laser beam, and the vast paraphernalia yet to come in the developing science of journalism are bound to have an increasing impact on the way the substance of journalism is taught and placed before the public. But assuredly it is true, as my Japanese host in Sapporo said, that we can scarcely give primary emphasis any longer to the teaching of techniques in our old familiar manner. As a twenty-five-year-old boss at a missile assembly plant at Cape Kennedy observed when I remarked in surprise at his tender years: "Very few people over thirty-five know much about this technology because it is so new. In fact, most of us just out of engineering school have to go back every now and then to instruct our old professors."

AND yet, to ignore methodology and spread ourselves somewhat more broadly over the substance of journalism in the schools is just as dangerous in a different way. Almost immediately, if we were to do this, we would open a gap between

"Please bring him back later. I'm watching Captain Kangaroo."

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the faculty and the profession at one level, and the faculty and the students at another. There is a great temptation to back off into an academic corner at this juncture and announce loftily that we are interested only in training or educating "the whole man," that beguiling and utterly meaningless pedagogic concept. But by so doing, we would cut ourselves off from life itself. Even if the profession permitted us to retreat from reality, the students—especially today's power minded students—would not.

The problem is of such complexity that it demands, in effect, the reforming of journalism education. Those of us who teach journalism have been talking about it among ourselves for some time; increasingly, too, we are beginning to discuss curriculum with our students in loosely organized committees. The trouble is that there is so little time to reform journalism education in the midst of the pressures of an academic year. Moreover, no one I know is quite certain of where to start, what to change, what to add, what to subtract.

We are caught up in irrelevancies, such as the ridiculous argument over whether it is better to be an academic (labeled "communicologist" by some) or a professional teacher (labeled "green eyeshade man" by others). There is just about as much sense to this distorted view of the journalism educator as there is to the complaint, still heard among old-fashioned editors, that all journalism schools are worthless because a few journalism alumni can't spell. Yet, we waste our energies in petty academic feuding and unnecessary defenses, thus deferring an attack on the major issue. It may be phrased quite simply: "What are we to teach?"

WE cannot turn to any other country for inspiration or guidance because the journalism school is an American concept that only now is beginning to make an impression elsewhere. In Britain, for example, last summer an ex-journalist of high rank in the Government said to me somewhat dubiously, when I complimented him on the establishment of the first graduate journalism school at Sussex University: "I'm not so sure it's a good thing. A university education tends to make journalists lazy."

I doubt, too, that much can be expected to emerge from the combined wisdom of student-faculty committees at those journalism schools where they now exist, and others that are likely to embrace them. The students' outlook can be of value and importance when it is brought to bear on matters within their competence. However, no student can be expected to become a journalism school administrator overnight or even appreciate the serious issues that are involved in administration. Recently, a student member of a faculty-student committee at our school demanded that as many students as faculty members be named to a search committee to seek a new dean. When he was asked to name one American journalism school dean, present or past, he could not do so; to which he appended the excuse, "Well, I'm interested in the principle of parity." Obviously, that principle can be applied at all times to the compounding of irresponsibility and ignorance.

I wish that I had the wisdom, out of my years as a teacher and practitioner of journalism, to set down here a brilliant course of study on which everybody would agree and which would, at one stroke, resolve the dilemma of reforming our education. But in a school, as in a newspaper or broadcast newsroom, a wire service bureau, or a newsmagazine office, the journalist doesn't operate that way. He can tell you, with great vigor and sometimes with fury, what he opposes; rarely, because of the many pressures of time and function under which he labors, can he define precisely what he advocates. I must confess to these limitations in delineating the extent of our academic dilemma.

In his brilliant study of the Columbia College experience, *The Reforming of General Education*, Daniel Bell began with the observation: "Any reflection on education is a venture in autobiography; in setting forth a path for others, one retraces, first, the steps one has taken oneself." It is as good a point of departure as any, and better than most, because we are all expert—or should be—in assessing our own failings.

My experience as a journalism student was at the University of Washington in the 1920s. The faculty member whose memory is still the most vivid to me was "Pa" Kennedy, no journalist at all but a printer. Pa provided generations of journalists in the old "Daily" shack and in his highly informal classes with whatever they needed to know of the art of printing. Very possibly, he was primarily responsible for the urge of many a journalism student of that day to buy or found a small weekly or daily newspaper. In any event, a respectable number did so, and only an intractable minority committed the supreme heresy of leaving the Pacific Northwest wonderland for the snares of New York.

I mean no disrespect to the memory of the scholarly M. Lyle Spencer, our dean, or to others on the Washington faculty who gave us so much of their time and effort when I emphasize the role of Pa Kennedy, the printer. In a way, Pa symbolized the ascendancy of the old techniques of journalism over

(*Continued on page 76*)

"I just want an average, normal, happy life: love, marriage, a home, children . . . . separation, divorce, love, marriage, a home, children . . . ."

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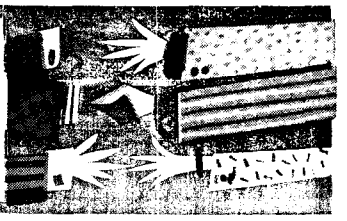
Public Relations



After Half a Century

PIONEERS are always unusual personalities, and those in public relations are no exception. An original in the agency field, Thomas J. Ross, chief executive of one of the leading counseling firms, will, on January 2, 1969, complete fifty years with the same firm, a record in many ways.

When Ross joined the Ivy Lee firm (advisers to corporations on their relations with the public) there was only a handful of competitors. A search through the Yellow Pages of fifty years ago shows that in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Washington there were no public relations agencies or consultants, publicity firms or publicity agents and advertising-publicity or advertising-public relations concerns listed. In New York, there was only one publicity agent listed: Hines-Dixie International Press Bureau, at 1400 Broadway, whose phone number was Greeley 5132.

When, after three years as a reporter on the New York *Sun*, two years on the New York *Tribune* and in the Army, Ross went to work for Ivy Lee, the firm had been in existence for fourteen years. It is probably the oldest firm in business, and is now known as T. J. Ross and Associates, Inc. Lee died in November 1934, five years after Ross had become managing partner of the agency. At the time of Lee's death the partners, in addition to Ross, were Burnham Carter, Harcourt Parish, Joseph M. Ripley, James W. Lee 2d, and Ivy Lee, Jr.

In counseling—a business so personal that few firms survive the deaths of their founders—Ross has continued the institutionalizing process developed by Lee. And while Ross, who is seventy-five, is in full control of his firm, he has developed successors so that it is highly likely the firm will continue long after his retirement. Ross's firm is one of the few of the well established agencies (Earl Newsom & Company is another example) that mainly provide counsel to management. Although the better agencies provide counsel, most of their work involves other services.

In a business where clients change frequently, Ross's clients have been remarkably stable. For forty-three years, until the association with the Pennsylvania Railroad ended on the retirement, in 1964, of James Symes as chief executive, Ross was counsel to the corporation. Some of the firm's long-standing clients include Chrysler Corporation, The American Tobacco Company, Mobil Oil Corporation, National Brewing Company, Chas. Pfizer & Company, Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Sperry & Hutchinson Company, Guggenheim Brothers (a relationship that goes back to the late Teens), W. R. Grace & Company, Pan American World Airways, Corn Products Company, Rheem Manufacturing Company.

In a business with so many promotion-minded firms, Ross's company has always refused to join in the game of collecting credit for what has been done for the client. Ross says: "Our work must remain anonymous and private. We do not talk about what we do or have done for any client. Our reluctance is not due to any need for secrecy. Like most other American corporations, the ones we work for do not have anything to hide. The principle of anonymity evolves from a very simple philosophy of our work: When things go wrong for a corporation in the public relations area, it is the management of the corporation that takes the bumps. We believe that when things go right they deserve the credit, and it should not be synthetic."

Corporate public relations directors who have watched Ross in sessions with their top managers have come away with the conviction that Ross is a good listener, but when it comes to giving advice to management he has not been fearful of speaking his mind, often bluntly. As one corporate public relations vice president put it: "Tommy Ross has never failed to lay it on the line to the boss, nor has he backtracked if he believed that a course of action contemplated by management could hurt the company. He is never rude. I have never seen him lose his temper. But I have never seen anyone more blunt when bluntness is necessary."

After a half-century of practice, one of Ross's definite views is that the best public relations must stem from corporate performance. It is the action of the corporation that gives it a good reputation, not what it says about itself;

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Ross believes that since the emphasis must be placed on corporate performance, recommendations made before decisions, not after, are the important ones. At the same time, he feels that a great many problems of corporations are not susceptible to black-and-white solutions, but represent instead the best balance that can be achieved among forces striving for corporate benefits.

Ross believes that public relations practices are improving, that the caliber of men who are directors of public relations in large corporations is higher. This is bound to continue for many reasons, the main one being that management is becoming more sophisticated.

He also sees welcome trends in management. Company presidents are increasingly aware that they have a public relations function themselves, for it is their decisions that have the greatest impact on public thinking. Fewer and fewer executives now believe, says Ross, that unfavorable public opinion toward an industry or a corporation is due only to the demagogues; that to be successful in dealing with public opinion, management must learn the language of the public and study public opinion as it forms; that fewer and fewer businessmen are silly enough to think that public relations men can pull rabbits out of their hats, and fewer public relations men themselves are silly enough to think they can—or let others think they can.

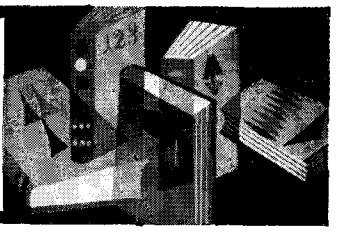
Another encouraging trend, according to Ross, is that management is more receptive to the idea of self-examination when press criticism arises, rather than wishing the press would go away and mind its own business. Management is less inclined, he says, to regard press requests for information as potential attacks.

Today, of course, the better-run corporations are trying harder to meet the responsibilities the public expects them to assume, whether it be in corporate philanthropy or helping to meet the problems besetting the cities. Ross urges his clients to greater effort in accepting their social responsibilities. He does not give advice without following it himself. A great deal of his time is given to volunteer work—chairman of the board of the Health and Hospital Planning Council of Southern New York, director of the United Hospital Fund, director of the Greater New York Fund, trustee of the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Foundation, member of the Cardinals' Committee of the Laity for Catholic Charities, a trustee of the Marymount College at Tarrytown, New York.

The public relations agency business has come a long way in the past fifty years. Where it will move in the next half-century is not as clear.

—L. L. L. Golden.

Books in Communications



TV, The Vote Maker

TELEVISION must get terribly tired of its critics. So much cajoling and commanding of the medium to face up to its public responsibilities, especially in news and public affairs, so urgent a wish that television behave more like the nation's press. Much of the criticism assumes that if television news were only freed from the supposedly insidious influence of commercial sponsorship, if news shows and documentaries were scheduled in prime time, if commentators were only more like the Washington correspondents of *The New York Times*, digging up stories, finding the significance, everything would be all right.

Well, television is not newspaper journalism. It is something else, and it is one of the many virtues of *The People Machine* by Robert MacNeil (Harper & Row, $7.95) to recognize the natural limitations of the medium and not to exhort it to become something it can't be. Perhaps one of the best services the critics of television can provide is to lay bare the true nature of television news coverage and disabuse the audience of the notion that somehow Walter Cronkite and Huntley and Brinkley do what the Los Angeles *Times* and the Washington *Post* and the *New York Times* do, only with pictures.

What we need are not more eager reformers of TV but people like MacNeil who will take the trouble to reform our thinking about TV. Perhaps those story-by-story, line-by-line comparisons of news content between the evening network news show and the front page of the paper the following morning—and even MacNeil indulges in this futile exercise—are beside the point.

MacNeil's book analyzes the role of television in American politics. More than that, it offers a full, fair, critical, informed, and fascinating look into the techniques of the business and how they influence the public.

Without duplication, *Television and the News* by Harry J. Skornia (Pacific Books, $5.75) covers some of the same territory with a prosecutor's thoroughness. But Skornia, a real student of the medium and professor of radio and television at the University of Illinois, seems to me to rely too heavily on codes, ethics, and standards of professionalism to legislate goodness and bring the medium into line with a perhaps visionary ideal.

MacNeil goes into the subject with the awareness of the insider. Canadian born, he was an NBC correspondent in London and Washington, held down the New York half of the *Scherer-MacNeil Report*, and is now with the BBC. He knows just how the economic structure affects commentators, who are paid per appearance and are therefore loath to leave the camera for field reporting. "The first weakness of television journalism," MacNeil writes, "is that it suffers from the advertising disease and is neurotic with self-praise."

Technically, the medium is poorly equipped to gather news as newspapers do. Rather, it disseminates news "that other organizations gather." And it is the nature of television to discard the routine and lean heavily on the material "with the most dramatic construction." Action, violence, war: "shooting bloody" is the expression the trade gives it.

Politicians, at least, should be entirely happy with television at this stage of its development, MacNeil feels, since they are given enormous coverage without being too sharply questioned. Politicians, like sponsors, are fully awake to the ways the medium favors the appearances—persuasiveness over informativeness, for example. MacNeil writes: "They discov-

WIT TWISTER #90

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Such music Mozart left us when
he died!

Was mortal man the — — — —
— — of its line,

Or had some — — — — — —
graciously supplied

Each deathless — — — — — —
from harmonies divine?

(*Answer on page* 84)

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ered that television was a medium that projected images and impressions better than facts and reasoned argument. And when they discovered that, Madison Avenue took over."

Buying up commercial time in a campaign, the politicians have made heavier use of TV as an advertising medium to project image than as a forum for ideas. The ad man cometh, then the idea.

TV has been roadway and roadblock in the political life of President-elect Richard M. Nixon. In the Eisenhower campaign of 1952, his "Checkers" address, a TV landmark, caused a political turnabout. In 1960 came the debates with Kennedy. Nixon seemed to be less aware than did his opponent of the importance of appearance over content. Not so in 1968. MacNeil gives fascinating summaries (with amounts of money expended) of political warfare via the television screen at the state, senatorial, and national levels.

He feels that if TV covered conventions less it could convey more comprehension. If TV devotes five days to conventions, he feels, it could well devote two to the election, giving "a cram course" on the candidates and issues the night before. He is alert to the attempts of the President to commandeer the medium and make television serve his, as well as the national, purpose. And he cites FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's belief that the broadcasting industry exerts real power over Congress, not so much because Congressmen (and Presidents) sometimes own TV stations, but because "every Congressman is totally beholden" to the local station owners.

The great moments of television, MacNeil believes, come at times of national crisis. The images, the words, the silences and the noises, the fearsome knowledge and the loosened emotion come from all directions, and the nation is as one before the witnessed event.

Cooke-Out: Alistair Cooke, one of the more stylish foreign correspondents ever to cover the continent, searches relentlessly for the small detail or fact within the broad scene that will illuminate and sum up some aspect of the American experience. Going into Texas, he remembered that Lyndon Johnson, land proud among neighbors of Scotch-Irish descent, once bought a small farm on the Pedernales River and called it a ranch. *Talk About America* (Knopf, $5.95) is a collection of his weekly broadcasts abroad since 1952 (an earlier book goes back to the start of this series in 1946). One would not suspect these pieces of being broadcasts, such is the care and style in the writing. One would identify them as the work of a foreigner able to read significance into the obvious and commonplace, but a foreigner almost native in his love of the place. Cooke's broadcasts are received on about every continent except this one. The book extends the range to this country, and to one reader his observations anyway are more valuably preserved on the printed page than scattered on the insubstantial air.

Also Noted: *The Herblock Gallery* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), Herblock's nothing if not animated pictorial comment on the national life, in his first book of cartoons in four years, with text. . . . *Modern Circulation Methods*, edited by S. Arthur Dembner and William E. Massee (McGraw-Hill, $15). A number of the experts contribute their know-how and describe techniques in a well put-together, illustrated handbook. . . . *The Elite Press: Great Newspapers of the World* by John C. Merrill (Pitman, $7.95), an analysis with considerable factual data of forty of the world's top papers and why they should be ranked as great. . . . *NBC News* edited by Ben Grauer (Crown, $10), a picture book of the year with coverage by NBC correspondents.

—Stuart W. Little.

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Teaching Journalism

Continued from page 72

the substance that epitomized the teaching of Dean Spencer. It was not the design of the journalism education of the day that this should be so; yet, in its effect on the students (at least on this one, after many years), the "how-to-do-it" was what mattered most of all.

When I came to Columbia, then an undergraduate school, I was working full-time on a newspaper at night to support myself and was excused, by a considerate faculty, from the technical courses except for copy editing (presided over by that miraculous Professor "Garstein," as the devoted team of Robert Garst and Theodore M. Bernstein was known to us). Consequently, while I listened to such teachers as Carl Van Doren, Parker T. Moon, and Joseph Wood Krutch on the substance of literature and history, I picked up journalistic techniques rather quickly on the job, except for those that were expounded by Professor "Garstein." It was this experience, primarily, that has given me the conviction ever since that such technical mysteries as wire service and makeup practice, the intricacies of new leads, and other matters of news story organization are more easily learned on the job than in a school. Nor have years of struggling to teach these things in the classroom made me any more of an optimist. The discipline of the paycheck is a more powerful inducement to learn necessary techniques than the most skillful efforts of a teacher.

Seemingly, it would follow from this rather serious academic flaw that the various training schools set up by newspapers and other news organizations should take over the preparation of journalists from the universities. It is an easy assumption to make, but it has a fatal defect. Most training projects of which I have any knowledge are quickie, high-pressure operations unashamedly designed as trade schools that feed bodies into particular industrial channels. The fallacy is the notion that a journalist (or any other professional person) can be stamped into shape like a cookie, thrust into a preheated oven, and baked at a high temperature until ready. Instant journalism is seldom a conspicuous success; more often than not, it takes as much as a decade to produce a seasoned journalist, a lifetime to mold a writer.

Consequently, the basic effort should be to provide the people and the funds to broaden, deepen, and lengthen the education of the journalist, and to increase the professional rewards to a point where the best young minds will be attracted to the news media. The journalist must be made familiar with much more than the techniques of journalism. He must be given better and more thorough instruction in his responsibilities as well as his freedoms, his relationship to the public interest as well as his recognition of the needs of news organizations. And he must have knowledge of the basic issues of his time. The literature and history of journalism; the laws affecting the profession; its ever more intricate communications practices; and its relationship to the Government, the economy, the society and the arts, sciences, and other professions should be far more fruitful fields for instruction than they are today. All this, necessarily, must follow a general education, for which there is no substitute either for the journalist or any other professional person.

THIS scarcely means the destruction of technical teaching, but it does indicate drastic change is ahead. At Columbia, we have only recently dedicated one of the finest new radio-television laboratories in the land and we are in the process of setting up an equally modern laboratory in photocomposition for the production of newspapers. I have no doubt, once it becomes feasible, that we will reinstall facsimile equipment and tackle the business of computer techniques when we catch our breath and find the money to do it. In the early 1950s, when we tried and failed to sustain facsimile instruction, we did not have the faculty depth and diversity to maintain both instruction and research; nor were the funds available. That is the difference between our situation then and now, and without doubt it is the same at most other schools where journalism instruction is taken seriously.

All this, however, still begs the essential question: "What are we to teach?"

It will not be answered until we have an extensive and searching inquiry into what we do today and what we should be doing for tomorrow—a Flexner report for journalism such as the classic one that reformed education in American medical schools early in this century. We have delayed too long. Before we are overtaken and completely undone by the journalistic revolution, we must find the people to conduct and assess this re-evaluation of American journalism education after more than fifty years. We may be assured that journalism instruction at the university undergraduate and graduate levels is so well established that we can afford to examine our weaknesses in public and abandon the near-crippling defensiveness and resentment of criticism so characteristic of other areas of the profession. We must do more than plan for the next year, or even the next decade. Our aim should be a broader form of journalism education worthy of the revolutionary changes that are sure to mark the next century.

TV-Radio

Continued from page 53

Comes to the Cumberlands. Mr. Caudill predicted that in six years, a powerful federal agency, similar to TVA, would be successfully tackling the blight in the Southern mountains. Mr. Baldwin, concluding his fine series, said: "The question is: Does the American economic and governmental system possess the flexibility, the imagination, the skill, and the foresight to solve it [the Appalachian challenge]?" Baldwin's series and the historical context of the Appalachian broadcast literature suggest that it is time to answer a ringing "no" to the reiterative question-begging.

In an automating society, the people in America's diverse poverty pockets drop steadily behind the middle class in the race for education, housing, skills, consumption, and self-confidence—and under the present system, they can never catch up. This is the heart of the Appalachian matter, not the strip-mining of elusive optimism. The "why" is another matter, and this would make a fascinating documentary. Chapter 17 in *New Perspectives on Poverty*, edited by Arthur B. Shostak and William Gomberg (a Spectrum paperback), would provide the theme. The title is: "Keeping the Poor in Their Place: Notes on the Importance of Being One-up"; the author is Adam Walinsky. He argues that the middle-class majority does not want to improve the lot of the poor significantly; rather, it actively desires to keep the poor as they are in order to protect its own insecure status. In so doing, he confronts and exposes the "poverty of satisfaction, purpose, and dignity that afflicts us all."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1323

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1323 will be found in the next issue.

EHZWM XB WVU AHGYUBB TS

WVU AHYM STZ WVU JTTG TS

WVU SUR.

—ETEU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1322

Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction. —PASCAL.

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Publishing Scene

Continued from page 33

to put together a black project or a series of multi-ethnic readers. Of the already established programs, Holt, Rinehart & Winston's Impact Series draws heavily on the contributions of minority groups to American life in general. Macmillan's Gateway English Readers emphasize racial success in the face of adversity rather than the problems of being nonwhite. McGraw-Hill sells its Skyline series of integrated readers in a uniform edition in all parts of the country and, although the company employs eight black editors, "these men are not assigned to work on special books for minority groups."

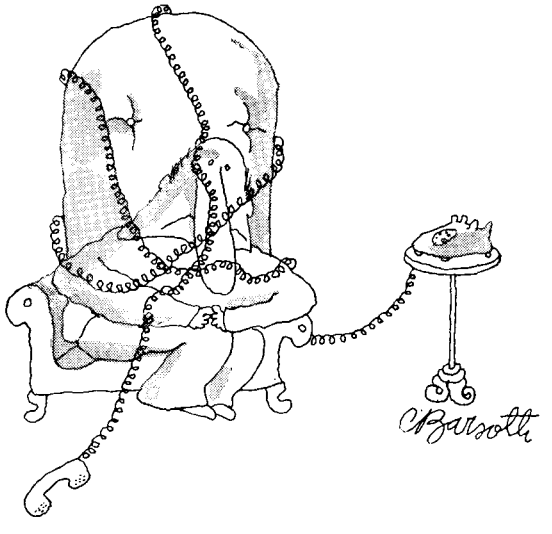
Harcourt, Brace & World has also moved fast in this direction. Daniel A. Collins, former member of the California State Board of Education, is now a director of the company, and Donald R. Buckner was recently put in charge of its Washington office. Both men are blacks, as are ten current H., B. & W. textbook authors. In addition, a program has been set up whereby black college students are brought in for summer jobs, assigned to senior editors and given training in publishing procedures.

The revolution has, inevitably, produced at least one black-owned educational publisher: Buckingham Enterprises, a Jamaica, New York, firm that packages kits on Afro-American history. "We are not rattling the sabers of black chauvinism," states President Oswald White. "On the contrary, we want to put our society back in dialogue." Buckingham's general editor is Dr. Saunders Redding; its film scripts are written by Ossie Davis. An interracial board of consultants oversees the general editorial policy.

But the ethnic explosion in textbooks is bringing problems. A publisher may now ask himself, "How much black history can be introduced without falsifying the past?" Hurriedly prepared texts have been criticized for their faulty scholarship. Terminology, too, has become a sticking point. "Frankly, our touchiest problem is whether to say blacks, Negroes or Afro-Americans," one editor said.

Another admitted, "If everything is all white, you start by making everything all black. Yet distorting history can be just as bad as ignoring it." How do you strike a balance that gives an accurate reflection of our society? Detroit is so intent on getting integrated material into its classrooms that at present no publisher is able to come up with a spelling book that passes the color test. Last year a music textbook was not accepted until a chapter on spirituals had been added. McGraw-Hill, which prides itself on being a one-edition house, was recently invited to develop special instructional material for Detroit—material that might also be relevant to other cities throughout the country. An executive of the company said, "This means going back to sectional texts, which we are not at this time prepared to do."

IN spite of the new look in history, subtleties of racism remain. Miss Marie Dutton, a young Negro editor at Doubleday, cites matters of phrasing, the use of the past tense in referring to blacks, and the "subliminal curriculum" of white attitudes. Moreover, Southern states can still hang onto all-white textbooks because their contracts with publishers may call for "renewal" of existing texts rather than the "revision" that normally occurs when another edition is prepared. Yet one senses that these are flimsy stopgaps against a dam that has already burst. The ethnic revolt is here, and educational publishing in America will never be the same. For that matter, neither will America.



". . . Sir? I said, 'your forty-seven tubes of burnt umber have arrived.'"

Art of the Past

Continued from page 44

with good black-and-white photographs. Save for Lippold's *Sun*, which is reversed, it is a well-designed and compact book, with an excellent bibliography. Mr. Cheney is a fluent writer, and this, his latest book on art, can be useful as a textbook introduction.

Encyclopedic in content, the history by Germain Bazin has 1024 color plates. This might have been a beautiful book—plates 976-1024 bear witness to that potential. For here, in the last section, we are treated to high quality color and sensitive juxtaposition of works of art, which achieve visual and intellectual fulfillment. But, alas, much of the Bazin book is uneven in color quality and, worse, plates are harshly cropped so that sculpture's intrinsic three-dimensional quality is negated.

M. Bazin introduces his work with eleven essays concerning regions and periods. With the assistance of seventeen collaborators he has also provided a précis about and stylistic analysis of each of the sculptures illustrated.

The entire text is sound but since it is "in translation" the result is severely literal; *e.g.*, "Prehistoric Art. For a long time, Prehistoric art was merely a controversial subject for paleontologists. It crossed the threshold into archeology rather late, and has only recently entered the domain of art history."

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Young Revolutionaries

Continued from page 20

very well, and if I am right that the youth revolt of today is something much more than the normal rebelliousness of the young, then it will not work at all in the long run. We will find ourselves constantly pushed toward the brink of backlash.

The greater tragedy will be the opportunity we will have lost. For we know all too well that time is running out on the great problems the world faces. It seems to me that we have a choice. By suppression or apathy, we can make the youth revolution into yet another problem—in which case the burden will become crushing. Or we can respond in positive ways so that the energy and idealism of youth can be a constructive force in helping to solve the world's great problems. The third possible response, then, is simply to be responsive—to trust our young people, to listen to them, to understand them, to let them know that we care deeply about them.

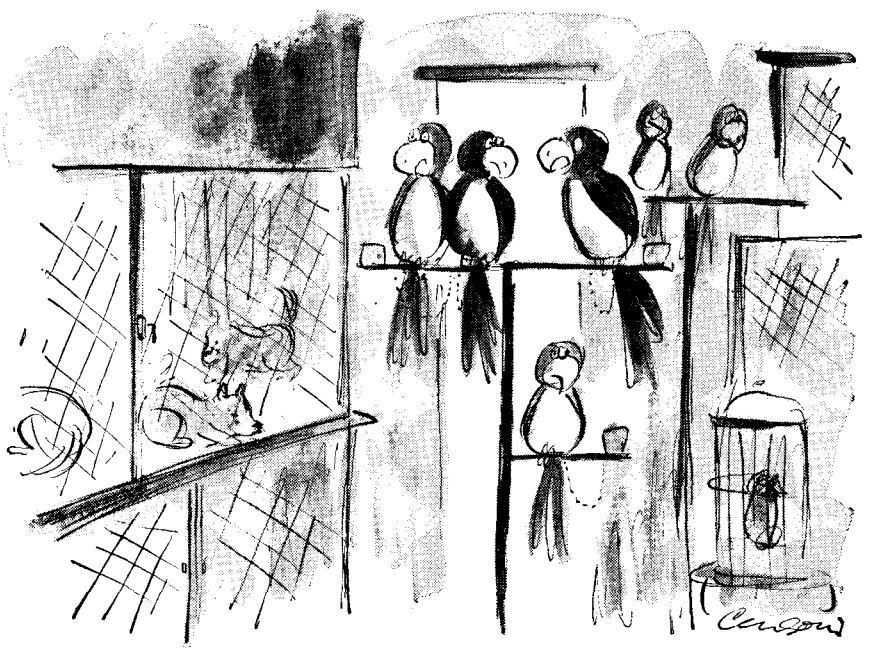
Instead of worrying about how to suppress the youth revolution, we of the older generation should be worrying about how to sustain it. The student activists are in many ways the elite of our young people. They perform a service in shaking us out of our complacency. We badly need their ability and fervor in these troubled and difficult times. The key to sustaining the energy and idealism of youth is more direct and effective action on the problems about which young people are concerned—the problems of our cities, of our environment, of racial injustice, of irrelevant and outmoded teachings, of overpopulation, of poverty, of war.

To achieve such action, we of the older generation must re-examine our attitudes, our assumptions, and our goals. We must take as seriously as do the young the great Judeo-Christian values of our heritage. We must be as dedicated as they in fighting injustices and improving our laws. We must have a sense of responsibility, individually and collectively, for resolving the massive problems of our society. Secondly, we must revitalize our existing institutions whether they be in education, government, religion, business, or politics. They must be made more relevant to today's problems and have a greater sense of mission. At the same time, in support of the initiative of the young, new programs and institutions must be developed which can be effective in areas of pressing social need. Fresh approaches to meeting today's problems are essential.

A unique opportunity is before us to bring together our age and experience and money and organization with the energy and idealism and social consciousness of the young. Working together, almost anything is possible. If we follow this course, each of us will be involved personally and positively in the great drama of our times, rather than feeling like weary and impotent victims of imponderable forces. The antidote to despair is to be involved, to be imbued with the same spirit that fires the imagination and the efforts of the young. There is a VISTA slogan which captures this spirit: "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

A 9 k, B 4 a, C 5 j, D 11 e, E 7 i, F 8 b, G 12 l, H 6 h, I 2 f, J 1 d, K 10 g, L 3 c.



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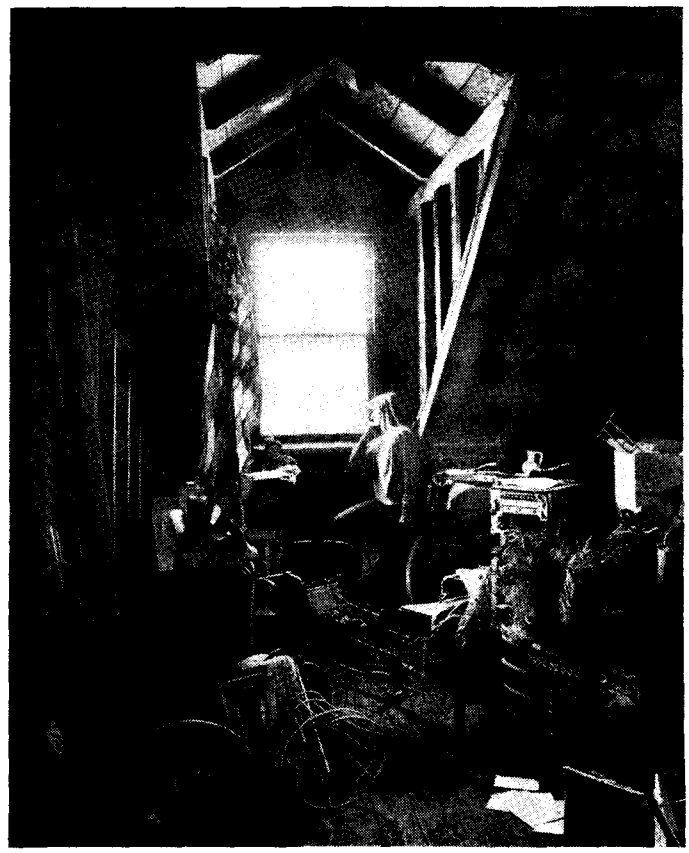

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Jazz Power

Continued from page 55

audiences, he remarked, were now predominantly middle class, the average age again being in the thirties, but good concert attendances were not yet reflected in record sales.

At the Berliner Jazztage, as the annual four-day German festival is called, there was much emphasis on novelty. The opening page of the bilingual program—addressed to "Dear jazz friends" and headed "!Now Jazz Now!"—carried quotations from Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy, and Che Guevara. The effect of this sobering roster was mitigated on subsequent pages by two reassuring headlines: "*Jazz lebt!*" and "Jazz lives!"

Whether or not the long hiatus imposed on the German *jazzfreunde* by the Nazi regime was responsible, the fact remained that considerable confusion of taste was evident at the two concerts attended in the modernistic Philharmonie hall. Mere newness was clearly a virtue to many. Nearly all the groups were simultaneously booed and applauded by different sections of the audience, and, although this booing was relatively good-humored, it did reveal both immaturity and a certain arrogance. "Let's go," said a couple of young people as Red Norvo played an immaculate solo. "We didn't come here to hear a museum piece."

Such attitudes relate, of course, to the diversity that jazz has acquired in its fifty-year march. No person of taste could possibly enjoy all its many facets, but promoters seeking packed halls too often try to appeal simultaneously to factions of radically opposed interests. This accounted for the boos and counter-cheers that greeted an avant-garde "freakout" by drummer Sonny Murray and guitarist Sonny Sharrock. The inclusion of Julie Driscoll's British rock group on the same program as Dizzy Gillespie and Gary Burton was an error of judgment that inevitably provoked a similar reaction.

Big bands led by trumpet players had pride of place in Berlin, although Basie's —smooth, swinging, and highly professional—swept in for a success that was unmarred by audience dissent of any kind. Gillespie's, specially assembled in the United States for the tour, reached its peak at its final Berlin performance. Maynard Ferguson appeared with a band from Belgrade, and Don Cherry headed an adventurous ten-piece group gathered in Europe. Don Ellis, who had added his magic electronic trumpet to Miss Driscoll's ensemble, put on the biggest show of all and received an ovation underscored by derision.

Given the public's invariable liking for the ersatz, Ellis is only too likely to be the next phenomenon in jazz. An accomplished musician, he is also a clever showman, one who knows all the tricks of the trade. Long-haired, bearded, and dressed in what appeared to be a ruffled gold-lamé blouse, he gave a dramatic display as a conductor, cavorting and stamping his feet energetically before a twenty-one-piece band and an excellent mixed choir of thirty youthful voices. His musicians, all attired in turtleneck sweaters of different colors, were hung around with beads, so that visually the company was decidedly up to date.

Ellis had done his homework, and he dutifully read his announcements in German. After a solemn introduction and a lengthy trumpet solo, his forces were launched on a Cantata for Trumpet, Chorus, and Orchestra, the lyrics of which were of a contemporary profundity. As set out in the program, the first lines read:

A man is born
into endless and
beginningless existence.
If he lives —
He will grow
But
He must think
— or perish.

Playing trumpet with one hand and bending to adjust the controls of his electronic equipment with the other, Ellis made a rather disturbing sight and sound. First of all, he accompanied himself with an echo; then he spiraled echoes into what sounded like a trumpet section blowing in an empty hall; and finally, using a mute, he created spooky effects of the kind that signal creatures from outer space on TV. The choir and band worked industriously in between, and the tumult that greeted the work's conclusion was dominated by applause. There was, indeed, something decidedly Teutonic about the whole production, *something so reminiscent of Stan Kenton* that one half expected that leader to appear at any moment to hand on the torch to his able disciple.

The other numbers were anticlimactic, although the expatriate Leo Wright played well in "Night City." In his excitement, Ellis unplugged himself on this number, but he redeemed earlier excesses with some creditable blowing of "Blues." To conclude, there was a bombastic spectacular that began with everybody clapping hands as in a minstrel show, and culminated with heavy drum rhythms from four separate drum sets, Ellis himself taking charge of the fourth. (Since the program also included a "drum workshop" featuring Max Roach, Art Blakey, Elvin Jones, and Sonny Murray, there was an uncomfortable surfeit of percussion at this concert.) Sandwiched and rather lost in between all these goings-on were superior solos by trombonist Ake Persson and another expatriate, trumpeter Carmell Jones.

The American jazz musicians now living in Europe form an impressive colony, and Phil Woods, the brilliant alto saxophonist, quickly found himself a home and congenial work when he moved there this year. He brought to the Barcelona Festival the excellent quartet with which he has been playing at Le Caméléon in Paris. Sharing the bill with Count Basie, he had adequate time to display superb technique, continuity in improvisation, and firmly rhythmic phraseology.

As in Milan, most of the concerts in Barcelona were given by two groups only, an intelligent and artistic policy much to be preferred to the conveyer-belt principle on which many festivals are operated. It gave the musicians time to "stretch out" and to some extent freed them from the inhibition of the clock. Because of the late dining hours in Spain, the concerts usually began at 10:45, but the audiences in the Palacio de la Musica (old, but acoustically excellent) were never in a hurry to leave. The houselights went up on Earl Hines three times on November 9 before the enraptured crowd would surrender the pianist and disperse. And, significantly, there was never any booing, approval and disapproval being courteously indicated by the degree of applause.

The next night, Basie's musicians played two concerts before a similarly enthusiastic audience. It was the last night of an arduous tour for them, and they responded to the warmth of the reception with outstanding perform-

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ances. As a soloist, the leader is altogether too modest, for when he played several choruses on "Good Time Blues" he received the biggest hand of the night. His touch, time, and subtle feeling for dynamics make him the most expressive of all blues pianists today, and the listeners savored his playing as sensitively as they had the rhythmic intricacies and more muscular touch of Hines the night before.

For his second concert, Basie changed his program but retained the piano blues with the same happy result. Another immense success was "In a Mellotone" as arranged by Frank Foster, who had appeared with a French rhythm section earlier in the evening. The arrangement, one of the best in the band's book and with superb passages for the reeds, was written for swinging without excess ornamentation of any kind, its true strength emerging only in performance by a band with the ensemble unity and drive of Basie's. The musicians gave it everything in the way of expertise and passion, and again the listeners seemed to live the music with wholehearted intensity.

The ambience in Barcelona was, in short, astonishing. A jazz audience that is concerned with the essence, that does not require titillation by novelty or exhibitionism, is a rarity today. Given artists of stature, it would certainly seem not too much to say that Barcelona is the place to hear them, and American connoisseurs vacationing in Europe would do well to check on those appearing at the city's fourth international jazz festival next year.

Oddly enough, the only comparable atmosphere in this writer's recent experience was in Buenos Aires, when Duke Ellington made his first tour of Latin America during September. Ellington was, he confessed, overwhelmed by the welcome he received there. Harry Carney, his veteran sideman, could liken it only to the reception accorded the band on its first visit to England in 1933. A roar went up after every meritorious performance as from a crowd at a football game. On the street, recognized only from photographs, the musicians were frequently stopped by people with tears in their eyes. "We have waited so long," they said, over and over again.

The initiative of Pan Am and the United States Travel Service in Europe is extremely important, both in terms of commercial potential and international goodwill. But Latin America should be brought into the plans too, because, as Ellington's tour demonstrated, a great hunger for jazz exists there. A truly indigenous art form, jazz is an irresistible American asset, one that does not have to go through normal diplomatic channels. At its best, it continues to speak from the heart, of the heart, to the heart.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 25

not enter into contracts (cannot marry, etc.) without her permission. She contends that it is she who is violating the draft law in refusing to allow him to register, and she is the one who should be prosecuted. Her argument is so beautifully logical, and its implications so devastating, that it is not surprising to note that the Government has proceeded with exceptional alacrity in indicting her son.

Less than two weeks after Mrs. Whitehorn filed in the Federal District Court in San Francisco (contending it was her right to be punished, instead of her son) the federal grand jury indicted Eric. A bench warrant has been issued for him, and bail set at $500, thus reassuring us all that when justice requires speed, our court system can rise to the need presented. One must conclude that even the Government recognizes a beautiful—and logical—argument when it sees one.

CLARA JOHNS, M.D.,
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

After Vietnam—What?

VIETNAM is now demanding world attention. But if Vietnam were settled tomorrow, what would prevent the next war and the next and the next? Not until there is a world authority capable of settling disputes between nations by due processes of law—instead of going to war—will there be permanent peace. For global peace demands a world-wide system of justice, law, and order. The exact opposite exists in the world today.

The United Nations—endowed with the power to make, interpret, and enforce world law between nations—offers the best available basis for a peace-keeping organization. The United Nations (with powers limited to those necessary for establishing and maintaining law and order on a world level) would thus become a world government. To aid in establishing such a world authority, the United States should establish a Permanent Council for Peace. Such a council should be appointed by the President and be confirmed by the Senate. It should report directly to the President. This council should have equal status with the Council of Economic Advisers, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the National Security Council.

To convince the Nixon Administration that this approach to permanent peace must have high priority is the job of every citizen who believes that, to solve any problem—be it economic, political, or social—man must avoid a world-wide war with weapons of mass destruction.

J. A. MIGEL,
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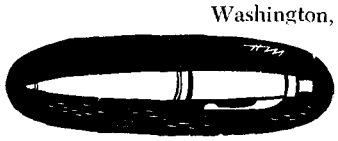

Answer to Wit Twister, page 74: shaper, seraph, phrase.

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(Continued on page 86)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 85)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1810

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Song from *The Mikado* (comp.)	1 6 9 23 41 48 63 86 94
B. English dramatist, author of *Hindle Wakes.*	95 103 109 119 168 179 189 12
C. A living being.	34 62 78 90 104
D. Election platform; stump.	111 117 133 136 137 139 144 155
E. Thickened.	169 177 14 36 164 84 85 100 107 120
F. Killer of Stanford White.	141 171 172 39
G. Very reactionary lord chancellor of England from 1801 to 1827 almost continuously.	49 75 151 153 156
H. "I'd whistle her off and let her down ———/To prey at fortune." (2 wds., *Othello*).	158 185 193 165 183 21 38
I. German philosopher who influenced Sartre.	40 58 72 152 161 13 27 33 69
J. Four wds. after *his*: what one should keep in many sports.	76 115 123 143 150 182 2 18 105 108 163 192
K. In working condition.	22 44 66 121 131 160 16 79
L. Almost (2 wds.)	92 96 110 10 29 52 61 46
M. In a pleasant or soft manner.	130 191 166 32 81 126 162
N. J. S. Bach's birthplace.	174 91 178 3 60 77 97 55

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Cultural center of Gujarat, India.	147 43 71 88 19 56 128 180 26
P. English poet (1880-1958; *Drake, Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*).	101 116 67 70 194
Q. One skilled in securing advantages without arousing hostility.	50 145 47 24 114 87 68 54
R. Wasted time; talked foolishly.	30 53 35 31 17 5 73
S. Disarrange.	132 125 7 106 64
T. Indian people of Puebla and Veracruz, Mexico.	89 124 82 51 118 8 42
U. Province in the central Netherlands.	59 112 4 25 175 98 113
V. Former lightweight and welterweight boxing champ, co-author of *No Man Stands Alone.*	190 176 138 187
W. Distinctive period, turning point.	28 122 140 146 65
X. Hero of Kafka's *The Trial.*	20
Y. Improper; offensive.	11 102 74 129 37 83 170 15 184 127
Z. Nouméa is its capital (2 wds.)	188 134 167 99 186 148 45 80 157 181 135 149
Z¹. Display servility.	93 173 159 57 154 142

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

							1 A	2 J	3 N	4 U	5 R		6 A	7 S		8 T		9 A
10 L	11 Y	12 B	13 I		14 E	15 Y	16 K	17 R	18 J	19 O		20 X	21 H	22 K	23 A	24 Q	25 U
26 O	27 I	28 W		29 L	30 R		31 R	32 M	33 I		34 C	35 R	36 E	37 Y	38 H		39 F
40 I	41 A	42 T	43 O		44 K	45 Z	46 L	47 Q	48 A	49 G		50 Q	51 T		52 L	53 R	54 Q
	55 N	56 O	57 Z¹	58 I		59 U	60 N	61 L	62 C	63 A		64 S	65 W	66 K	67 P		68 Q
69 I	70 P		71 O	72 I	73 R	74 Y	75 G	76 J	—	77 N	78 C	79 K	80 Z		81 M	82 T	
83 Y	84 E		85 E	86 A	87 Q	88 O	89 T	90 C	91 N	92 L	93 Z¹		94 A	95 B	96 L	97 N	98 U
	99 Z	100 E	101 P	102 Y	103 B	104 C		105 J	106 S		107 E	108 J	109 B	110 L	111 D	112 U	
113 U	114 Q		115 J	116 P	117 D	118 T	119 B	120 E	121 K		122 W	123 J	124 T	125 S	126 M	127 Y	
128 O	129 Y	130 M	131 K	132 S	133 D	134 Z		135 Z	136 D		137 D	138 V		139 D	140 W	141 F	
142 Z¹	143 J	144 D	145 Q	146 W	147 O	148 Z		149 Z	150 J	151 G		152 I	153 G	154 Z¹	155 D		156 G
157 Z	158 H		159 Z¹	160 K	161 I	162 M		163 J	164 E	165 H	166 M		167 Z	168 B	169 E	170 Y	171 F
	172 F	173 Z¹	174 N		175 U	176 V	177 E	178 N	179 B	180 O	181 Z	182 J		183 H	184 Y		185 H
186 Z	187 V		188 Z	189 B		190 V	191 M	192 J	193 H	194 P							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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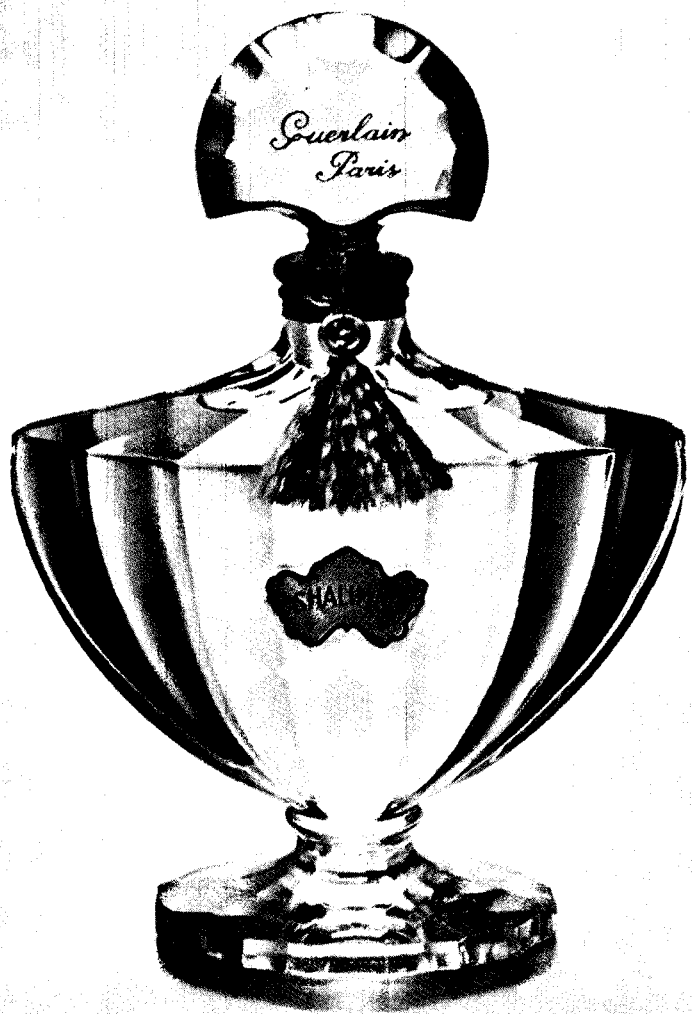

Shalimar Perfume,
conceived in a garden of India,
born Paris, 1926

Shalimar Cologne,
made a splash in
Jazz Age society

Shalimar Cologne Spray,
airborne member of the family

Shalimar Perfume Spray,
famous for its scented
love-letters

Shalimar Lotion Vegetale,
family traditionalist

Shalimar Toilet Water,
direct descendant
of the perfume

Shalimar Dusting Powder,
warm-scented, cool-mannered

Shalimar Capillaque Hair Spray,
youngest member of the jet set

Shalimar Talc,
a dashing relation

Shalimar Film Spray Body Lotion,
as silky as a sari on the skin

Shalimar Bath Oil,
an unabashed
sensualist

Shalimar Toilet Water Spray,
chic enameled beauty
making its debut

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